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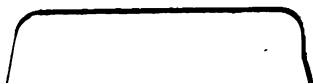
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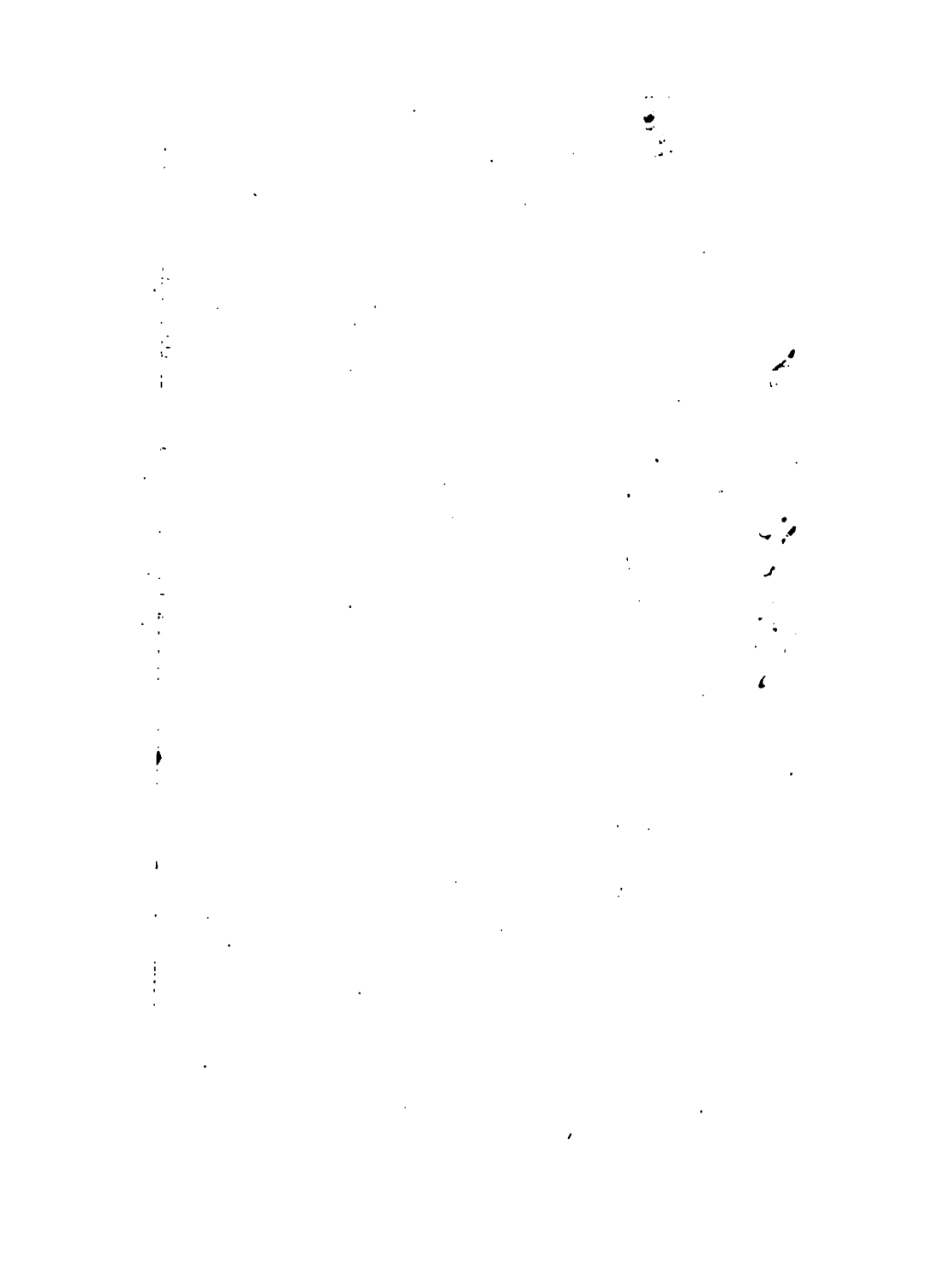
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LIFE INCIDENTS
AND
POETIC PICTURES.

BY
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ERRATA.

Page 46 line 39 1st word, for *heart* read *health*.

" 59 " 16 for *I* read *me*.

" 88 " 24 for *an* read *on*.

" 143 " 4 for *smiles* read *smiled*.'

" 145 " 13 for *then* read *than*.

" 174 " 13 for *slumber* read *slumbers*.

" 14 for *number* read *numbers*.

LIFE INCIDENTS.

CHAPTER I.

I FIRST saw the light of day in London in the year 1830. My parents were poor, their poverty being aggravated by the glass. My father, by trade an engineer, possessing considerable book-knowledge, was nevertheless ensnared by the Siren of drink. He was what, in common parlance, is termed "a good fellow" because, forsooth, he imbibed a large share of drink himself and gave a still larger share to his companions.

My earliest recollections carry me back to public-house orgies and their concomitants, poverty and ill-temper. Our home, at this time, consisted of my father, mother, grandmother, on father's side, my elder brother and myself.

For years we all suffered—suffered from want of food, want of clothes, want of happiness. My brother and myself were neglected; instead of being sent regularly to school we were allowed to run the streets and to grow up, like illtrained weeds. By-and-bye the scene changed. Intellect and moral light shone upon my father's heart, a pleasing change came gradually over our hearth, and the brandy bottle lost its attractions. It was then my father commenced the work of reform, first upon himself, then upon his home.

His original taste for books displayed itself. His library gradually assumed bulky proportions; he took in, in parts, Shakespeare's Dramatic Works, Waverley Novels, Chambers' Works, and others of the like character.

My brother and I were sent to school, but we made very indifferent progress. Later on, I evinced a taste for knowledge and strove, as well as I could, to master its elements. My first recollections, out of London, associate my boy-

hood with Watford and its vicinity. We occupied a small cottage near the railway station, where my father was employed. My elder brother and myself were sent to the town of Watford to school. We did not always obey our parents, but played truant, displaying little relish for the arithmetic and spelling-books. The number of times we stayed from school, roaming the streets and fields unknown to our parents, I should find it a task to enumerate. Had I known the loss I was sustaining by absenting myself from school, I should most certainly have profited by my opportunities, but, unfortunately, youth is invariably short-sighted and prone to disobedience.

At length our peccadillos excited the suspicion of the master, who made them known to our parents; we were at once favoured with a book and a beating—the former, for the master to insert a mark, denoting the days we attended school—the latter was a mark of a very different character, but one quite as cogent in its effects upon our memories. We were made to carry the book with us each time we went to school, and produce it marked upon our return home. This plan was successful. We played truant no more, but we played other pranks, some of which might have been attended by more terrible consequences. During our boyhood-days, we had several narrow escapes with life. One day we overtook the Watford 'buss and jumped upon the step behind; when the 'buss reached the school, my brother jumped from behind it in safety, I tried to do the same, but fell on my face instead, which was bruised, bleeding and covered with grit. When we presented ourselves before the master, my lacerated face betrayed us. On being desired to state how it occurred, we gave, with woeful visage, a correct account, and received a smart caning, by way of reward for truth-telling.

Only a few weeks after this mishap my brother, who was very fond of equestrian exercises, mounted a neighbour's horse, a fine spirited animal, which trotted and cantered off, bearing its venturesome rider proudly along. I followed in pursuit. After considerable prancing and trotting, the horse grew tired of its rider, and, to my alarm, threw him over its head. Horrible thought! my brother lay, like a wounded

Arab in advance of his steed. I thought he was killed, or soon would be, for the horse, in making its escape, must kick him; but, fortunately, the result proved otherwise. The horse, on reaching its rider, with the most wonderful sagacity, leaped over him and ran off. With breathless terror I overtook my fallen brother, who, to my inexpressible delight, escaped uninjured, and was able to pursue and secure the runaway steed, and return it to its owner.

The little incident I have detailed was soon succeeded by another, in which I was the chief actor. Deeming it less important to mind my own than other people's business, I went on the tow-path of the cut and essayed to lead a heavy horse, which was drawing a boat. There was a narrow, circular-shaped bridge the horse had to cross; instead of allowing it to cross the bridge by itself I foolishly kept by its side; the result was, in taking the curve of the bridge, I was wedged between it and the horse. The next instant I was on the ground near the animal's heels. How I escaped death is to me a miracle, I felt a terrific pain in my stomach caused by the horse's foot, which evidently only grazed me. I suffered severely for my imprudence, and afterwards was more cautious how I became familiar with horses.

At this early period, I fear, I was too full of mischief to be useful either to others or to myself. With my brother by my side, I was ready for any piece of wickedness short of actual crime. A string, with one end tied to a poor apple woman's stall, and the other end to the wheel of a cab, so that the vehicle might move on and move the stall, with its meagre store of fruit, off; an old saucepan fastened to the tail of a submissive cat or dog; a volley of discordant knockings at sundry doors, were only a few of the pranks I delighted to play. Sometimes I chuckled in secret over these peccadillos, escaping scot free, at others, I received what I deserved, stern and summary punishment.

Now, in the neighbouring woods, in search of birds' nests and nuts, now, getting into danger, by venturing on the railway, and loving the pastime the more, because I knew it to be wrong. In such ways I found my principal delights, but danger brought reflection which made me pause.

One of my favourite pursuits was to get on the line and

walk upon one of the rails; I practised this a great deal until an incident of a dangerous character put an end to all future attempts of the kind. The last time I put my balancing powers on trial, I heard a deafening whistle, and, on looking suddenly behind me, saw the "Leviathan" engine advancing upon me; I slid, rather than leaped, on one side, just in time to allow the monster to roll past.

Owing to my careless conduct at school, and my fondness for sport, I had made but poor progress in learning, and must have caused my parents considerable anxiety.

After a lapse of years, our home was transferred to

A tile-roofed cottage in a narrow lane,
Attached to others of a kindred kind,
Low-built and time-worn as the village fane,

near Kings Langley, Herts.

My father was employed at Nash mill belonging to Messrs. Longman and Dickenson. His library having increased, he had at that time some expensive works which he much prized. He kept his books in a neat glass case which he generally kept locked. I have marked his particular love for his books and thirsted for them myself, but the occasion was rare when I was privileged to handle them. By strenuous industry and temperance he managed to collect his books; it is not therefore to be wondered at that he set a jealous eye upon them.

My elder brother went into the mill to learn my father's trade. I was sent to school, at Kings Langley, my education costing eightpence weekly. At this school I continued a considerable time, acquiring a tolerable knowledge of words and their meanings, and a fair acquaintance with the arithmetic. For grammar I conceived a thorough disrelish, failing to see its uses, which my master never sufficiently explained. In fact, cricket-matches and beer were the nouns he knew best how to construe. He rarely missed a match which came off within a circuit of six or eight miles of the school. He went to "score," and scored off his duties. It was customary for him to leave the school in the charge of some of his favourites, who exercised their "brief authority"

with a greedy relish for apples and sweets, which were provided by the younger boys, as a substitution for their lessons.

During one of the afternoons when the master was off "scoring" at a match, I expressed contempt for the big 'uns favouring the little 'uns because they gave them fruit and sweets. The result was, a quarrel ending in a fight, which caused a "report" to be made to the master. I was made to stand upon a stool, was pronounced a fool, and struck by the master across the wrist with the edge of a flat ruler. The pain caused by the blow was excruciating and lasted for hours, during which I cried piteously. When I was permitted to leave school, I pondered on my way home with a crushed spirit, resolving, let anything happen that night, never again to return.

The next morning I took a contrary direction and was admitted in the Hemel Hempstead National School, two and a half miles from my home. When I had been but a couple of days at this school I was much gratified at being made one of the head teachers. My parents, for several weeks, knew nothing of the change; then they discovered a saving of sevenpence per week in the school-money.

On a certain day the Queen was to pass through Berkhamstead. Everybody was talking of the grand doings to come off. Some boys prevailed upon me to accompany them, so once more I played truant. We reached Berkhamstead just in time to witness the royal *cortège* pass, under triumphal banners. The day being hot, it was proposed that we should all call, on our way back, at the Boxmoor baths for the purpose of bathing. We did so, the event proving a sad one for me. My companions, who were all swimmers, were in and out of the water before I had even walked in over my knees. I ran to my clothes, however, desirous of being dressed as quickly as them. A man who had watched me paddling my feet, pushed me head-foremost into the water. I remember feeling a pleasant dreamy sort of sensation as I rose up and sank down again in the water. I next recollect being raised in a man's arms and placed upon shore. My deliverer was the very man who had imperilled my life. I afterwards learned that I had risen to the surface of the wa-

ter the third time when I was rescued. On my restoration to thorough consciousness I discovered on my arm certain black marks, caused by the hand of a sweep who assisted to pull me on to the bank; such was my terrified state that I trembled to approach the water, even to wash them off.

Although this occurrence gave me a dread of the water, it was not wholly lost upon me, since I was, in consequence, shamed into acquiring a knowledge of the art of swimming, and that, too, before the season was over.

At an early age I was sent to work at Apsley mill, another paper mill belonging to my father's employers. My education was of a poor kind; I could spell, read, write, and sum, with tolerable readiness. I knew little or nothing of English composition; the Latin *Delectus* and *Euclid* forming no part of my education. My first occupation at the mill was picking out *waste* from paper-cuttings to prepare them for the engine.

I was next set to the "glazing rolls," an occupation I liked because I could work and read at the same time; the cards were passed through the rolls by a boy on the other side; my duty consisted in *laying* them.

Whilst I was at "the rolls" I read a good deal, but my choice was confined to novels. Fenimore Cooper was the first of my favourite novelists. I well remember the excited state of my mind and the intense pleasure I experienced as I grew familiar with the melo-dramatic incidents and wonderfully graphic descriptions of scenery which characterise his style. Whilst I could indulge the habit for reading, the time was rarely tedious. But a sudden change put a sudden stop to my intellectual pleasures. I was shifted from the rolls to the "drying-loft," a long room heated by steam. Here I was baked daily, through dreary months. My appetite failed me and my whole body grew sick. Thus, along with other boys, I was doomed to this death-loft, for the generous sum of sixpence per day.

It was in vain that I prayed for a change whilst the excessive heat was depressing my spirits and ruining my health. At length, worn out by anxiety and suffering, I resolved to desert the mill for the sea; but the resolution was vain. I walked some miles to see a baronet whom I heard was in the

habit of securing, for boys, berths at sea. He told me I had better return to the mill, as he could do nothing for me. I cannot describe my disappointment as I returned to the "loft." It was to me like walking into my tomb.

Nearly twenty years have elapsed since I was breathing the heat of that horrible oven, yet, I suffer physical depression now, and fear I shall do so to the end. I found my health, for the first time, fail me, whilst I was doomed to the drudgery of the "drying loft." I do not say that had I never entered the "loft" I should never have suffered from physical depression, but, this I know, my health was good before I went in there and it has not been good since I came out. My duty in the "loft" was to suspend wet cards on wires to dry, for this purpose it was necessary that it should be well heated by steam, hence the unhealthiness of the employment. When I had no wet cards to "hang" I was either engaged taking down dry ones or *parting* them. These cards were called *browns*. On an occasion we had some delicate *whites* given us to part, and, strangely enough, were ordered to part them in "the loft;" the consequence was unavoidable—the cards were soiled by our heated hands. The foreman raved and swore, and sent us all home. Had he not done so, I should, I fear, have gone to that other home where "the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

When I stood in the open road, the sun laughed out upon the fields and the birds sang never so sweetly, and I was never so joyous; and, had the mill been a mass of flames, I verily believe, at that time, I should have rejoiced the more.

When I reached home, my father, deeming my discharge the result of misconduct, beat me severely; I struggled against him, so did my mother, but he was relentless, and I was hurt both in body and mind. Thus, in one day a double injustice was done me. I could not brook it submissively, but started immediately for London, walking the distance of twenty miles, without a sixpence in my pocket.

I arrived, weary and foot-sore, in the metropolis, and reached the home of an uncle, who told me he wanted no relations to "pester and bother" him; yet he provided me with food and lodging for the night. The following morning

I found myself in the midst of "a wilderness of bricks"—resolving, neither to return to my uncle nor home.

All my efforts were at once devoted to the "ways and means." I sought a situation in various departments of labour, yet, in all cases I was unsuccessful. Still hoping and persevering, I went to St. Katherine docks, wandering about the shipping with bright visions of the sea before me, and visions they remain to this day.

I got into strange places, gazed up in strange faces, and found strangers kind to me. I managed to obtain food and lodging for a few days, then I began to yearn for home, and walked back its "winding road of twenty miles."

When I reached home I was received without harshness, and soon found my brain filled with "visions" of another kind. In a very short time I was again employed at Apsley mill, and, to my delight, was once more stationed at the "rolls."

I commenced, about this time, the study of drawing and painting, filling up intervals of leisure with crude sketches of natural objects. I had some taste but little culture, and doubt not but my etchings were better in the shade than in the light. I also tried music but in that I utterly failed.

A portrait painter, who had made himself a local fame, often invited me to his house, where for hours I watched him paint. Once he proffered to take me altogether and teach me his profession. My delight at the prospect had no bounds; but, for reasons I doubt not substantial, my father would not consent to my making a profession of art. However, I prosecuted my studies unaided, producing a few promising sketches, which were spoiled by the cheap paints I was necessitated to use.

In the midst of my art-visions I was saddened by the news of my grandmother's death. At this time I was about sixteen years old, and it became necessary to acquire a trade; accordingly, I was bound apprentice to my father, at Nash mill. I handed my paints and drawing materials to a younger brother, and entered on this new sphere of action with delight, resolving to devote myself, heart and soul, to my duties. The future loomed in sunshine; use-

fulness and independence were visible, and my brain was stored with visions of countless pieces of undeveloped mechanism. I wrought early and late, and acquired skill amid a delirium of delight.

During the first year, my progress in the trade, was manifested in a model steam engine, which I set working. Afterwards I made a second, on a more simple principle than the first. I then made myself a lathe. The second engine was said to be the simplest out. I sent it to the London Polytechnic Institute, where it was exhibited, working. I was much pleased with my models, also with the privilege-ticket afforded me by the authorities of the Polytechnic, admitting me gratis to that establishment. Two misfortunes came to teach me the insecurity of earthly joys. I was sitting beside a shop-mate, having just then finished my breakfast, he requested the loan of my coffee-pot, which he filled and set upon the fire. The coffee ready, he filled a basin with it, then turning suddenly round, he accidentally emptied it into my shoe, scalding my foot so severely that I was compelled to abandon my work for many weeks. This misfortune was succeeded by one more crushing,—the death of my dear mother. A pall was upon our hearts and grief looked from our eyes. The day of my mother's funeral was to me a singularly sad one. I forced a shoe on my scalded foot, resolving to follow her remains to Kings Langley church-yard. The shoe tortured me so that I could not walk, the result was, the funeral took place whilst I was at home bitterly bewailing the necessity which prevented me paying the last tribute of respect to her memory.

When I was able to resume my work I went about it with my usual zest, feeling my mother's loss to be a void in life.

For years I prosecuted only those studies necessary to my trade; neither books nor paints allured me, but model-making did. That claimed by far the greater portion of my leisure time.

As the sphere of manhood opened upon me, a novel and pleasing "change came o'er the spirit of my dream." I met the "Jessie" of my poetry and was enamoured. She resided ten miles distant, but I was stout of heart and strong of limb and frequently overcame the difficulty of those vexing miles.

To me the world seemed suddenly transformed to a Paradise; at least, the little world of Aldbury. Never did I seem so happy as when Jessie walked beside me along pleasant paths of hill and dale, while the Siren songsters of the grove made music to our mirth.

Human life is pregnant with experiences, from which we gather wisdom, or fail to profit by living. I had a new incentive to effort, a new path to tread, a new life to live.

The stubborn surrounding realities, by a touch of love's enchanting wand, as if by miracle, were suddenly transfigured. The halo of poetry illumined all things and all things appeared beautiful as nature under the magic influence of the sun.

A change in the management of the mill brought about a change in the regulations; privileges I had long enjoyed were all at once lopped off, and I was rendered very uncomfortable. From earliest boyhood, I had always a keen sense of justice, and would sooner suffer from my own over-hasty resolution than from another's unjust action. Had my hopes of eternal life depended on brooking a wrong, I don't think I could have mustered sufficient philosophy for the purpose. I knew enough of my trade to make me confident. A trivial act of oppression by the new manager caused me considerable annoyance; the result was, I deserted the mill, full of hope and self-dependent, dreaming of Jessie and success. Arriving in London, I obtained one week's work, for which I received only half the wages due to me, the employer taking a mean advantage of my honesty in acquainting him with my history. I started off afresh "to meet disaster and endure distress," finding the high road, like that of life, harder than I anticipated; but I decided to tread it manfully even though it should be with bleeding feet.

The hard hand of want led me along; the iron of distress entered my soul. I became a social wanderer, now in, now out of employment, without a friend, save the good God, whose Providence has been made manifest to me on more than one occasion. For sixteen months I tramped through the principal towns of Middlesex, Lancashire and Yorkshire. Only four of the sixteen months was I in work, these four months being passed between ten or twelve shops. At this

period, trade was at a low ebb, as was found in the sad experience of hundreds beside myself. During the time I was out of work I attended public meetings and discussions. I heard clever speakers essay to twist virtue out of joint, and to re-crucify the Christ. I heard disappointed demagogues pronounce our political and social institutions to be built upon sand, with rotten materials. I greedily swallowed doses of such intellectual laudanum. My own experience had taught me there was "something rotten in the state of Denmark," or the means of employment would be less precarious. I was always a listener, never a speaker, except at a discussion at a Mechanic's Institute. "A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind." I found myself in the presence of intellectual giants, who seemed to feel the pulsations of my heart and to fathom all my experiences. Is it matter, therefore, for much wonder, that I became an enthusiastic advocate of social and religious reform? Since then I have had wider experiences and better opportunities for thought, and, having brought my pet theories through the crucible of reason, have, I trust, lost none of the golden truth—only the false alloy. The constant struggles with social difficulties and the growing influence of thought directed towards social wrongs were the mainstrings of my lyre, the themes of my muse. As I suffered I sung, always earnest, but rarely artistic. The fact is, I knew little or nothing of the rules of versification; I sang, however, my first song and was delighted at the sound of my own voice.

In the midst of sorrow a new realm dawned upon me. I stood, as it were, on an eminence, looking down on two worlds, the worlds of Love and Poesy, and obtained glorious glimpses of beauty from both. The actual, however stern, must submit to divide its reign with the ideal. All the powers of earth allied, could not crush in my soul the powers of Heaven. The spiritual became visible above the material, and half the terror and strife of existence was dissipated. The incitements of poetic thought stimulated me to extraordinary efforts. I look back upon the first flush of my poetic musings with extreme pleasure and gratitude; poetry, crude as it presented itself at first, made my life a sweet song. It came, like a saviour to redeem me from lethargy and sin. Had I not held

communion with the ministrants of beauty in the realms of imagination, I believe, I must inevitably have descended to the level of low natures. As it was, I gained strength to buffet the social billows, and steer my course with a light heart. I strove, almost with Spartan perseverance, until I obtained employment at a flour mill, near Watford.

In due time Jessie and I were united. She had passed through the consuming ordeal of sorrow, having lost both her parents within three weeks, her three sisters and herself being left without provision. As soon as we commenced married life we adopted Ellen, the youngest sister; the others went to service. Life now commenced in earnest; new responsibilities added weight to my character, making me more than ever careful and persevering. I became a member of the "Amalgamated Society of Engineers." Thus, by wise forethought, I secured ourselves against absolute want.

We had scarcely been married a month, when, from an attack of *quinsy*, I lay upon a sick bed, dangerously ill. We tenanted a small house, near Watford, belonging to a Mr. B., a poor scholar and a vigorous fanatic. I had occasionally, in an ardour of enthusiasm, conversed with him about religion, and had much shocked him with my bold, free speech. He called me "a miscreant," after Dr. Johnson. When I was sufficiently recovered to take the air, I was accosted by the father of my landlord, who was making a fence round my garden; he told me that my sickness had been visited upon me by the Almighty for my wicked scepticism, and he further assured me that God had blessed the means to make me better. I replied evasively, being too weak to allow myself to be forced into excitement, at the same time, feeling hurt by the cruelty of the attack.

That same day Mr. B., our landlord, sent us a written notice to quit his house. When asked his reason for such conduct, he said he could not allow a man of my principles to live near him. I asked him if he believed in the Christ of the New Testament; he replied in the affirmative. I then quoted a few of Christ's golden instructions, such as, "*Bless those who persecute you,*" "*Do good to those who hate you,*" "*Love your enemies,*" &c., adding, "how can you say you believe in Christ, and perpetrate injustice and injury upon me and

mine? I never did you a wrong, not even in thought. I have neither persecuted you nor hated you, nor made myself your enemy. Yet, in spite of the injunctions of our Saviour, you display towards me a spirit worthy the Prince of Darkness. If this be the fruit of your worship, away with it, I'll taste it not. Goodness, truth, and charity, are better than creeds, and make life, as well as religion, beautiful."

He replied by saying he was sincere, and should be pleased to rid himself of a "miscreant."

Had this taken place when I was strong and in health, I should certainly have slighted it; but being in a precarious state, I was necessarily predisposed to feel its effect, and in danger of a relapse.

Troubles have a close affinity for each other—I rarely found one without others being near at hand. Whilst I was looking out for another cottage, I was surprised and grieved to hear that I must quit my situation, my employer having become bankrupt. I made arrangements for an immediate removal to London. On the morning of our departure I waited upon Mr. B., our landlord, to settle accounts between us, I found to my surprise that he was just taken ill with *quinsy*, and displayed similar symptoms to those which had marked my own case. I thought of his father's words about the Almighty having made me ill for my wicked scepticism; but I could not say to his son, "the Almighty has made you ill for your wicked fanaticism." The words would have choked me; I did what was better—I wished him well again and we parted good friends.

When we arrived in London we began to experience the bitterness of disappointment, and to learn some few of life's trials. My model steam engines had already been sold for a miserable fraction of their value, and the money expended. My little lathe had also to find a new owner.

For weary weeks I sought employment and found it not; travelling often on foot six or eight miles at a stretch, from one factory to another, sometimes finding insult as well as disappointment, the factory gate being slammed in my face, or the most uncivil words employed against me; I would return home to my wife sick at heart and weary of life, yet not

absolutely devoid of hope. The cloud of adversity, however dark it might appear, through all my troubles, had ever a few streaks of silver lining, which shed a halo over my path.

Once more I found success, and the days looked bright.

I was at work again, and had almost forgotten I had ever known the want of work. But the bitter dregs of care were not all drunk. I might dream of continued success and contentment; fancying myself amid plenty and freedom, yet in mockery of my state, some unlooked for event would happen to dissipate the dream and teach me the great lesson of life's uncertainties.

It was at this time that the great "lock-out" or strike of the Amalgamated Engineers set the whole country in a state of fever. For several weeks during its commencement I was working, and cheerfully gave one day's pay per week to the general fund for the support of the lock-outs. At length I, too, was added to the list of recipients, and doomed to roam the streets without the faintest chance of obtaining employment. I wrote some inelegant verses on the dispute and gave them the importance of type, but the profits from the speculation were meagre in the extreme. "The employers' association" issued their celebrated "document," which rendered it necessary for a man to foreswear adhesion to the Society before he could enter anew on his duties. Many of our members sold their furniture and emigrated, carrying with them noble self-dependence and love of honour which did them infinite credit. Many others, and these were by far the larger number, signed the "document," went to work and secretly subscribed to the society, nevertheless. For myself, I had decided to suffer death before dishonour; consequently for a long time I was barred out from the workshop. Stricken by the sorrows of my position, I determined to leave the country and cross the seas; but the all-potent question of *ways and means* dissipated my American visions at once.

With something of the eagerness with which a drowning man catches at a straw, did I catch at an idea which suddenly possessed my brain. I commenced in a small way of business, in a very small street, with very small results. I had little capital and less business aptitude. We sold grocery

and Italian wares in homoeopathic quantities. Our teas were purchased by the pound, our butters, candles, &c., ditto.

I remember a piece of advice gratuitously proffered me by an intelligent tallow-chandler, to whom I went for a small quantity of black pepper. I told him I should require a magnifying glass to see my profits over his charges. He answered—"I see you are green in business; here, I'll let you into a secret which will be of life-value to you." He took some ground pepper and laid it upon a piece of brown paper, he then repeated the experiment, with this difference, he mixed some linseed meal with the second lot of pepper, and then defied me to tell which of the two lots was genuine, remarking "there's your profit." "Absurd! dishonest!" I exclaimed. "Yes," he retorted—"it would be absurd for you to sell pepper without profit, and dishonest to your family into the bargain." I left the tallow-chandler with some degree of indignation, resolving to sell pepper in its genuine state, or not at all.

Our customers were all of a poor order, and poor indeed were the results of their purchases. One would send for a half-pennyworth of pickles and the loan of a saucer, which was never returned. Another would plead so urgently for "a quarter of a pound of butter on trust till Saturday," that we could not find it in our hearts to refuse the plea.

Our shop had not been open a month when I was proved to be, as the tallow chandler had observed, "green in business." A man, dressed as a mechanic, entered the shop and desired me to show him some black-lead pencils. I told him I had none. He said that was a great pity because he had it in his power to give me a lift, and would do so by purchasing the pencils he should require of me. I thanked him and promised to get a quantity in the course of the day. He said he was foreman at a saw-mill close by, and that his orders would be worth my attention. He went away with the promise on his lips to call again. In about one hour's time after the mechanic had departed, a Jew laden with a huge pack of black-lead pencils made his entrance, which was somewhat difficult, he being very bulky; this was to me, so I thought then, a lucky event. I was pleased to look over the Jew's stock, and decided on purchasing

five shillings' worth of the pencils. Moses swore by his father Abraham that I was my own enemy, and must consider the bargain I should achieve by parting with my monish. I persisted, so did the Jew. I wanted to spend five shillings with him, he wanted me to make the five into twenty; and there was a fascination in his manner quite irresistible. The purchase was effected; I opened the till and counted, not twenty, but only fifteen shillings, my entire amount of cash. I appealed to the disciple of Abraham to take five shillings' worth of the pencils back. He smiled such a benevolent smile, shrugged his heavy shoulders, and, pointing to my tea-canister said, he would take fifteen shillings in monish and one pound of five shilling black tea. The tea was abstracted from the canister and Moses, carrying with him my money and tea, forced his corpulent body out into the street. I waited all the remainder of that day for the return of the mechanic who had promised to purchase the pencils. I waited in vain; from that to the present day I have neither seen him nor the Jew. The pencils all turned out to be valueless, having only a short piece of bad lead in their ends. I had scarcely recovered from the trouble caused by the occurrence of the pencils, when our first child was born, under circumstances of a very painful character. I hastened at the proper time to fetch the doctor whom my wife had arranged should attend her. To my utter consternation and alarm, I was told that he had gone out of town. I desired to know if he had an assistant, whom he intrusted with his cases during his absence; instead of a reply, the door was closed against me. I had little time for reflection—immediate medical attendance must be obtained, or my wife's death was inevitable. With great difficulty I prevailed upon a medical man to wait upon her, but he would only do so by my paying his fee in advance. It was a fortunate fact that I had enough money in my possession to meet the doctor's claim, or my wife would have paid a heavier claim with death.

The black cloud of adversity began to disappear once more. I was re-engaged in the position I held before, and at the commencement of the strike my employers, not being

members of the Masters' Association, presented no "document" for signature. I held that position a few months, putting my wages into my little business, but it did not improve. Slackness of work again threw me into the ranks of compulsory idleness. For weeks we were compelled to consume our shop-provisions, and at length to abandon the business. I resolved for the future to enter into no more business speculations, and to confine all future efforts to my trade; but the resolution was easier formed than executed.

My health began to wane. I became almost constantly subject to fits of melancholy and general lassitude of body; yet amid want and sickness I made many a dull hour pleasant with song. The idea came to me to publish a small collection of my early poetic effusions, and I was unwise enough to issue "The Poet's Voice," a work both crude in conception and defective in execution. I had secured about sixty subscribers at a shilling each, but was sadly disappointed to find half of them defaulters. Of course the publication was a failure. The following notices of this book will give the reader an idea, if not of the character of criticism, of the crudities of my muse—

"These poems, the productions of a working man, one who has struggled 'midst the frowns of poverty, without the means to command the literature so abundantly found in the mansions of the rich, contain many beauties among some unavoidable crudities of thought and expression, and are creditable alike to his heart and feeling. These are the tastes that deserve to be cultivated, and if the aspiration is not always equalled by the inspiration, there is enough left to show the possession of an intelligence of no mean proportions."—*Weekly Despatch*.

"Go back to your study, Mr. Powell, and do not print any more of your verses until you have mastered, at least, some of the rules of versification. Take your first lines:—

'Behold the night! the People's dreary night!
Where ignorance lures the traveller's feet
O'er craggy paths, deceptive to the sight.'

What nonsense is this? What rugged sounds are here brought to grate upon the ear! Night is the very reverse of dreary to the People; it is then their freedom begins; it is then the

shackles of their ill-paid toil fall from them ; it is then they see the stars, which remind them of other and better worlds and their God, who has so beneficently provided for them, did His boundless benefactions reach them without the ' foolish lets and artificial hindrances made by men to mar men's happiness ? ' A short ugly syllable like *Ig* in *Ignorance* requires a great deal of art to place it in a position so as not to offend the ear ; but the merest tyro would tell you that such syllables as *rance* and *lures* cannot be put close together. There are some good ideas in more than one of the poems, but the language is so fearfully harsh, so raw and uncultivated, that it is scarcely to be hoped, Mr. Powell, you can *ever acquire the art and mystery of poetry.*"
—*Weekly Times.*

The residue of the edition I committed to the flames quite satisfied to suppress its further circulation.

On one occasion, after tramping from workshop to workshop in search of employment, and finding it not, in a mood of vexatious misery, I paid the following tribute to my country—

ENGLAND'S BOASTED FREEDOM.

Ye boast, who share the smiles of gold,
Our fatherland is free ;
And revel on, ye scions bold,
In pamper'd Luxury !
With blood-stained hands and plunder'd gains,
Ye rear your fanes of prayer
And vainly preach, in mournful strains,
To millions trained by Care.

Think ye your vile-got Power shall last,
That rough-bred Toil for aye,
Shall brute-like slave as in the Past,
Abject, beneath your sway ?
Ye boast, our England's laws are free !
And yet our poor-house goals
Are filled with Age and Misery :
Our hulks with crime-stained souls

'Tis well, for ye whose Will is law,
 To wanton day and night
 'Mid dazzling pomp ! No hunger-claw
 Doth pierce your souls in spite !

Ye boast our mighty Empire's free !
 Yet millions pine for bread,
 And curse the stern necessity.
 Oh God ! how hearts have bled,
 When work, long sought, had not been found,
 And wives and children dear,
 While weeks and months have journey'd round,
 Have starved, 'mid hope and fear !
 What wonder, when your coffers fill
 With treasures coined by Toil,
 That hungry slaves both steal and kill,
 And sharpers share the spoil !

Ye boast of English Liberty !
 And yet, with English slaves,
 Ye fight your battles, plough the sea,
 And dig all freemen's graves.
 Go ; seek the thousand haunts of Sin,
 And gaze, with searching eyes,
 On each soul-ruined wretch within ;
 Then say where Freedom hies !
 Go ; seek the so-called great of Earth :
 The Fortune-favour'd Few,
 Who, bound by Wealth, and not by Worth,
 Plant Vice where Virtue grew.
 Then tell us with your mocking lips,
 That England's land is free !
 And say, while grasping gold-thong'd whips,
 There is no Slavery !

Ye boast that England's Queen and State
 Exist by Freedom's choice ;
 That men are masters of their fate,
 Tho' robb'd of right and voice !

Avaunt ! and cease your wicked lies,
 Too long, alas, too long,
 We have been crushed by Injuries
 Created by the Wrong !
 Think ye by bait and promised aid,
 To trap our bleeding feet ?
 We know your treachery-banded trade
 Succeeds by our defeat.

“ Tis well to have a merry heart
 That's happy with a straw ;”
 Of freedom's creed forms not a part,
 Nor yet of Heaven's high law.
 Ye boast, the Christian name and heart
 Are treasured in the land ;
 That Faith and Virtue play their part,
 And make us true and grand !
 And yet your hireling priests will trade
 On God and Truth divine ;
 Your saintly drones, with tithe-rates paid
 Get drunk on sacred wine.

Ye Wealth-crowned Great, forget, awhile,
 Your banquets and saloons,
 And gaze on Want walled in by Guile—
 Behold how Virtue swoons !
 Then boast our Fatherland is free,—
 That Poverty and Shame
 Are not the branches of the tree,
 That bears Corruption's name.

After considerable buffeting with the social billows, I managed to gain a haven of safety at last. I entered on an engagement in the service of the London and North Western Railway Company at the Wolverton Works. In this position I remained for a little more than a year, during which time I made myself useful in the Wolverton Me-

chanic's Institute, wrote some poems to the local papers, and delivered my first lectures.

The tradesmen at Wolverton station had been charging exorbitant prices for provisions; the workmen dissatisfied, appealed to the directors of the line to allow a cheap excursion train to run on Saturdays to Northampton, where they went and returned, bringing with them provisions of a cheaper and better quality than had been supplied by the Wolverton tradesmen. The second trip had nearly cost us our lives; our engine ran into a luggage train near Blisworth. I felt a sudden jerk, my hat being violently knocked off my head, carriage doors flew open, fearful shriekings pierced the ear; in an instant I leaped from the carriage on to the line, and witnessed a scene I shall never forget. The engine of our train was off the line, the luggage train had some of its vans broken, the end one being in an upright position, and a cask of rum which had fallen from it, broken in the collision, was letting the liquor ooze from its battered side. Most of the passengers were bruised and wounded by the shock; some of them stood round the rum cask sinking their hands in the rum, drinking it, and washing their bleeding wounds with it. The sight was sickening. I found my hat, feeling grateful that I had escaped unhurt. Several hours elapsed before the line could be made clear. We did not, of course, proceed to Northampton that night, but returned to Wolverton to find the station thronged by our wives and children, who had remained at home, with eager, tearful eyes, waiting to welcome us and assure themselves of our safety.

My first lecture, "The Poetry of Feeling and Diction," was delivered at the Mechanic's Institute before a crowded assemblage; it gave great satisfaction, and was printed at the expense of a majority of the members. My second lecture, "The Best Means of Elevating the Working Classes," was suppressed by the superintendent as being a topic which might possibly lead to discussion. I could not then, nor can I now, understand the wisdom of the act. In the whole lecture, which was laid before the superintendent, there was not a single sentence calculated to

injure morals or excite to strikes. On the contrary, the elements of social disorder were shown to result from a want of forethought and moral restraint. The lecture had been duly announced to be delivered at the Mechanic's Institute, having been legally decided on by the committee. However, it was suppressed, and the votes of three hundred members rendered *nil*. The act of suppression wounded my sense of manhood; I could not reconcile myself to a tame submission to its dictum, but resolved, come good or evil consequences, to deliver the lecture. I hired another room a few hundred yards from the Institute, and made it known that the lecture would be delivered on the night already advertised for its delivery. The attendance was very meagre, most of my fellow workmen deserting me at the time they ought to have asserted, by their presence, what I asserted by my action, viz., that a right is valueless without the liberty to exercise it. However, one of the few men who came to the lecture proved a friend to me by obtaining an engagement for me at Swindon, to which place I removed my family and goods, leaving Wolverton with many pleasing reminiscences.

In all large towns there is generally to be found a nucleus of politicians and theologians whose various crotchets appear to men of small experience absolutely indispensable to mental freedom. I met, at Swindon, many such, but those who left the deepest impression on my mind were certain Christian teetotallers who refused to allow me to lecture in their hall, because they were not satisfied that I entertained *exactly* the same theological ideas as themselves. They wished to know my creed. I replied, a few days after, as follows :—

I CARE NOT WHAT YOUR CREED MAY BE.

I care not what your creed may be,
 I ask, are you sincere ?
 If yes, with pride you answer me,
 I cannot but revere !

I may, urged on by what I feel,
 With Reason's voice persuade,
 But never, with the Bigot's zeal,
 Will I my tongue degrade.

The birds, in varied plumage, wend
 Their free and wand'ring flight ;
 The flowers in gorgeous colours bend
 Beneath the gazing wight ;
 And each a mark'd distinction claims
 From others of its kind,
 A something, which to man proclaims
 The character of mind.

There's not a ray of sunshine bright,
 Nestling upon the flower ;
 There's not a lunar beam of light
 That greets the midnight hour,
 But which contains its own degree
 Of lustre, weak or strong,
 And speaks of change—diversity—
 The law of Nature's throng.

Then cast away opinions fraught
 With Cant or Bigot rule,
 That, with ungen'rous aim, are taught
 In Custom's wrangling school.
 For nature comes to give relief,
 When thought is chain'd by fear,
 And man, by manhood, not belief,
 Should hold his fellow dear.

Think not, ye cringing sons of earth,
 Who dare not stand erect,
 That men may judge your moral worth—
 They will not soon detect
 Your living falsehood, to acquire
 The treach'rous smiles of gold,
 For which, your every-day desire,
 Your liberty is sold !

All Nature, with her mystic power,
 Speaks wisdom to the mind;
 There's nought in her mysterious bower
 But differs from its kind :
 Yet man, "the noblest work of God,"
 Doth give her voice no heed,
 And dares to wield a tyrant rod,
 For difference of creed.

Shake off the narrow creeds that rise
 By man's enfeebled sight ;
 Drink wisdom from the boundless skies :
 To differ is your right ;
 But do not hold another's heart
 In bondage, to proclaim
 A Creed in which it has no part,
 For such will be your shame !

I do not ask you to become
 A slave in thought and deed,
 And coward-like, affect to roam,
 Far from your conscious creed ;
 But this I ask, will you assist
 In all where we agree,
 And from the Bigot's blinding mist
 The human soul set free ?

If yes, you answer, that to me
 Is all that I require,
 Tho' in opinion I may see ;
 Enough to speed desire :
 I ne'er can gaze on Nature's face,
 Or delve her treasur'd mine,
 And then degrade our common race,
 With dogmas undivine.

At Swindon I worked but a few months, my health growing gradually worse. The idea that the place was not suited to my constitution caused me to desert it. I next tried

my fortune in that mighty cotton world, Manchester, which proved to me a second London as far as the difficulties of obtaining and keeping work go. I wandered about its wide ugly streets, rearing airy castles amid its prolific smoke, or gazing upon its miserable, shoeless, uncouth factory serfs of both sexes, finding little profit and much experience. Sometimes I obtained a week or two weeks' work, but most of the time I lived in Manchester passed away adding bitter sorrows to my life. Despairing of success I tramped about the streets, and amid despair saw the light of hope. I was again battling with difficulties in the workshop, discovering the melancholy fact that all therein was not, to a sensitive nature, easy of endurance. The workmen demanded "a footing" from me; I protested against the unfairness of the demand; they persecuted me, hid my tools, and exhibited a species of diabolical pride in bringing trouble upon me. If I asked any of them a civil question, the answer was "beer!" the word "beer" rang in my ears from all directions. I was deafened and distressed by the heartless, discordant yells for "beer" of these men until I grew disheartened. But finding I was not to be coerced into submission, they tried quiet, gentle, reasoning; this was their weak point. I defeated them with their own weapons. At length, finding their designs as futile as their efforts to carry them into force, they managed to give vent to their disappointment by getting me discharged; thus I lost my situation, but retained my integrity. A few months later I obtained a better and more comfortable situation in Manchester. About this time I was elected to go to Leeds as a delegate for a Branch of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, obtained leave of absence for the purpose, returned to my employment in three weeks from that time, worked about six hours, was seized with a severe attack of neuralgia, was compelled to go home, returned to the shop the next day in a very weak condition, and was discharged. I had borne up hitherto with as much courage as I could muster, and God knows I needed much. This fresh stroke of misfortune almost paralysed my energies, and for a brief period made me desire death; but with returning day came

renewed hope. After tramping about for some time in search of a new master, I found myself shaping iron to order at the Canada Works, near Birkenhead. From this place I made my humble bow to the public with a second book, "The Village Bridal and Other Poems." The kind encouragement given to it by the press and gentlemen of position was to me most gratifying. About this period our delicate fading lily, Marion, came to awaken conflicting emotions of joy and sadness.

My book won me considerable local celebrity, no doubt more from the fact that it originated from a man in my position, than from any marked evidences of genius in its pages. A literary gentleman a Mr. D., who had written favourably of me, often invited me to his house. I saw him with his wife, six children, and servant, in a state of poverty without the means apparently of purchasing bread. I had in my pocket half-a-sovereign reserved towards the expenses of my book, which I gave to him, deeming myself honoured by his acceptance of it.

A misunderstanding of a very trivial nature caused me to resign my position at the Canada Works. Whilst I was agitating my mind about another situation, a Mr. G., who had been previously introduced to me by my literary acquaintance, Mr. D. desired me to state whether I should prefer a book-shop to an engagement at my trade, offering to open a book-shop for me. I thanked him and eagerly accepted his offer. I was soon installed in the capacity of a "new and second hand book-seller," in a shop at a rental of thirty pounds a-year. Mr. G. told me that he would find means to carry on the business for twelve months, that I should be allowed one pound a-week, and, if I made the business a success, half the profits. He handed over to me an unsaleable stock of second-hand books, and I was hopeful and diligent, deeming myself a fortunate man. Some new goods were sent in, which Mr. G. prevailed upon me to receive in my own name, giving sundry plausible reasons why he did not wish his name to appear in the transaction. He came twice or thrice each day, Sundays excepted, and looked at the day-book, betraying often his vexation at the smallness of the

sales. This continued for about six weeks, when he informed me that he had no further means with which to carry on the business; that I must take the stock and responsibilities on my own shoulders, or go out of the shop, leaving the debts contracted in my own name unpaid. I was excited and unguarded, knowing little or nothing of business valuations; he was cool, calculative, and cogent. He offered me the stock and fixtures for £80, payable in half-yearly instalments of £10 each. I saw no way out of the difficulty, and accepted his offer. A bond was legally drawn up and signed by us, which Mr. G. took possession of. Some written propositions, with a view to a speedy transfer of the responsibilities of the business, were in my possession. Mr. G. desired to see them in order to satisfy himself of certain facts—I very unguardedly took them from my pocket; he seized them suddenly, and at once put an end to several substantial witnesses against himself. An incident which took place soon after I had taken the business off Mr. G.'s hands, will serve to throw some light on the character of Mr. D. He sent for me and told me a piteous tale of his literary struggles, which affected me so much that I at once directed my energies in his interest, and procured him an engagement to lecture at Liverpool, for which he received two guineas. I further influenced a few friends, from whom he received aid. A month from that time he sent for me again, said he had just returned from London, where he had sought in vain for a literary engagement, and had endured the most severe distress. He wished me now to prove my friendship and sympathy for him in a substantial manner—in one word, he wished to obtain a loan of £50, and desired me to become security for that amount. I declined the honour by simply assuring him that I was scarcely worth fifty pence. He said, "There is the stock in your shop; why not make that over as security?" I briefly replied—"The stock, excepting my own little library, belongs to Mr. G., and sooner than do anything so dishonest I will end my existence." I saw no more of Mr. D. whilst I resided in Birkenhead, but have met him in London three times, at separate intervals. He has always something to hurry him; either he is going to

America, or has just returned, or he has some great work on hand which necessitates his hurrying.

My whole energies were devoted to the book-shop. I found, however, that its progress was not at all commensurate with my efforts. I went to work again at my trade, in order to earn money with which to carry it on; but every week brought additional evidence that it was failing. Long before the time came round for making my first payment to Mr. G. for his stock, I saw the utter impossibility of meeting it—wishing sincerely that I had allowed the shop to be closed at first. I waited upon him and gave him to understand my difficulties, which he perceived at a glance. He said—“If you bring back the stock to me I will give up the bond.” I took him at his word, but he broke faith with me, declaring that I ought to bring him my own private books, in exchange for the loss of stock he had sustained. I replied that I had made no compact of the kind—that the business had been unjustly forced upon me. He refused to give me the legal bond, and I left him and the neighbourhood with a heavy sorrow at my heart.

From Birkenhead we went to live at Chepstow, in Monmouthshire, where my health grew more than ever troublesome, and domestic trials ensued. The saddest hours of my eventful career were passed in that beautiful garden of nature, Chepstow. It was there we placed our gem—our withered lily—our dead Marion. Seventeen brief months was the sum total of her life on earth. As she lay in my arms, her angel-spirit escaped to heaven. To some hard natures the death of a dear child may seem to be a matter to be thankful for; but to me it seemed like the parting of life from love—the decay of hope—the separation of the soul from the body.

In silence, too sacred for words, we mourned our cherub's death; but we knew that she was happy, and that her lingering sufferings were at an end.

From three poems I have written to her memory I select the two following:—

OUR DEAD CHILD.

Do you know, as the years roll round, wife,
 And the storms of life rave wild :
 In the midst of the cares of earth, wife,
 That I weep for our dear dead child.

In my fancy I view the smile,
 In her pure angelic eyes ;
 As she died in my arms that day,
 To re-bloom in Paradise.

Twas the time when affliction came,
 And despair sped in the rear,
 That our babe in her coffin lay,
 And we felt a nameless Fear.

I remember you stood and gazed,
 'Till you thought her living still
 With our child in her shroud, alone,
 While your anguish made you ill.

Like a lily she drooped in death,
 We silently bore our loss,
 For the loudest that wail in grief,
 Endure not the heaviest cross.

In old Cambria's land afar,
 Our dead child is wrapped in clay :
 And I weep to visit her grave,
 But adversity bars the way.

In the rush for Fortune and Fame,
 I repose on Hope for my friend ;
 Since Life hath its burden to bear,
 And fain must bear to the end.

And you know we have strove full long,
 And have prayed as the seasons rolled ;
 But sore sickness and sorrow crush all
 But our darling babe in the mould.

MARION.

I had a little girl with pale blue eyes,
Like lustrous stars in night's pellucid skies.
She pressed her baby-lips to mine with bliss,
And smiled, an angel-smile, to bless her kiss.
Her smile was dear, and dear her infant ways,
And dear her beauty, dear her gentle gaze,
But dearer far her love, divine and pure,
That like the soul for ever shall endure.
As some bright spirit in a pleasing dream,
Or, clear reflection in a limped stream,
That vanishes ere Thought can find repose,
As Beauty hides within the folded rose,
My dear, dead Marion appear'd to me,
A flash of sun-light on a dull dark sea !
A gleam of Beauty fading from the earth !
A tiny gem of matchless form and worth !
A lily fairer than all lily-flowers !
A queen of queens as gladsome as the hours !
I pressed my darling to my anxious breast,
And deem'd her of Life's fairy forms the best !
I praised her with a parent's liberal praise,
Her features, beauty, all her artless ways ;
For she, my child, was heaven on earth to me !
With her I lost all sin, with her was free
From all the cares that crush the Spirit's flowers,
And lead the soul thro' Shame's polluted bowers.
I press'd her to my heart, a being pure,
And deemed her holy life and love secure !
As shadows steal athwart the sun-lit noon,
As clouds come o'er the pale and pensive moon,
A change came o'er the features of my child ;
The lily faded on earth's wintry wild.
I laid my flower within the stubborn mould,
Its wither'd petals bitten by the cold.
I hid my gem within the sullen tomb,
And nature, weeping, robed the world in gloom.

The years, like birds, have flown, and yet the grave,
 The buried gem retains: but cannot save
 The lustre that adorn'd it on the earth,
 Like Christ, the Spirit, hath a second birth.
 And so, my matchless gem! my sainted queen!
 My lily-child that blooms in Death's demesne!
 Doth live in spirit-land and soaring free,
 Appears in angel robes and talks with me.

CHAPTER II.

WE remained at Chepstow only a very few weeks after our loss. Several incidents having combined to make my position there anything but desirable. In the work-shop I found myself mingling with natures, to me, wholly uncongenial. Most of the men with whom I was in hourly proximity were uncouth and ignorant. There were but few whose thoughts were elevated above gross animalism. Oaths, drink, work, and sleep, absorbed most part of their lives. They would stand sometimes together in groups before commencing work, and decide on a general "bout." Then they would find themselves at one of their favourite public-houses, and spend the day in riot and drunkenness. On all such occasions, which came often, I was compelled to lose a day's time, and was generally insulted in the bargain, because I would not get drunk with them.

About the time when the news arrived that the allied English and French armies had taken possession of Sebastopol, my brave and loyal shopmates were in a state of unusual excitement. Working was entirely out of character with so grand an event; besides, it would prove them thoroughly un-English if they did not rejoice. Accordingly, to a man, they struck work, and marching in disorder round the town, sent deputations from their body to the principal professional gentlemen and tradesmen residing there, to solicit subscriptions for the purchase of gunpowder, "to take Sebastopol" over again. For this purpose about

five pounds were contributed. The men, full of heroic loyalty to Queen and Country, bought two pounds' worth of gunpowder, with which they intended to assault an imaginary Sebastopol over the Wye. The remaining three pounds were unanimously voted for beer. Presently these valiant powder and beer heroes shot off in irregular file to a chosen spot near the Wye. A small cask of powder and two large casks of beer were conveyed to the spot, amid a volley of cheers, which went off in advance of the gun. One of the beer barrels was first opened, in order that the Queen might be toasted with loyal lips. Then the powder was freely poured out at successive intervals into the gun, and the *reports* died away, one after the other, succeeded by loyal shoutings, which no sooner abated than they were renewed, under the spirited stimulus of the beer. The powder was all fired, and the second barrel of beer was nearly empty. Boys were lying drunk, like wounded soldiers on the battle-plain. One hero took possession of the cask containing the last dregs of the beer. Suddenly the scene, to the drunken brains of these men, was transformed into an actual Sebastopol. They chose their leaders, and led on the charge. Yells, blows, and oaths succeeded each other in savage fury. The beer was exhausted, "Sebastopol was retaken," and the scene ended with a literal battle-field covered with the drunken and the wounded. When some of these loyal heroes entered the work-shop the following day, their faces bore visible "scars of glory"—which won them plaudits.

Wherever men who are slaves to their own habits have a delegated power, they will be sure to fail in wise master-ship. Being too weak-minded to subdue their own passions they are incapable of using the reins of power. Their own vices warp their feelings and distort their judgments. They lean to their own prototypes and fail to see virtues outside themselves. In their eyes servility becomes wisdom, and integrity insubordination. It has been my lot on more than one occasion to be placed under men of this stamp. It was so at Chepstow. I was rendered uncomfortable, not from a want of endeavour to make myself agreeable, but from an incapacity to indulge the in-

satiable thirst of the working foreman for drink. For months I had endured insult and injustice without giving the least avoidable provocation, but I could not be shaped after their ideal—and was consequently an object of dislike. The men, like dogs, bayed and growled, falling foul of me at the word of command. I stood alone, secure in my own self-respect, yet very comfortless. I hoped and prayed that a change of conduct on the part of these men would render my future less painful. But could I expect the leopard to change his skin, or deformity to be suddenly transformed to beauty. It was impossible.

The next change in our career opened upon us in London, where we had to endure a series of new troubles. The expenses of the journey, added to those of our child's funeral, together with losses occasioned by sickness, left us with very small savings. But we relied with satisfaction on the donation from the Amalgamated Engineers' Society, but, for a time, were disappointed. The secretary of the Newport Branch, failing to send my *clearance*, caused my weekly donation to be withheld. I made an appeal at the proper time and in the proper place, and was allowed to receive the amount due to me. But, in the meantime, our little stock of money was expended, and we knew not where to look for the means of sustenance. It was at this time that the excitement about the Sunday bands in the parks was at its height. Puzzling my mind about ways and means, I came to the decision that a few verses on the popular topic would sell; accordingly I entered a coffee-house, hastily composed some, went off in search of a printer, and to my delight, found one, who consented to give the production the importance of type.

The next Sunday I stationed myself at the park gate leading to Primrose-hill, and offered my poetic wares for sale at the low price of one halfpenny each. An old gentleman, a tract distributor, observing me, came and expostulated with me and took pains to point out the sin I was committing by selling the verses on a Sunday. I argued the matter warmly with him. A crowd gathered round us, and in a few minutes I was in possession of nine shillings and twopence in halfpence. I went home to my wife,

threw the money in her lap, and lost the fever of excitement which enabled me to offer the verses for sale. The next day one of the morning papers contained the verses *in extenso*, and made allusions to me in its report.

Let those who are loud in blame taste the bitterness of distress as I tasted it, when I knew my wife and children were without food. I thought the result better than begging and infinitely superior to debt (even if that could have been incurred). The crisis was passed. The terrible incentive to the act disappeared, and I believed it almost impossible, in fact, that I could have undertaken such a task.

In London there seemed to be a charmed circle in possession of the work-field. I was not in possession of the password of admission to it. I must seek a new field for enterprise elsewhere. I heard that trade was good at Wolverton and resolved to make the tour on foot with confident hopes of success. It is true I had given offence by my lecture when last there, but that was only in my opinion too trivial a matter for continued resentment. When I arrived at Wolverton I was a cripple, having placed my pedestrian abilities under a too protracted strain. The journey cost two days. I walked fifteen miles only the first day, but the second day I walked the additional forty miles.

I saw several of my old shopmates, who expressed pleasure at seeing me. I waited upon the superintendent, carrying with me a letter of recommendation from the principal working foreman. It was useless; I was refused employment with cruel abruptness. My heart sank within me. I felt humiliated. Why did I condescend to solicit a re-engagement where I had formerly displayed a spirit of manly self-dependence? It was sad and dear experience to me. I remained in Wolverton nearly a fortnight, being unable, from lameness, to journey on foot further. Some of my old shopmates entertained me and wrote letters to friends who were working at other factories, in order to induce them to obtain a situation for me. One of the letters proved effectual. I was informed that I only need go to Wolverhampton to be employed. Previously to starting I delivered some lectures to some select

audiences of the workmen of the Wolverton Works, which realised sufficient money to enable me to pay my train expenses to Wolverhampton, and send a few shillings home to my wife.

My new position for a time had in it little worthy of note. I worked harder, gave less satisfaction with the amount of work performed, and suffered more from increased nervous and physical debility than I had done before. In the midst of it all, however, I wrote poems for the Wolverhampton press; published another book, "Phases of Thought and Feeling;" and fought bravely with fresh social difficulties.

About this time another child came to bless us with its smile, and to add to our responsibilities.

In the workshop I found my physical powers too feeble to withstand the heavy pressure placed upon them. The foreman ought to have had an iron-man to set in motion instead of one of human flesh and blood. He seemed to have neither conscience nor sympathy—perhaps he was an iron-man himself. He was never satisfied. I was expected by him to work—work—work—with a rapidity knowing neither weakness nor weariness. My physical powers lagged—they were unequal to the demands made upon them. The foreman whipped them to the task, like a heartless Legree. They gave way and I was ill. During the first week of my illness my surprise was excited by the circumstance of my keys and "notice" being sent to me by this magnanimous foreman. He was so eager to give me my discharge that he could not find room in his noble nature for his design, until I had recovered sufficiently to be able to resume my work.

The general press treated my book kindly. I no sooner found myself convalescent than I went about in search of fresh employment, but discovered that it was easier to seek than find.

During the interval of rest between leaving the Wolverhampton workshop for one near Dudley, I delivered some lectures, but the profits from them were very small. At Dudley I was honoured with an audience consisting of six persons, four of whom were reporters, and one the chairman.

For a few weeks I submitted to be inured in the very heart of Staffordshire where vegetation and all objects of natural beauty are smoke-dried and singed by the perpetual forked flames of the iron-furnaces. At this place I met Idiot Bessie. She was walking slowly along the river side carrying a tub of water on her head; a long pinafore hid her feet, her hair was dishevelled, and her general appearance in the distance was that of an untidy, corpulent girl of about fifteen years; but when I came up to her I was surprised to see the marks of fifty years in her features. When I reached my lodgings I enquired of the landlady if she could inform me who that strange looking object I had met was. The particulars I obtained served for the materials for

IDIOT BESSIE.

I met old Bessie in the street,
 A being strange and poor;
 She wore a frock that hid her feet,
 And pinafore of pattern neat,
 And on her head she bore
 A tub of water from the well:
 She bore it through the streets to sell
 And then came forth for more.

With features set in rugged mould,
 Some fifty years, or so,
 Impress'd thereon, in furrows bold,
 With all their changing scenes untold,
 Of wailing Want, and Woe.
 She walk'd like one unknowing earth,
 An idiot from the hour of birth,
 Strong-limb'd and ever slow.

In childhood, Bessie rarely found
 A mother's loving care;
 For she, with many a neighbour round,
 The limestone broke, by misery bound

The wrongs of earth to bear :
 Thus Bessie grew to riper age,
 Half conscious of the sordid rage
 That Custom's minions share.

Mid flame and smoke and humble folk,
 Her dreary lot was cast ;
 She sometimes carried coal and coke,
 Unheeding senseless jeer or joke
 Of rude ones whom she past.
 No view of Nature's wondrous forms,
 Save where the hand of Art deforms,
 Could in her memory last !

Can Christ, the Lowly One, have taught
 The worth of sacred Truth ;
 While none are found his Life hath bought
 And Fortune's wizard smiles have sought,
 With hearts of tender ruth ;
 Who dare, in sweet Religion's name,
 From Want and Woe, the friends of shame-
 To shield poor Bessie's youth ?

The idiot maid may never feel
 Such kind and soothing care :
 Nor can she even half reveal
 The wild curious thoughts that steal
 Upon her with despair :
 For Bessie, tho' an idiot born,
 Doth feel, at times, the sting of scorn,
 That kindness fails to spare.

In girlish garb, both strange and wild,
 Doth Bessie seem to all,
 She says she is a little child,
 And with a look, demurely mild,
 For toys and cakes she'll call.
 When twenty summers jog away,
 She'll marry and rejoice for aye,
 And be a woman tall.

And then she'll think and change her mind,
 And will not wedded be ;
 For husbands are not always kind,
 And wives are sometimes taught to find
 The dregs of misery.
 Oh, no ! she'll live a single life,
 And save herself from married strife,
 And man's vile tyranny.

Thus Bessie talks at fifty years ;
 And Pity weeps in vain ;
 Till some kind friends, whom Virtue cheers,
 With eyes bedimm'd by glistening tears,
 Inspire a different strain.
 Be merry ! ye whom gold enchains,
 Ye feel not Bessie's wrongs and pains,
 Let Pleasure hold her reign !

'Twill serve to cramp the springs of kindness,
 And fit ye for the sphere ;
 Where Mammon rules in reckless blindness,
 And nerves the hand of harsh unkindness,
 To fell the weak with fear ;
 While Bessie's fate, tho' known to many,
 Can scarcely claim a boon from any,
 Of sympathy sincere.

At simple tales when short and witty,
 She'll smile in half delight,
 And rouse anon the heart of Pity,
 By chanting some wild timeless ditty,
 Both meaningless and light.
 Oh, Sorrow ! wear thy dismal weeds,
 While Wealth on human misery feeds
 In Idiot Bessie's sight.

And Bessie, with a reverent mien,
 In changed and plain attire
 At school each Sabbath-day is seen,
 With cheerful heart and features clean,

No tedious toil to tire.
 She strives to read the Sacred Book,
 Yet fails with many an earnest look
 Of satisfied desire.

What sin is done that Mercy stays
 While Sorrow feeds on rue ?
 Can mindless Bessie find the ways
 Where Fortune with her zealots plays,
 And only favours few ?
 Alone, she toils to win her bread,
 To idiocy and suffering wed,
 With woeful Want in view.

I likewise met many with all the spiritual beauty of the female form marred by the iron hand of trade.

There was little to desire. The surrounding scenery being blighted, and all living beings bearing marks of the same baneful influence in their gait, education and features. Even the children, whose artless natures plead for all that is child-like, beautiful, and free, wore the stern disfigurements of "unnatural commerce." The pensive, mystic moon might shed its light abroad in company with all the stars, it could not hide the unnatural deformities of the place, or even lend to it a momentary halo of beauty ; for the perpetual furnaces spread a black blight with their fierce flames over the night as well as the day. It was to me a matter of deep joy when I was permitted to enter on a new engagement at the Railway Works, Crewe.

We had so often undertaken long journeys to fresh fields of labour that it became a problem whether we should have an abiding-place this side of the grave. Like wandering Jews we had been doomed to constant migration. We no sooner undertook a change of position than we began to torment ourselves with fears of coming misfortunes. And generally, as we prognosticated so it happened. I was employed in a capacity new to me, there being no opening in the particular department to which I had been accustomed. I felt my want of skill, but at the same time felt more dissatisfaction at the low wages I was receiving. Then

again, neither my own health nor that of my wife could withstand the depressing influences of the atmosphere of the place. We were almost always ill. There was only one course open to me, that was, to secure another situation where I might realise the double advantages of better wages and a healthy atmosphere. I wrote a letter to the superintendent of the Railway Works stationed at Brighton, and awaited anxiously a reply. In the meantime an event of a serious nature had nearly closed my strife with all social difficulties. Together, with my mates, I had occasion to cross over the line of rails from the engine-shed to the paint-shed, where our engine was undergoing the process of painting. On the way we discovered a long line of luggage vans forming a barrier to our progress. On our hands and knees we all crawled under between the trucks and gained the opposite side in safety. The next day I went out alone with the intention of reaching the paint-shed. I saw my progress impeded by what I deemed to be the same line of luggage vans which had opposed our progress the previous day. Without taking the precaution to ascertain if the steam of the engine were up, I essayed to crawl under, between the vans, as before. Sudden as electricity, I heard an inward voice say, "*Don't crawl under, jump up.*" Obeying the mysterious injunction, I was speedily upon the coupling chain which connects the vans. In an instant, as though endowed with life, the heavy train started, bearing me along with it several hundred yards. Retaining my presence of mind, I realised less terror that moment than I did the next when I stood erect in safety once more on *terra firma*. Thus, for the third time, my life was preserved from death by railway accident.

A reply to my letter brought the pleasing intelligence that I was engaged. Accordingly every preparation was made for a speedy removal to Brighton. On leaving Crewe we left behind us few privileges or associations calling for special regret. The short period of eight weeks, occupied with sickness and discontent, affords but few opportunities of forming lasting friendships which cling to a given locality. The eight weeks spent at Crewe were not the

pleasantest of our lives, and we dropped no tear as we deserted the place, but rather exhibited pleasure at the prospect before us.

When, for the first time, I stood on the beach at Brighton, gazing delightedly across the green, swelling, gleaming waters—feeling the keen, healthy sea breeze, as the vessels rocked lightly on the wave—I compared the novel scene with those I had been for years acquainted with; and the comparison made Brighton sacred. I was engaged at the works as a spare turner. When a man was away from his lathe, either through sickness or other cause, it was my duty to work it, and a *work* it proved to me. If I allowed a lathe to stand still, the foreman spoke cross to me, and ordered me to go to it at once, telling me never to wait for his orders, but always to keep the lathes at work. I rarely started a man's lathe in his absence without giving him offence. He would find fault with the manner in which I had ground the tools, the way in which I had done the work, and the condition in which I had left the lathe. It was no use trying; I could no more please foreman and man, at the same time, than I could please God and Satan. For several months I continued to work in this manner, but I had little peace from the men. They insulted and injured me in every conceivable way, all because I worked their lathes in their absence. They were members, like myself, of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, and, on that account, ought to have yielded to me in a matter over which I had no voice but one of consent. At length, to my great relief, I was transferred to another department, and had a lathe to myself. I was here placed under new conditions and under a different foreman. I worked my hands by day, and my brains by night.

Things moved on passably pleasant for a considerable time, during which my favourite poetic studies were not neglected. I contributed several poems to the principal Brighton papers, which won me an ephemeral local celebrity, and made me the subject of envy to very many of my shopmates. With my brain full of ideal forms and visionary hopes, and my body oppressed by dyspepsia, I held fast to my post. At work and at home I indulged the habit of

study, and filled up most of my leisure hours with the pen. I wrote poems and tales, and tried my hand at the drama, producing, in the space of three weeks of evenings, a five act drama, entitled, "The Compact." Inspired with delight, I announced my intention of giving a public reading of my drama. The task was accomplished after a fashion, and I was cured of my vanity. Neither the audience nor my reading was much to be proud of. "The Compact" was closed, and a couple of scenes of a new drama were enacted. One of my shopmates, with his wife, who had a baby in arms, came to hear the reading. When it was over, I invited them to supper. On entering our cottage, they were shocked to discover their child a corpse! The mother—a very young one—had placed the child in her shawl, and had tenderly hugged it to her breast, to shield it from the cold; she had thus ignorantly and innocently suffocated her first-born. The dead child was placed upon the sofa, to await a coroner's inquest. A few hours later, another babe, our darling Jessie, dawned into existence, as if to make life triumphant over death. Thus ended the night of my public reading.

As the months came round I watched the growing beauty of this child with more than common affection, and wooed the muse in her behalf thus—

JESSIE.

I have a little girl with hazel eyes,
That flash like streams beneath Aurora's dyes ;
Her rounded cheeks like ripened apples glow,
Her lisping lips with artless prattle flow.
She smiles upon me with sweet fond delight,
While Love sits laughing in her dainty sight—
A ray of sunlight, dancing on a lake—
A dahlia peeping where the foxgloves shake.
A fairy queen more fair than blooming rose ;
A rainbow where the sun's rich lustre glows ;
A wondrous wealth of growing life and love,
Where joy sits brooding as a brooding dove.

I love her with a heart by care subdued,
 And yet with fond parental hope imbued.
 I sit within my home, and on my knee
 My Jessie climbs, and fills my heart with glee.
 With her I feel secure from social strife,
 Forgetting ills that crush all joy from life;
 For she, my idol ! chases dull despair,
 And gaily sings as birds sing in the air.
 My household pet ! I love her more and more,
 And all her pretty winsome ways adore.
 She seems to me a queen-rose blushing mild,
 Whose odour sweetens Life's dull dreary wild;
 A living model touched by perfect art,
 Whose image wakes emotions of the heart.
 My dark-eyed Jessie ! how her guileless ways
 Give gladness to my all too saddened days !
 She is my pride—the flower upon my breast—
 My treasure'd picture, of all pictures best ;
 A diadem more brilliant than all pearls ;
 To me more beautiful than all earth's girls.
 A wonder-waking mirthful little child,
 The praise of all, a creature undefiled,
 My Jessie sings and prattles in her play,
 While hours, fleet-footed, trip upon their way.
 I love her voice, so ready and so free ;
 Her laugh that rings like music o'er the lea ;
 Her glowing kiss that seals my soul to truth ;
 Her clinging arms that fold my heart to youth
 I love them all with love too deep to tell,
 For all my being seems with her to dwell.
 And while I sit, with spirit glad and free,
 My Jessie smiles and prattles on my knee.]

I was often upon the Downs, gazing dreamily and
 delightedly upon the sea, and listening to the birds, whose
 songs were ever welcome. In a vein of pleasant feeling
 at the recollection of these roamings, I wrote

OVER THE DOWNS.

Over the downs, away ! away !
 I love to roam at early day,
 To feel the fresh wild zephyrs glide,
 And view the sea in all its pride.
 Come where the sportive lambkins play,
 Over the downs, away ! away !

Over the downs, away ! away !
 The lark gives out its matin lay,
 The queenly summer paints the scene,
 And greets the day with smile serene.
 Come where the sportive lambkins play,
 Over the downs, away ! away !

Over the downs, away ! away !
 The soft-green grass and flowerets gay
 Invite the roving pilgrim's feet,
 And scent the air with fragrance sweet.
 Come where the sportive lambkins play,
 Over the downs, away ! away !

The above appeared, for the first time in print, in the "Brighton Guardian," and found, at least, one admirer in R. Cooper, Esq., of Eastbourne, who set it to appropriate music, and wrote to ask permission to publish it, which I readily granted; and from that time we corresponded with and met each other until our acquaintance ripened into friendship.

The dyspepsia, which had so long tortured me, began to assume increased vigour. For years, with the eagerness of despair, I had seized hold of every curative method which came before me, yet I could find no remedy. I began to believe that in the arcana of medicine there was no elixir or restorative for me. It was about this period that I issued "Timon and Other Poems," which met with encouragement from many persons of position and note. Amongst my subscribers I numbered Lord Palmerston,

the Earl De Grey Ripon, Mr. Macready, the celebrated actor, and several gentlemen connected with the Press. The book appeared under favourable auspices, and met its printing expenses in less than a month from the date of its publication.

Amongst the gentlemen who encouraged my literary venture, none gave me more pleasure than those connected with the London, Brighton, and South Coast Company; but whilst this gave me pleasure it gave one person considerable pain. He was the foreman who had control over the department in which I was employed. Some of the directors of the line, and the superintendent, Mr. J. C. Craven, encouraged me, but my foreman frowned. What an innocent creature I was. I imagined that, being a few notches below the officials who encouraged my book, he would certainly ape their kindness, at least in his looks. But singular being that he was, he began to show a sudden disregard for me. The superintendent always treated me kindly. I never felt other than respect for him, and to this day I think of him with gratitude. He was stern, but never unkind to me, and rarely denied me any reasonable privilege. But the foreman who, up to this time had behaved towards me ordinarily well, changed with chameleon-like quickness, and displayed not only the savage strength of the tiger, but the craftiness of the fox. He often sent me home on the plea that work was slack, and would always, on such occasions, speak to me with assumed regret. I rarely murmured, but simply obeyed his commands. The time I was necessitated to lose through illness, added to the time the foreman made me lose, reduced my income so low, that it often became a problem how we should meet the current expenses of the week. Whilst I was innocently losing time at the foreman's dictum, believing that slackness of work was *the* only cause, he was working against me with the superintendent, telling him that I was off work attending to the sale of my poems. On one occasion he gave me wrong guages which misled me in my work, and, in my absence, heroically shifted the responsibility off his own on to my shoulders; the result was I received notice of dismissal. When I saw the superin-

tendent he told me I was always staying from work. I replied that I never stayed from work except when I was ill, was sent home, or had permission. He wished to understand what I meant by being *sent* home. I told him, and he then authorised me to take no notice of the *notice* I had received, and not allow myself to be sent home by the foreman again. Those who know the bitterness experienced under petty foremen who gain power by acts of injustice, will realise in thought what I had to endure. The superintendent had reinstalled me; this was enough to excite additional envy in the breast of my task-master. He vexed and insulted me, using the most horrible and filthy expletives. Daily my task became the more difficult, and daily I prayed for a change. I had, under the treatment of Mr. Horace Johnson, by a course of hydropathy, gained considerable improvement in my health, but the continual insults and unmanly usage I received from the foreman, brought on a relapse and a state of nervousness which caused me very often to make mistakes in my work, which were all set down in the list of charges which he kept against me. Day by day this apology for a Christian, armed with his little delegated authority, wounded my self-respect, and caused me the acutest mental pain. The climax came at length. I had strove, with my whole nature in rebuke, to bear the heavy burden of his dislike. It was in vain. The harp was suddenly unstrung, the harmony of my life seemed destroyed. I threw the burden off at once, and stood erect in freedom. No more would I submit to insult, oaths, and cruel injustice. No more should my self-respect and common human instincts be lacerated by a brutal, ignorant slave, wearing the badge of authority. Thus closed my workshop experiences. I had borne the brunt of the battle valiantly and hopefully, with little reward. I had strove, God knows, with my whole strength, to maintain my position, but the tide was too strong for me, I could not resist its pressure, and was drifted afar. My experiences as a mechanic had little of promise. The state of my heart and the desires of my heart caused me to seek a living outside the workshop. I contemplated many

plans, and concluded at last to act upon one. I knew I *must* do something, and that quickly, or I must again enter a machine manufactory. Accordingly I started *Powell's Domestic Magazine*, a monthly. There were great difficulties in the way of this venture, which I think few men would, unaided, have attempted to surmount. But I undertook the task, and the promises were at least satisfactory, and some of the results ditto. I was in the position of a human slave, who to gain safe freedom must surmount almost insurmountable barriers, and who, looking back, perceives the bloodhounds in pursuit, and fearing capture or death, escapes. Of course, I met numbers of self-confident beings who prognosticated immediate failure for my magazine, and hearing them talk was like being placed in the midst of a maze in a thunder or hail storm. There are plenty of this stamp who measure other people's capacities by their own, and make numerous mistakes. "How could a single hand perform the work of a staff?" "Besides it was the height of insanity to anticipate victory in competition with the *Cornhill*," and so on. I replied to all objections by impressing my faith into action. I *did* make the magazine a success, and from no fault of my own others killed it. With the exception of one or two contributions from literary friends I contributed the whole matter myself, which merely consisted of literary compositions in prose and verse. I wrote model sketches, tales, &c., both sentimental and serio-comic. The appearance of the first number, although late from the press, met a good provincial sale, somewhere about 750 copies to subscribers and others were disposed of. I was so full of hope and gratification that I increased the pages from thirty-two to forty-eight in the second number. The printers promised most printer-like to let me have future numbers always in advance of the publishing day, and I supposed they meant to keep their promise. But the printers, I afterwards learned, were not their own masters. A grand company was about being formed for the publication of a daily paper for Brighton, and they had either bought or was on the eve of buying the establishment, and the whole printing plant belonging to the printers who had undertaken my magazine. At the

very hour it was due to the public the whole of the MSS. was in type, and the men on strike. In a state hard to describe I went to the printers and essayed to touch their hearts — either they were stone — or belonged to the grand company which soon after burst like a bubble. Not knowing what to do I sought legal advice and was told I had no remedy. I went back to the printers, and begged them to give me back the copy to get the magazine done elsewhere. This they declined. I then offered to pay the men's time if they might be employed to finish the magazine. I was assured this was considered satisfactory, and the next day the work should be completed. I went away relieved of a heavy mental trouble, but came back the next day to gain a heavier one. The men had never been asked to finish the magazine, and I had only been mocked. I demanded the copy again, but was assured I should have some satisfactory settlement when the grand board of the grand company met. I waited as patiently as I could until a meeting of the board took place, and alas! wait I might. The members constituting that delightful board had so many quarrels about money matters, and displayed so little confidence in one another, that it was useless looking to them for redress. I could never understand whether the printers or the company were responsible to me for the execution of my work. One afternoon I stood in front of the printing-office pondering on the difficulties of my position. The only means I had for the support of my family depended on the sale of my magazine, but the magazine was "pounded," and I was there almost distracted, without money; for the length of time which had elapsed between the issue of the first number to that date, had sufficiently exhausted the little stock of cash I had appropriated for house expenses, from the sum total derived from its sale, to make me well ponder on the fact. I saw one of the apprentices, who sympathising with me, informed me that the men were still on strike, because neither the employers nor the board seemed to hold themselves responsible for their wages. He further said that my copy was in a desk in the office, and that the desk was unlocked. Hearing this I followed him into the office, opened the desk,

and securing my copy, made a speedy retreat. The difficulty was how I should get to London, in order to have the magazine printed at once. I had no money, and knew no one living near enough to whom I could confidently apply for the loan of a sovereign. I had urgent necessities, and could not wait long to reflect on them. Securing a friend's signature, I obtained the loan of a sovereign from a loan office; in a few hours I was in London, and the copy in the hands of a city printer. No. 2 came out eight or nine days late in the month, and the magazine having been placed in the rear, lost caste; the sale was crippled and its death doomed. I think the copies sold of No. 2 were somewhere about 450. In five months from its commencement it ceased to exist; but I believe, had the printers of No. 1 only performed their part of the contract with No. 2, I could have even increased its sale over that of No. 1. I not only lost time and money—or the chance to make money—but, what was worse, my mind had been so excited and anxious that its vigour for the time was disturbed. I had neither energy nor capital, and was compelled, even against my consent, to allow the magazine to quietly die. The London printer wrote, saying that unless an additional five pounds were sent to him, he would not go on with No. 6. My reason told me that I ought to make an effort to continue the magazine; but how to get the money required by the printer was quite perplexing. At this juncture my friend, Mr. Cooper, wrote to say that if a loan of five pounds would be of service he would gladly send it me. I wrote to the printer, saying that the day I received proofs of No. 6, I would send him the required five pounds, intending to avail myself of Mr. Cooper's kind offer. The printer wrote back, "money first." The time for the appearance of the number being near, I wrote again, pressing upon him the urgency of the occasion, and telling him I should need to borrow the money he required, that I was quite sure of obtaining it, but whilst I awaited its receipt, the proofs should be forwarded to me to save time. However, the printer would not proceed. He wrote to say he thought it best for me that the magazine should stop, since he could not see how it *could* be made to succeed. My hopes of sustaining

the magazine from that moment began to wane; and I resolved not to take advantage of Mr. Cooper's friendly offer, fearing I might not be able to repay the loan in anything like a reasonable time, arguing to myself that it was better to earn what I consumed than borrow for the purpose.

Eliza Cook, the poetess, came to Brighton whilst my magazine was in existence. My name and the magazine were mentioned to her. She gave instructions for a copy of the magazine to be sent to her monthly, and expressed a wish to see me. Her name was treasured in my recollection, for I had read many of her poems during my earliest reading days, and I looked forward to the appointed hour of my visit to her with much pleasure. I was shown upstairs, into a comfortably furnished drawing-room in Devonshire-place, where I found Miss Cook reclining in an easy chair. Her masculine appearance struck me at the first glance. She was dressed in a black silk dress, her hair being parted man-fashion. I was delighted with her freedom from common conventionalism. She conversed without restraint, and displayed strong sense in all she said. We conversed mostly upon literary men and women. I remember her remarks upon Mrs. Gaskell's *Life of Charlotte Brontë* thoroughly coincided with my own ideas, only Miss Cook had a happier way of expressing her views than I had. To speak metaphorically, she called a spade a spade, and I could not help admiring her speech and manner, and wishing women in general were like her, at least in these particulars. She seemed much interested in the success of my literary venture, and promised, if her health permitted, to contribute to its pages. During our conversation, I so completely lost all idea of her sex that I suspended an answer to some question put by her, which I did not exactly hear, with a "Sir?" which blunder caused a blush to mount to my face. She did not even smile, and I was too confused to apologise. The conversation was continued, however, and I kept more on my guard. I spoke warmly of her poems, and expressed an opinion that she had written nothing superior to "The Old Arm Chair." I ought to have qualified the remark. Her countenance betrayed dissatis-

faction, and she quickly replied, "I should be very sorry, indeed, if I had written nothing superior to that." I saw my mistake, and hastily said, "I mean for pathos, none of your more ambitious poems have taken such hold as that has upon the hearts of the people." The remark pleased her. Her countenance changed, and she said with animation, "Do you know, when I wrote that poem the paper was flooded with tears." Perhaps an hour and a half passed. Her brother entered the apartment, and after the usual ceremony of leave-taking, I was in the street on my way home, recalling the events of the evening with no mere passing satisfaction.

I had made extraordinary efforts at success, but owing to my want of capital, I had other difficulties besides those connected with the publication of the magazine. I was still a member of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, but had allowed my contributions to fall sadly into arrears. Returning home from a lecture tour on a certain Good Friday, I found a letter awaiting me which stated that I must reduce my arrears on the next club night, or I should be excluded from the society. It was then too late to forward money, since the "next club night" spoken of had been held the previous night (Thursday), owing to the usual club night falling on Good Friday. I saw the Secretary, and endeavoured to gain admission to make an appeal to the Branch on another meeting night, but was refused. I then wrote to the Executive Council, but the Council did not interfere. I had paid my contributions regularly for ten years, and was never known to disgrace myself in any way; yet, immediately I owed a few shillings, I was unceremoniously, without a hearing, closed out from the society. All this, I must say, appeared very strange to me. But the mystery vanished when I learnt that the members present, who managed my exclusion, were the very men who, in the workshop, had disliked me because I worked their lathes, when they were not there to work them themselves. I have known members of the Society get excluded for neglecting the Society's rules, through drunkenness, and soon after get reinstated. I never knew another case where a member was refused a hearing, if he were only in arrears, before

being excluded. I was at the time much hurt at the way in which I had been treated, but I have lived to regard the exclusion as anything but fatal to my prospects in life.

The failure of the magazine quickly set me planning for the future. In the meantime, the printers who had delayed the first and commenced the second numbers of the work, incited by a supposed injury I had inflicted upon them, in advertising the reason of their delay, summoned me for £6 15s. balance of account due for printing prospectuses, &c. The injury they had inflicted on me was considered nothing in the eye of justice; the verdict was against me for £4 of the amount. To raise this sum I had recourse to the pawnshop, and to friends and assumed friends. A retired clergyman and a popular minister of a Dissenting Church were both apparently friendly towards me. I wrote a note to each, stating my dilemma, and requesting the loan of a sovereign. The clergyman at once sent the required sum. The Dissenting minister, who, by the way, had professed great friendship, and who deemed me worthy to listen to his rejoicings over the prospect of a new railway cutting through some property belonging to him, because of the compensation looming out of the prospect, and this, too, the moment after leaving his pulpit, where he had *preached* about the humility and self-sacrificing spirit of Jesus, deemed me no worthy object for him to render a service unto. He assumed a very grave look, and spoke to my wife, who took the note to him (I was engaged to lecture for the Chichester Literary Society), as no true Christian would have spoken, of the folly her husband had perpetrated in deserting his trade, and said the magazine should never have been started. He did not even speak kindly to her. I should not have been surprised had the Rev. T. Mosely, of Brighton—for that was the generous friend's name who sent me the sovereign—refused. But I was surprised at the Dissenting Rev. — (I will spare the name, because the principles he preaches about but practices so little do, I trust, somewhat influence me) who professed to regard me in a friendly light, and, until his purse was assailed, always willingly gave advice; but I must, for truth's sake, say he gave, in my experience, little else, save a lecture for a Mechanics' Insti-

tute, which does not always turn out a mere gift on the part of popularity seekers. I am informed that this man, who knew not how to refuse a favour without wounding a timid woman's heart, was once a farmer. He took to preaching—he might have taken to fighting, and the motives have been equally good. But I was an engineer, and took to literature. Ex-farmer tells ex-engineer's wife that her husband perpetrated folly in deserting his trade. Where is the difference between the two ex's? By what standard does the minister measure the *litterateur*? If I am through life to be chained down to iron, why should not he through life be tied to the plough and confined to the sod? But he cheered me all the time he thought the magazine a paying concern, and took it, though he never paid for it.

CHAPTER III.

It is well we do not possess prescience. If we did there would be little exercise of hope, and certainly a vast increase of suicides. God has wisely made us to "see through a glass darkly." Hence, we live from day to day hesitating how to act for fear of failure, or we act bravely from past experiences; but act how we may, there is always uncertainty before us. I saw darkness before me, and scarcely hoped for light—yet light came. The death of my magazine caused me many a lingering hour's sadness. I was for a time mentally paralysed, and scarcely had strength to stretch forth my hand to save myself. I was objectless and incomeless; but this was of short duration. Within the five months the magazine lived, I had tried my hand at business again. I opened a small shop, for the sale of periodicals and newspapers, which came to an end speedily, my customers not being numerous enough to realise even the small rent of the shop. With the view of increasing my means, I delivered a lecture at the Town Hall, Brighton, on "Fact and Fiction," under distinguished patronage; but

somehow my patrons made only an appearance on the bill, and the people unheeded my call. The lecture was delivered to a very few persons, minus the advantages legitimately belonging to patronage. Previous to leaving my home to deliver this lecture, I was informed that a gentleman was waiting to speak to me. "Show him in." I walked Mr. S., a short, stiff man, wearing a white cravat. He looked to me cheerful, since his face beamed with smiles, which I afterwards discovered were the very quintessence of the man. He shook me warmly by the hand, flattered my vanity by telling me he had read my poems, and had long entertained for me a most sincere admiration; and excited my curiosity by adding, that he too was a poet. He showed his regard for me by purchasing a shilling ticket to my lecture, and I showed my gratitude to him by insisting on his taking tea with me. I read to him one or two of my *latest* productions. He recited to me one or two of his *early* poems. We then walked together to the Town Hall. At the conclusion of the lecture, my new acquaintance rose, and in a flattering speech, moved a vote of thanks to me, and I was vain enough to deem it deserved. The next day we met, each equally pleased with the other. He then told me that he was a lecturer, and had travelled for more than a dozen years, lecturing from town to town on Electro-Biology. I was curious to learn his history, which he gave me in fragmentary portions, some of which I have since learned are apocryphal. One fact, however, was patent. Mr. S. had a sickly wife, and a family of small children, living in one room in deep poverty. He went from village to village performing in small rooms, at very low prices; and thus worked extremely hard for a few shillings. He often induced me to accompany him, which was at times a source of pleasure to me, since I had no profitable occupation, and found the time tedious. On our way to these villages he would repeat poems he had written under melancholy circumstances, which always excited my sympathies, especially when he related facts of a domestic and social nature connected with them. I spent days in his company, fascinated by him. He was always voluble

in speech, fond of cracking jokes, and even inventing them, and to the extent of his small means he was generous. Many weeks had fled since I first became acquainted with him, and I had done little or nothing in the way of improving my position. Mr. S. came to my house often, and in a commiserating spirit said, "Why don't you turn Electro-Biologist?" and he offered to instruct me in it. I thanked him, and the instruction was given. I wish I could say it was strictly honest. I thought his experiments, which I had often witnessed, wonderful; but I lacked faith in the principle, not comprehending it, and failed, likewise, to discover very much in the instruction given me by Mr. S., to inspire me with respect for it. His mode of reasoning seemed always to indicate a lax morality; for instance, he would suppose himself assailed by the whole world, whom it was his especial mission to defeat by any means he could command; and he detailed personal experiences to justify this course. That he had suffered intensely in his combat with circumstances, I have no doubt; but I had then, and still have, a doubt as to his sufferings being always the result of misfortune, rather than of misconduct. I often had strong misgivings while I was daily becoming influenced by him; but I could not persuade myself, but, that after all he was (none of us being faultless), an honest man and a true friend. One day, finding me dejected, he went home, and wrote some verses addressed to me, which breathed a genial spirit, and which called forth others, addressed to him, from my pen. Thus time went on. I had pondered deeply over the necessities of my family, and hitherto, since my magazine had failed, had received little of the gold that perisheth. The idea possessed me, that I would deliver a lecture on Electro-Biology, taking advantage of the instructions given me by Mr. S.. I had often been puzzled while witnessing his experiments; but the loose way in which he discussed the *morale* of adopting certain methods to deceive the public, made me extremely suspicious of the science itself. Just before issuing announcements of my first lecture on Electro-Biology, a second-hand bookseller very kindly lent me the Rev. J. B. Dods's admirable lectures on "Electri-

cal-Psychology," from which I gained a theory of the subject; but I was not satisfied of the reality of the manifestations known as mesmeric or biologic. Yet I ventured, without much confidence, on a temporary platform at a national school, at Shoreham, kindly granted me by the clergyman. I was so far convinced, from Dods's work, that Electrical-Psychology was founded on a basis of truth as to believe it probable that I might succeed in experimenting; yet the plan which I had been taught to adopt by Mr. S., made it impossible that I could ascertain whether my subjects were *bona fide* biologised or not. I followed my preceptor's instructions out to the letter, by arranging with some boys to come on to the platform, and stimulated their willingness to do so, by promising them a few halfpence. The result was not at all flattering in a pecuniary sense; yet as far as the manifestations, acted or real, were concerned, my first appearance as a Biologist was promising. Fortunately, I was soon destined to be convinced, beyond all doubt, of the reality of magnetic or mesmeric power. I went to Bognor and delivered a series of lectures in a small room at a public house. My audiences were scarcely numerous enough to pay the expenses of the room and bills; and it became a question with me whether or not I should at once abandon Electro-Biology. I called upon Mr. Morris, a well known and much respected, tradesman of the town, a local poet, whose name had been mentioned to me by my old friend Charles Crocker, the Chichester poet. Mr. Morris presented me with a small volume of his poems, and came to my lecture in the evening. The experiments were surprisingly good, but the audience was so meagre as to excite the sympathy of Mr. Morris. He was loud in his expressions of delight at my entertainment, and persuaded me to go to the proprietor of the Assembly rooms and mention his name, promising to do his best to get me supported. I went to the proprietor, told him I was unable to risk anything in the hire of his room, but that Mr. Morris had promised to do his best to recommend me. The name of Mr. Morris acted as a talisman. I was told to fix my dates, that I might have the use of the room without risk, other than

the price of the gas consumed ; but in the event of success, I was to pay the usual price for its hire. I went away full of hope to return at the time fixed. My life seemed set upon the two performances which were announced to come off at the Bognor Assembly Rooms. When I returned I was gratified beyond measure to learn that a considerable number of tickets had been sold, and I ascended the platform to face an audience made up of the *elite* of the town. The experiments were of the ordinary kind. They appeared to myself wonderful, although I could not, even then, satisfy my conscience of their genuineness. At the conclusion of the entertainment some dozen of the *elite* kept their seats, while the rest of the audience dispersed. J. W. Watson, Esq., the son of the late Baron Watson, desired me to produce similar effects upon his friends, to those I had produced upon my subjects. The door was immediately locked. I felt in a fix, wanting the confidence necessary to success ; but there was no other honourable plan than to make the attempt. Accordingly, I commenced the usual process of manipulation, and was more surprised than my audience was pleased, to discover a good patient in Miss C. a young Irish lady, who was on a visit to the Watsons. She was difficult to subdue at first, but by perseverance I succeeded in inducing the necessary condition. I made her limbs stiff, made it impossible for her to speak without stammering, or to remember her own name ; but, on being requested to make her sing, I found the task too much for me. The company were very much interested. One gentleman gave me a half sovereign, and Mr. Watson invited me to his house the next day. I went to bed that night but slept little, my mind dwelling upon the circumstances I have detailed. I had (as I now believe spiritually brought about), been made to know that a condition of brain necessary to the phenomena *could* be induced. Then I felt grateful to think that I could pursue my experiments without the necessity of hiring subjects and risking honour. I was much fatigued the next morning when I presented myself at the house of M. Watson, but I was stimulated by the kindness displayed towards me and the consciousness that

I had discovered the fact that Electro-Biology was really and unmistakeably, a truth. Mr. Watson desired me to operate upon him, but although I manipulated about half an hour I had little or no influence upon him. He was, however, exceedingly gentlemanly, accounting for the failure on the hypothesis that my presence made him more positive than negative. I was requested to biologise Miss C. again, and to try if I could affect any of the servants, one of whom only proved subject to my influence. Mr. Watson gave me a sovereign and the following testimonial, which he permitted me to use as I might feel disposed, anywhere outside Bognor.

TESTIMONIAL.

I hereby beg to state that I attended two public Electro-Biological *séances*, given at Bognor, by Mr. J. H. Powell, and from a knowledge of the persons operated upon, and also from the nature of the experiments, I am confident no collusion existed between him and them. I also was present on two other occasions, when Mr. Powell, in private, succeeded in Electro-Biologising two persons of my acquaintance.

J W. WATSON,

Bognor Feb. 1, 1861.

At night the Assembly Room was well filled to witness my second entertainment, which came off with *eclat*; and the next morning, after taking farewell of Mr. Morris, and thanking him for his kindness in recommending me, I went off, carrying with me between six and seven pounds, and what to me was worth more than money, the inestimable knowledge that I could labour for a demonstrative truth. I resolved for the future to illustrate, to the best of my ability, the principles of Biology without descending to bribes of any description. I owe the first attempt at biologising to Mr. S., and was an adroit imitator of his plan of securing subjects before-hand; but I owe it to the circumstances surrounding me at Bognor, that I learned the truth, and I trust I owe it to my own strength of moral appreciation that I went forth as an earnest proselyte. When I saw Mr. S. I was eager to defend Biology on its own intrinsic merits, and I told him that his plan of bribing

subjects was reprehensible, but, in reply, he assumed the dictator, and sarcastically alluded to my small experience.

I was foolish enough to imagine that other towns would encourage me as Bognor had done, but my folly was soon made patent. I hired halls, issued bills, and found small audiences the rule, large ones the exception. Sometimes at the end of a week's hard, and, I may add now, honest mesmerising, I brought home enough money to support my family during the following week; at other times the battle was harder and yet the profits smaller.

For some time I had been in the habit of visiting a Scotch gentleman, a Mr. M. He was a warm admirer of the Dissenting minister, and never seemed better pleased than when he could meet us together at his house. When I was about commencing my career as an Electro-Biologist, Mr. M. invited Mr. S. and I to tea. A large party of ladies and gentlemen, principally members of the minister's chapel, were present. The minister soon commenced, in a dogmatic manner, to denounce the experiments of Biology as "tricks," and whilst assuming the judge, cross-examined Mr. S. as though he had been on his trial for some criminal offence. Presently Mr. S. took his hat, and, without saying a word, left the company. I shook hands all round and followed him. Some two months after this incident, after I had lectured in various towns, Mr. M. wished me to come to his house and amuse his friends. I told him I would do so with pleasure, but not if the minister came. He said "Well, I will not invite him." Mr. M. wished me to bring a subject with me, saying he was not disposed to risk a failure. I took a young man whom I had biologised, who was a good flute player. During the entertainment Mr. M. came and said he would like to ask the minister in. I told him I feared if he came he would disturb the harmony of the arrangements. He said no, he would ask him to be silent. The minister walked in, and taking his seat, commenced to talk in his ordinary authoritative manner. The subject was in the sleep, playing his flute. I touched him on the forehead—he stopped; I touched him again, and he went on. My back was turned for a moment; the music stopped again. I turned round and saw the minister

sit down. He had taken advantage of my want of attention to try if the same effect would follow if he touched him. He then, in a very determined tone, pronounced the manifestation unguine. It was useless to explain that sympathy between the patient and myself could only exist in a deeper stage than had been induced. He was so self-confident and stubborn that it was impossible to carry on the *séance*. The consequence was, the proceedings were abruptly closed. Before leaving, the minister came to me and said, "Mr. Powell, let us understand each other. We have been friends hitherto, and I would have us continue such. Take my advice, perform these experiments to amuse people, letting them understand that *that* is your only object. But don't dignify them with the name of Science, or you will make a mistake; and let me tell you that in my opinion you will never succeed lecturing on this subject. Your mouth is not the right shape."

Mr. S. left Brighton for Hastings. I gave him the names of persons who were friendly towards me, and who had designed to take a hall, and risk the expenses of bills &c., for some three or four lectures from me upon literary topics. I had decided on reaching Hastings on a certain day, expecting to deliver the aforesaid lectures; but visited several small towns in the interval. At Eastbourne I obtained the Assembly Rooms for three nights on very reasonable terms, the experiments on each occasion being excellent. I remember turning my subjects into imaginary fish, and as they were swimming about the platform I heard a general laugh in the audience, and missing one of my fish, could not for the moment imagine what had become of him. The platform was several feet above the body of the hall, yet I discovered that the missing fish had swam down, unconscious of any feeling, which I am certain in his normal condition would have been intense. I called to him, and restored him at once, when the laughter became boisterous in the extreme, for my fish came from under the platform with his face ludicrously disfigured by dirt. Among other experiments, I gave a mesmeric concert and play, taking three uneducated lads, who were all deeply biologised. I made one dance and sing, another deliver a speech, and the

third perform gymnastic exercises. The performances of these lads were natural and wonderful. The gymnast turned summersaults with agility and grace, the singer and dancer made his *debut* in professional style, whilst the actor mouthed his speech in a surprising manner. The three lectures at Eastbourne, although the terms at which I hired the Assembly Rooms were low in a monetary sense, were a failure. The proprietor might have taken the proceeds of the three nights for his rent, but, unsolicited, he gave me the third night's proceeds. Before this course of lectures was out, I was accosted in the open street by a servant in livery, who said he had been to the hotel in search of me, as his mistress wished to see me. I accompanied the man at once to the house of Mrs. T., whom I found suffering from intense headache. She said she had laughed so much at my experiments the previous night that she could not sleep, and requested me to give her some passes. After spending a half hour endeavouring to relieve her, she desired me to biologise her daughter, who sat with us. I succeeded in producing various phenomena, which much gratified the mother. Mrs. T. rang the bell, and abruptly ordered some cold fowl to be placed before me; but, having only breakfasted about an hour or so, I wanted nothing to eat. The fowl was brought in, nevertheless. I sat for several minutes discussing the fowl and the probable fee for my services. I had a very short time to wait before a visitor entered, who was welcomed by Mrs. T. almost with the same breath she desired the servant to open the hall door for Mr. Powell. Of course I walked out, but not without feeling a keen sense of the cool effrontery of a person who could engage a professional man to alleviate pain and amuse her, and expect a piece of cold fowl to compensate for the exertion and the loss of time. I was advised to send the lady a note, making a professional claim, but I allowed the circumstance to be simply profitable in the way of experience. I had often illustrated the science I was nightly demonstrating by placing money at the feet of my subjects and defying them to pick it up. While sitting with a friend, conversing upon the character of such experiments on one occasion, he

placed in my hands a number of Bank of Elegance five pound notes, remarking, at the same time, that they would serve my purpose equally as well as genuine notes. I left Eastbourne for Hailsham, where I gave, to small audiences, the usual experiments. An apparently trivial incident, set me thinking. I had biologised a rough looking countryman, and caused him to perform some very ludicrous feats. When I told him his coat was on fire, he dragged it off his back and stamped upon it with clumsy alacrity, causing considerable laughter; but when I told him he could not put his coat on again, he looked at me with an air of thorough cunning, and, picking it up, exclaimed, "I'm d— if I can't," and at once the coat was on his back. He then advanced towards the door, whilst the audience, thinking him no doubt cleverer than myself, cheered him. I called to him, but he did not appear to heed me. At length I said, "Mind, sir, you are not as stiff as a board in bed to-night." The rough fellow turned round with magical speed, and came back to the platform. I placed his hands one on the other, and making a few passes, succeeded in catalepsing them, and kept him in that position until the close of the proceedings. From Hailsham I walked five miles to Windmill Hill, where I gave some entertainments to large audiences. I also gave a private one at the house of the Rev. C. S. Harington, who expressed himself well pleased both with my public and private manifestations. The experiments which I had produced on some of the natives caused intense excitement, which enabled me to announce a return visit in the course of a few days. My wife accompanied me when I returned and was somewhat amused to read a large, square announcement, written with a pen and posted on a barn door, "Come to the Great Mesmeriser's Lecture to-night," which had been done, doubtless, by some good-natured person who had been pleased with my previous lectures or experiments. We reached the school-room to find a large attendance. I mounted the platform, and won considerable applause with the experiments I produced. One of my subjects was a stammerer. He could scarcely speak a half-dozen words without stammering, requiring long intervals between them. He

met me at the door and said, "I ss-s-s-ay, M-m-m-i-ster P-p-p-p-owel, c-c-c-an you c-c-c-ure s-s-t-a-mmering?" I told him to call upon me at my lodgings the next morning and I would try. At the appointed time he came. I at once commenced biologising him, and attempted to cure him of his defect. He improved slowly, but I persevered until he was able to converse freely. I told him to present himself on my platform in the evening (it was my last entertainment in the place), and I would before my audience demonstrate the power of Biology in the cure of stammering. When the entertainment commenced the man came as desired, but he had foolishly imbibed too much alcohol for his own good or for my purpose. Yet I resolved to experiment upon him nevertheless. During the progress of the experiments I brought him forward and commenced operations, and, to the complete astonishment of the audience, I made the man recite a long poem with scarcely a stammer. The Rev. C. S. Harington was present, who very kindly gave me the following

TESTIMONIAL :

"It gives me much pleasure to give my unhesitating testimony in favour of the genuineness and success of Mr. J. H. Powell's exhibition of Electro Biology.

"I attended two of Mr. P.'s public performances in the school-room, Windmill Hill, on one of which occasions the influence obtained over one of my own pupils, a relative, was most perfect, and resulted in a series of very amusing and interesting phenomena.

"Several of my other pupils being desirous of undergoing the process of induction, Mr. Powell has kindly spent the afternoon at my house, and has exhibited his Biological powers over several of them in a manner which proves beyond a shadow of doubt both the existence of a force of the nature assumed by Mesmerists, and also his own possession of this influence whatever it may be.

"Mr. Powell has further shown much tact and good sense in adapting his experiments to the capacities of his audiences, and avoiding anything which might overstrain the nerves of the patient, or shock the sensitiveness of the spectators. I think any clergyman might with advantage allow Mr. P. the use of his School-room for the amusement of his parishioners.

"Mr. P. has also much benefitted a case of stammering in this place. I heard the man recite a long piece without hesitation.

Feb. 20, 1861.

REV. C. S. HARINGTON.

I performed next at Ninfield with little notable results. Leaving my wife at the inn where we stayed, I walked to Battle, where I decided on giving two lectures before reaching Hastings. The only available room was at an inn, a fact which I felt to be a misfortune; but deeming it probable I might secure an attendance, I entered the inn and saw the landlord's daughter, a young woman of prepossessing manners. "You have an assembly room?" I said. "We have two rooms with a partition we sometimes use for club-dinners, if that will do," she replied with a smile. I was soon upstairs in a well-furnished, moderately-sized room. "Is this all the room you have?" She drew back the doors and showed me the two rooms in one. I said, "I will take this for two nights, if I can have it on reasonable terms." "Oh, that you can, I am certain, but father's out and will not be in until late. "If I thought your father would let me the room cheaply I would put my bills out, as I wish to get back to Ninfield as soon as possible. "That you can do," she said, "I am sure father will not be hard with you." I thought her father must be a generous old soul from the description she gave of him, and did not then stop to consider her partial. I proceeded at once to fill in some bills I had with me, and giving some to a bill-poster, placed the others in the shop windows myself. It was Saturday. I had engaged to give my last lecture at Ninfield that night, and was to appear at Battle on the following Monday. My wife and I, on Sunday morning, started in a cart from Ninfield for Battle. The hail came down thick and fast, while the wind in gusts blew fiercely. So dreary and cold was the weather that we regretted having hired the conveyance the moment we stepped into it; but as in life there is no escape from its necessities, so in nature there is no way in an open cart of passing through a storm but by braving it. We did brave it, but it was a bitter experience, especially for my wife. When the horse stopped at the door of the inn at Battle no tongue could describe our delight, for we were both hungry and cold. After such a journey, it will be allowed that the prospect of toast and tea was most cheering. We were shown into a little parlour where the landlady, the mother of the young woman who had let me the room, was seated at

breakfast. My wife said, "Can you make us some tea or coffee?" The woman looked up at us as though she thought the question impertinent, and after a melancholic pause, during which our fingers and toes ached with cold, said, "I don't know." The daughter walked into the room, and learning our wishes, broke the painful silence which intervened, by saying she would at once make us some tea. Whilst she went to do so, my wife said to the landlady, "Can you spare us a loaf of bread, ma'am?" She did not speak, but muttered, and then shook her head to give a negative answer. The daughter brought the tea. My wife repeated her request about the loaf. The mother said "No;" her daughter said "Yes," and speedily placed a loaf upon the table. After breakfast we soon got comfortable, and resolved to take the train to Hastings, and spend the day with a—shall I say friend? Well, he used to *talk* about his friendship. We had exchanged visits, and he had often wished me to spend a few days with him. Being by profession a dentist, he once asked me to write him an essay on the teeth suitable for publication. I offered to do so gratuitously. He would not hear of that, but promised to give me a couple of sovereigns for the work, which, at its completion, was issued in his own name. I know I received thirty shillings for the essay, and not forty as promised, but perhaps he forgot the price he had himself fixed. When we reached Hastings, I was astounded to find my name, in connection with that of Mr. S., placarded about the town, announcing a course of experiments in Electro-Biology to take place on the very nights I had expected to deliver lectures on literary topics. My wife and I went at once to the house of my dentist acquaintance, who had consented to form one of the committee for my lectures, and was told by the servant he was engaged, and that she could not say when I could see him. We went away, meditating on the strangeness of the evident coldness displayed towards us, and returned at night to Battle.

The little bar parlour of the inn looked very comfortable; we entered and sat down. There were some six or seven persons, whom I supposed tradesmen of the town, assembled, all engaged in smoking or conversing. Not one seemed to

heed us. We were neither wanted nor considered intruders. After a while I discovered that one of the party—a short, bluff, knowing, and wonderfully taciturn man of about forty years of age, was the landlord, whom I had been told by his daughter “would not be hard with me.” I sat and looked at him nearly an hour, but no word escaped his lips. He smoked his pipe with quite a self-satisfied air, and seemed content to allow all considerations for others to evaporate in smoke. I called for some brandy and water for my wife, who was seized with sickness and was looking deathly pale, but she would not touch it. The attention of the landlady and that of her daughter were arrested by me. The landlady turned her head away without a kind remark. Whiff, whiff, whiff, went the smoke from the landlord’s pipe; but the daughter, whose soul was a jewel, spoke sympathetically and led my wife to bed. The next morning I stood at the bar, in conversation with the landlord, whom I had begun to think was tongue-tied, since I had not before heard him speak. He said—

“Now, Mr. Powell, about my room; what do you propose paying for it?”

“That is not my question, it is yours. I make no offer, and hope you will make your charge as reasonable as you can.”

The landlord hesitated and muttered some untranslatable jargon, then, with quite an air of generosity, said—“Come, give me ten shillings!”

“What, for the two nights?” I exclaimed, hastily, with much astonishment.

“No, no; ten shillings a night, that is my price!”

“But,” I urged, “your daughter said you would not be hard with me.”

“I don’t care what she said; I must have a pound or you shall not have the room.”

“Why this is out of all character. I could hire the Assembly Room, the best room in the town, for ten shillings a night.”

“Why didn’t you hire it, then? I am not a-going to let a parcel of stingy fellows use my room, and then get nothing out of them.”

"But just consider my prospects," I urged. "Suppose the room fills each night, it is so small that it could not pay at your exorbitant demand."

"That is your business, not mine. If you don't like my terms go elsewhere; you are not bound to give your entertainments."

"But my bills are out, and my time would be wasted."

"That is nothing to me."

I saw myself in a fix. "The man that would'nt be hard with me" was of all men the most hard. His room was not worth more than three or four shillings a night, yet he had the hardihood to force me to pay ten shillings a night, or desert the place. I said at last, thinking it probable I might meet the expenses.

"I will give you fifteen shillings for the two nights. If you don't feel disposed to agree to this, I must simply have nothing further to do with you."

He made no reply for nearly twenty minutes, whilst he stood before me with his hands in his pockets. I repeated the offer. He then, in the most emphatic manner, accepted the proposal, and added, "Mind, it is only this once; you shall never have the room again so cheaply."

The first lecture came off, but, alas! money was scarce. Seven shillings only was taken at the doors. The second lecture came off; there was eight shillings taken. I sent for my bill, which amounted to nineteen shillings and fourpence. I sent down fifteen shillings, with the request that, as I had been unfortunate, it might be accepted. The answer came back that no reduction could be made. I went down stairs, carrying with me the fifteen shillings and the bill, and marching into the smoking-room, where the indomitable landlord sat smoking and playing at cards, exclaimed, "Do you mean to act so unjust as to charge me fifteen shillings for the use of your room, when I have only received that amount?"

Whiff, whiff, whiff, whiff, went the smoke. "You said you would give it!"

"Said I would give it! Yes, as I would say I would give my money up to a highwayman who demanded it with loaded pistols placed to my head."

Whiff, whiff, whiff, whiff, went the smoke; the landlord went on card-playing, but no word further would he speak. I then went to the bar and offered the fifteen shillings to the landlady, on condition that she would receipt the bill. She would not take it. I stood talking to her for more than an hour, but, like her husband, she was relentless. At last I said, "I will leave you my address. You summons me for the amount of the bill, and I will trust to the justice of the judge. Your room is not worth more than three or four shillings a night; besides, your own daughter told me her father would not be hard with me, and now, knowing that I have not made the money, you demand the exorbitant extent of your bill." She replied, "You cannot be very poor when you could afford to place a five pound note at the feet of the boys you mesmerised!" A new light broke into my night of misery. I took out my pocket-book, and at once offered her a Bank of Elegance note, and told her she need not trouble about giving me the change. At that instant the landlord came in from the smoking-room. The daughter said, "Father, what are we to do about receipting Mr. Powell's bill? He says he will pay no more than fifteen shillings." He answered very gravely and gruffly, "Why don't you receipt the man's bill? How can he pay what he 'aint got?" The bill was receipted, and the Bank of Elegance note replaced in my pocket-book. The next morning we left Battle, quite satisfied with our experiences in that town.

When we arrived in Hastings, I ventured to inform Mr. S. that I had no appreciation of his plan of announcing me to lecture in connection with himself, without asking my consent. He displayed a considerable degree of annoyance at my impudence in considering myself an individual in the arrangement, and said if I were his equal in intellect, I was certainly very far from it in our professional pursuits, characterising his remarks with, "By G— you must stand on the bottom round of the ladder of Mesmerism in comparison with me!" I soon discovered that Mr. S. had called upon the various gentlemen who had given their names to act as a committee for the proposed course of literary lectures I expected to deliver, and had persuaded them not to risk any-

thing in the matter, assuring them that if they did a certain loss would result; that he had offered to take the responsibilities of the hall and bills upon himself. In this manner the interest in my lectures was diverted, and, without a voice in the matter, I was made responsible for half the losses, should there be any, in the new arrangements. The first two entertainments brought in sufficient to the exchequer to cover the outside expenses and give us a trifle into the bargain. The second night a dispute arose between us as to the right of lecturing, Mr. S. having lectured the first night. I considered it simply fair that I should lecture the second night, but he would not yield. We had another dispute about his plan of paying subjects on this occasion. Some young men, whom he had hired for the purpose of presenting themselves on the platform, came from Battle; consequently a deduction from the gross receipts of several shillings went to pay them. These disputes made my visit to Hastings very unpleasant, and, from the manifest desire on the part of Mr. S. to make me look small, not by contrast, but by conducting the greater part of the entertainments himself, I resolved to separate from him, determining at the time to allow no second arrangements to cause a recurrence of such annoyances.

After numerous appearances at school-rooms in small villages, I reached Windsor, where I gave some twelve or fourteen entertainments. At some of these I was honoured with the presence of several members of the aristocracy. Amongst my more frequent patrons were two of the sons of the Duke of A——, who always came accompanied by their tutor, a Mr. L. On one occasion I received an invitation to lunch with their lordships. Mr. L., the tutor, whose courtesy still lives in my esteem, presided, and engaged his aristocratic pupils and myself in conversation about Pre-Raphaelitism, a subject almost foreign to me, and I was not disposed to publish my ignorance by even venturing an opinion during the conversation. I had been assisted to some turbot, and had scarcely tasted it, being engaged listening to the remarks of the tutor. A powdered servant behind my chair, whose fingers must have been uneasy to clutch something, seized my plate and ran off with it, returning with a

clean one. I was this time assisted to beef, and thought I would really do proper duty, when one of the young lords wished the "Professor" to inform them how he produced certain biological experiments. Of course I could not help replying, but during the interval of time it took to make my reply understood, the powdered servant seized my plate a second time, replacing it as before with a clean one. I was then assisted to pastry, and thought I would not allow the powdered flunkey to molest my comfort a third time. But alas! what was the use? Their young lordships had an appetite for biology, and I had better have had none for pastry, for on the very instant when I had placed my fork down to take my handkerchief from my pocket, all were looking for my words with greedy eagerness, and all greediness on my part, had I felt any, could not possibly have been satisfied, for the powdered flunkey ran off with my remaining tart. This was past endurance. I resolved to give myself up to conversation, and to make a fool of my appetite no longer. Cheese and salad I declined, I believe much to the satisfaction of the flunkey, whom I would have sacrificed a fortune at that minute to have biologised.

My experiments in Windsor had excited such an interest that many of the Eton collegians desired to witness them. I was told that if I could obtain a hall at Eton, I might expect a large company to a morning performance, but that they could not come "out of bounds" to Windsor. I tried to arrange for the use of a room, but failed. I then went to the late Provost, the Rev. Stephen Hawtrey, and requested the use of the Mathematical School. He treated me very courteously, and promised to come to Windsor that night and witness my experiments, and said, if he approved of them, I should be allowed the use of the school. He came, at night, according to promise, but whilst my experiments were progressing, he betrayed considerable restlessness, and walked about near the platform, watching the patients with great suspicion. Two days later I received a letter from him, in which was enclosed two shillings for the admission ticket I had given him. His letter was brief, stating that he had taken trouble to investigate, and had discovered that my subjects and my-

self were honest; but that he trembled for the power I possessed, and could not, he regretted to say, allow me the use of the Mathematical School. Here was a failure. The Provost had discovered the truth, and my honesty could not be rewarded. I did not exactly know whether I ought to leave Windsor without giving one or two morning performances; but the advice of others and the temptation, decided me to remain. I had bills printed, and delivered amongst the collegians, and went to the hall at the time, scarcely expecting success; but "out of bounds" came a number of the "boys," and I made my appearance before them; but they bestowed upon me some "chaff," with a plentiful supply of nut-shells and orange peel, until I succeeded in making one of their "pals" drunk with water. This, as I expected, excited their interest, causing the most boisterous laughter. One cried out "make the bees sting him, Professor." Another called to me to "set his coat on fire." A third desired me to "make him sing." I complied with all requests, and concluded the entertainment at their own time, as they were necessitated to be back at Eton at a certain hour. Before dispersing they were most clamorous for a second entertainment, and promised to bring others with them if I would consent to appear a second time, that day. I gave the second entertainment to a still larger number of the "Boys," and had reason to be satisfied with its success. I also gave an entertainment to the Horse Guards, in the Riding-school, where I biologised soldiers, and put them through their exercises, to the evident delight of their comrades. Before leaving Windsor I was induced to give a final entertainment, or "Bespeak" under distinguished patronage. Don't be alarmed, gentle reader, I was weak enough to court the favour of a Prince. His Royal Highness Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, C.B., was at the barracks. I was told that His Highness would be sure to be liberal if I could induce him to patronise me. I went to the barracks, wondering how I should address the Prince, since I was ignorant of Court etiquette. I stood outside the office, or chamber, where the Prince was engaged. A retinue of soldiers were in attendance. I told one my mission. He told another, whilst I waited,

expecting to be *commanded* to present myself before His Highness; but whilst I was perplexing myself about the necessary etiquette for the occasion, a tall fine-looking man, dressed in regimentals, stood before me. I was told by a soldier near me, that he was the Prince. I was taken greatly by surprise; but recollecting that Princes and peasants were only known by their clothes, I spoke with becoming modesty to His Highness, who very suavely desired me to place his name on my bills for a "Bespeak," and to revisit him when my arrangements were made, and he would take *some* tickets. Prince or no Prince, I thought he was a fine noble fellow, and the recollection of his gentlemanly kindness sustained me during the whole of the time occupied in advertising, &c. When the day came for the "Bespeak," I went, full of great confidence, with tickets to the Prince; but, alas! I hung upon a Prince's favour with too much confidence. He liberally took ten shillings' worth of tickets, which he distributed amongst the soldiers; but what right had I to feel annoyed? Had I not, myself, sought His Highness' patronage? If I imagined a Prince would be princely in his acts, that was not the Prince's fault, who did not make my imagination. The "Bespeak" came off with a pecuniary loss to myself; but I have no reason to regret it, since I learned the folly of overestimating even the virtues of a Prince.

A few weeks after leaving Windsor, I found myself in Chatham, perplexing my brains about the immediate present. I had little or no money, and had small hopes of making any by lecturing. I composed the following, and sent it to the proprietor of a journal, to which I contributed several poems and tales, asking him to send me in exchange a few postage stamps:—

THE ROVING MINSTREL.

THE flowers of Life were crushed by Care,
And Life was burdened with Despair,
While Love sighed sadly to the air.

The Roving Minstrel roved alone,
 As one to whom all woes were known,
 And sang his songs to hearts of stone.

Oh! ye who mock at Misery's wail—
 Oh! ye who laugh at Woe's rent sail,
 Beware! for Danger haunts the gale.

The Roving Minstrel roved to know
 How souls are bruised by Custom's blow—
 How Genius weeps in weeds of Woe.

The dew-drops gem the rose-leaf red,
 The Sun's rich rays o'er earth are spread,
 And Change to Nature's self is wed.

No rest hath Life since Change is queen,
 She smiles in Nature's varied sheen,
 And paints the laughing waters green.

Shall man, whose soul to Heaven aspires,
 Assume the faith that Truth expires,
 While Want expands on Wrong's desires!

The Roving Minstrel roved afar,
 Unblest by Fortune's fitful star,
 As soldier winning Glory's scar.

His was a life that grief makes bold,
 His was a soul of kingly mould,
 And yet he felt the world's heart cold.

He loved the wondrous wealth of spring,
 The sweet wild flowers, and birds that sing,
 While Trouble came on leaden wing.

Full oft he sigh'd for rest, but found
 His blister'd feet on flinty ground,
 The goal far off, and grief around.

His noble spirit brook'd the spite
 Of many a savage, senseless wight,
 His day fast merging into night.

Spurn him ! He's poor ! He owns no friend !
 The frail stem doth the soonest bend ;
 The lions to the lambkins lend

No strength. The eagles cleave the air—
 The doves are feeble as a fair
 Sweet child that knows no care.

Like war-chiefs brave amid the slain,
 Great hearts surge sorrow to the brain,
 Absorb endurance out of pain.

The Roving Minstrel—roving, aye—
 Sang songs of joy to cheer the day,
 And seemed, when sad, to others, gay.

Ah ! few may know the pangs he knew !
 He sang for bread while wheat up-grew,
 With Death, the Conqueror, in view.

He scarcely felt a husband's pride—
 No children call'd him "father"—"guide"—
 Since Death had claimed his fair, fond bride.

He loved her with a lover's madness ;
 Woo'd her to song with minstrel gladness,
 Or pleased her e'en to sacred sadness.

The painter fails. No art can paint
 The picture of that dear, dead saint,
 Or wail the Minstrel's woeful plaint.

He roved afar as one whose heart
 Was in the grave. He played his part,
 Inspired by Nature more than Art.

He wrought his great grief into song,
 And souls were sadden'd in the throng,
 Till Suffering made kindness strong.

Thus, wed to grief, the Minstrel sang,
 Till Age the bells of midnight rang,
 And life swoon'd out in one fierce pang.

"The Roving Minstrel" was returned to me, minus the expected stamps, with the intelligence that the proprietor was in Paris. My experiences hitherto had proved that literature was an almost profitless occupation; but even in a condition bordering on despair, I found myself living in the fairy realms of the Ideal. Thoughts of my lost Marion came to me, and with the experience of my disappointment with "The Roving Minstrel" before me, I wrote, "Our Dead Child," and sent a copy of it to my wife, when I had little else to send her.

Hearing that my father was dangerously ill, and not expected to recover, I determined to go to Manchester where he resided. It did not appear to me very important where I resided, since I had chosen a migratory life, and I thought possibly I might do better in Manchester with Electro-Biology, than I had formerly done with engineering. As I feared, I found my father in a very precarious state; but he recovered slowly, during which time I remained in the city. It soon became a question for me to consider, whether I should return to Brighton, or send for my wife and children. After due reflection, I decided to do the latter.

Amongst my acquaintance in Manchester, I was in the habit of visiting a Mr. W., who was managing, at that time, a Reformatory establishment for discharged prisoners. He told me he had expended upwards of a thousand pounds, and had impoverished himself in consequence, in order that he might practically illustrate the fact, that the prisoners, when free, could be trained to honesty by kindness and care. I went over the establishment, and was much interested in seeing the men, who had lately been imprisoned for burglary and other offences, make mats. I was particularly struck with the appearance of one of these men, and listened to his history with deep interest. He had been a most determined and brutal criminal, having severely beaten and attempted to kill his wife, which was only a small matter in comparison with his other numerous offences. Yet this man, by the aid of Mr. W.'s Reformatory and kindness, was regenerated, and I believe is now a living example of the power for good of such institutions.

As an instance of the strange vicissitudes of life I may mention that Mr. W., having devoted his means and time to make practical and useful his idea of redeeming the prisoner, has since been an exile from Manchester, and at times destitute. At his request, during his connection with the Reformatory, I wrote—

THE FELON.

- “ I stood in the city’s crowded street
 Alone, with a Felon’s fear—
 The lamps gleamed bright o’er the wintry sleet,
 And the pale stars sparkled clear.
- “ The wind wailed fierce while the sleet came down ;
 And people hurried along,
 And every face seemed set in a frown,—
 The frown that impeaches wrong.
- “ Oh, God ! my brain through that awful night
 Was fired with the heat of Gin !
 I once, ere my prime, was free from blight,
 And knew not the haunts of Sin.
- “ Ah, Memory ! come and let me taste
 The honey of life anew ;
 I’ll weep like a lonely maiden chaste,
 Who finds her first love untrue.
- “ Oh, time of delight ! I live to hope,
 As the days of childhood glide ;
 Through fancy I see my horoscope,
 And grow in my boyhood’s pride.
- “ At school, I sit, with a heart at ease,
 Through each peaceful Sabbath-day :—
 There’s my teacher kind, I love to please,
 And to hear discourse, and pray.
- “ I repeat the hymns and texts I learn,
 To my playmates out of school ;

And, oh ! I long for the week's return,
To sit by my teacher's stool.

" The curtain drops, as a change of scene,
Like a vision, lures the eye :—
I stroll by the stream—sport on the green—
And laugh while the seasons fly.

" I stand and gaze in my mother's eyes,—
The doctor and nurse are nigh,—
I hear her low words, her feeble sighs,
I list and I see her die.

" She lies in her shroud, and all is still ;
The future is robed in gloom ;
And I am alone, both sad and ill,
In my mother's silent room.

" Another scene :—I ascend the hill—
The hill of struggle and life ;
And as I rise by the force of will,
I win a devoted wife.

" Sweet mother ! thy love, in Beauty's mould,
'Transferr'd to my patient bride,
Is richer than stores of minted gold !—
More precious than all beside.

" Our souls are link'd in a silvery chain,
As twin rose-leaves by the dew ;
Life, through its phases of Bliss and Pain,
Can count the dull moments few.

" But, ah ! I am mad ! I follow strife,
There—there—in the Gamester's hell !
Forgotten vows and forsaken wife,—
I hear the deep prison bell !

" Its heavy tones break full on the ear,
To strike the soul to remorse,
God ! to be wed to the spectre, Fear !
I'll pray to fall stricken a corse !

- “ In a frenzied mood a watch I stole :
 Of the crime refused to think—
 The devil was in my ruined soul,
 To tempt me to rob and drink.
- “ My first offence brought heavy despair,
 I thought I should die with grief ;
 My poor wife came to my cell to share
 My anguish; and give relief.
- “ She never reproach’d her guilty lord,
 But off to the Felon’s cell
 She came, to attune the heart’s dull chord,
 The discord of vice to quell.
- “ Dear mother ! I see thy image now !
 A light in my prison gloom—
 But sadness distorts thy radiant brow ;—
 Go back to thy silent tomb !
- “ I know I’m wicked and lost to thee !
 Yet I ne’er had thought of wrong,
 Till thou, my mother, didst cease to be :—
 Stay not in my prison long !
- “ I’ll ne’er steal more, though I die, dear saint
 I was mad ! but do not stay—
 I know I shall wear for aye the TAINT ;—
 Away ! sweet spirit, away !
- “ They say there’s hope for the vilest slave,
 Since Christ was nailed to the tree ;—
 Go back, my mother, unto thy grave,
 And plead with the Lamb for me !
- “ There ! now I breathe—come, wife, love, and sing ;
 But sing the hymns that I know ;—
 No voice !—hark ; to the prison-bell’s ding ;
 I’m a Felon ! Sing soft—low.
- “ The damp of the prison chills my blood ;
 I faint, and sicken, and pine ;

Wife, I have tasted nor joy nor food—
Come near, for thou still art mine."

The Felon was doomed, for weary hours,
To call on his wife in vain;
Till his form grew lank and weak his powers,
And fever possessed his brain.

He's borne away from the dark dank cell—
In the week his sentence ends—
For reason hath lost her power to quell,
Though conscience her throne ascends.

At length he's free in the crowded street,
Yet he looks through eyes of guilt;
His head droops down to his trembling feet,
For his thoughts on shame are built.

He gains the cot where his life grew true,
Where he left his wife to mourn;
He stands without to reflect and rue—
In freedom the most forlorn.

The culprit hath found his guilt a foe—
A terrible imp of Life;
The law was sated; but, yet—ah, woe!
King Death had wedded his wife.

Poor wretch! go weep and wail o'er thy doom;
The world's a wilderness wide;
Thou'rt stained with guilt; away to the tomb!
Or back to the prison ride!

The Felon, with pallid features, rushed
Like a madman, down the street:
His hope had sped, his spirit was crushed;
He fled through the frozen sleet.

He cared not for life; he sought not sin;
Yet he had no aim in view;
He halted near the palace of Gin,
And gazed on the Bacchanal crew.

He turned away, and he stood in sight
 Of a sombre looking mill ;
 A man came out ; he fled in affright,
 Till he reached the foot of the hill.

The man pursued, and he brought him back,
 And took him into the mill ;
 The Felon, like Christian, lost his pack,
 As he fought the giant Ill.

The future assumed a brighter cast,
 As the culprit toiled for bread ;
 He ne'er forgot the fate he had passed,
 Nor his wife and mother dead.

A Felon saved by a noble plan ;
 He lives to redeem his kind ;
 He speaks and acts with the soul of a man,
 And fears no terrors of mind.

A Felon reclaimed by Mercy's plea ;
 He turns to Virtue's ways,
 While he gazes forth on time's dark sea,
 With light from Redemption's rays.

We began to feel somewhat settled in Manchester, but not for long. Certain reasons of a domestic character caused us to remove to Birkenhead. Previous to doing so, however, I had arranged with a Manchester publisher to issue "Clippings from Manuscript," which he promised to do on my guaranteeing to take one hundred copies of the work on its completion. I canvassed subscribers, and proceeded hopefully on my way. We had scarcely left Manchester when the sad rumours of the cotton panic reached us. On arriving at Birkenhead, I at once visited an old shopmate, who formerly worked with me at the Canada Works, and for whom I entertained a warm respect. He received me with evident pleasure, and was not long in acquainting me with the fact, that he had exchanged engineering for Phrenology; and suiting his

actions to his words, he placed his fingers upon all the organs of my cranium, and delineated my character. Whether or not he concealed any of my bad qualities, I don't say; but he told so much, only of those of the superlative kind, that I must have been sadly deficient in *love of approbation* and *self esteem* not to have pronounced him a first-class manipulator. However, without being severely critical upon an old friend, I thought more of benefitting him. Having decided on going to Ireland, I proposed that he should accompany me, and when I had biologised he should phrenologise, and we would share the profits. He was delighted with my proposal, and we both agreed to work Liverpool and Birkenhead on the same principle before starting for Ireland. Every arrangement was made towards improving our means for the journey across the sea; but Providence had designed that our plans should be thwarted. My partner came before our first audience with his tenses misplaced, and his sentences incongruously disconnected. I saw my mistake in expecting him to perform a fair share of the work; but as I had proposed the plan to him myself, I could do no other than offer to lecture for him; but I was quite mistaken while doing so, in supposing he would thank me for it. The fact is he thought highly of his lecturing powers, and credited me with bad taste for alluding to his flagrant grammatical inaccuracies. So highly indignant was he that I expected he would at once disconnect himself from me; but he made no allusions to a separation, and we worked together several weeks, endeavouring to secure the means to pay our expenses into Ireland. He succeeded in obtaining the use of a school-room for an entertainment. About the same time I undertook, for the consideration of a guinea, to instruct and amuse some pupils and their friends at an academy. The audience at the school was good, but the experiments, for some time, were very unsatisfactory, causing the audience to manifest their displeasure. A number of persons ascended the platform, and opposed all my most earnest efforts to biologise them, whilst the audience, at each failure, became outrageously derisive. All the conditions were against me; but I stood firm upon the platform, determined

to succeed. I had made several fruitless efforts, and had borne the taunts of numerous sceptics during the time. At length I said, "Gentlemen, you have acted unfairly in disturbing the necessary delicate conditions requisite for my experiments. I cannot help telling you that you would sooner see me fail, then you would go away with your prejudices against the subject overthrown. You cannot obtain proofs without attention." There was a breathless silence, and in an instant I had two subjects. The whole feeling of the audience was changed, and the applause deafening.

I left the platform; but had the gratification of knowing that, even under extreme difficulties, I had proved, to the evident satisfaction of the audience, the truth of Biology. My partner expressed himself disappointed at the length of time I had been on the platform, and said, "He did not thank me for it." I simply replied that I should have been glad to have given place to him sooner, had my experiments been more successful at the onset. However, he mounted the platform, talked a little about Phrenology, and at the close manipulated two heads, for which he received two shillings, which I saw him place in his waistcoat pocket. When the audience had dispersed he counted the money taken at the doors, and handed over to me one half of the amount, according to agreement; but he took no notice of the two shillings he had taken for examinations. I said, "You have taken no notice of the two shillings for the characters?" "Of course not. I claim them as my own." "Indeed," I answered, "Then I ought to claim the whole of the proceeds of the lecture since I delivered it." "That is quite beyond the mark." "Of course it is so. You expect I am to give you half of every thing I earn, and you are to give me nothing of what you earn. In that case we had better part, lest other experiences should teach me my utter folly in continuing a partnership so unequal." We left the school-room together, neither of us speaking. At last he took a shilling from his waistcoat pocket and said, "It was only a piece of devil's work of mine, James, here's the shilling." I replied, "I will not have it; you keep it, and let it remind you in all future monetary transactions to play no 'devil's work' of the

kind again." He begged of me to take the shilling, but I would not, and we both went to our separate homes. The next day I went to the academy, where I had arranged to give some experiments, saw the Principal and desired him to allow me to withdraw my part in the forthcoming entertainment. He said, he could not, as all his pupils and their friends would be disappointed if they had no Electro-Biology. I replied by urging upon him the fact that my late partner would be able to amuse them by phrenologising them. He said what they wanted was the Electro-Biology, and they would be content without the phrenological part of the programme. I expressed my willingness to give the entertainment, and explained my reasons for wishing to withdraw, which were, that I had vowed to myself never to take part in any future entertainment where I was to be assisted by the man who had so meanly cheated me. The Principal promised that he would not consent to allow the Phrenologist to appear; and I left him to prepare myself for the evening fixed for the entertainment. When it came round I was at the academy, several minutes before time, ready for service. The Principal came and urged upon me the desirableness of allowing the original programme to be fulfilled. I persisted in declining to divide the evening with my late partner, stating that I would prefer giving the entertainment, and allow the guinea to be handed over to him. The room was soon crowded by the pupils and their friends, and, with the assurance of good faith on the part of the Principal, I mounted the platform, delivered my lecture, and produced biological manifestations. Just as I dismounted from the platform, to my utter surprise the Phrenologist took my place, and went through his part of the programme. I saw, at once, that the promise of the Principal was neither more nor less than a *ruse* on his part to ensure my attendance. I told him he might hand the entire fee to the Phrenologist; but, without answering me, he placed one half of it in his hand and the other half in mine. I took it, bade him "good night," and went home reflecting on that greatest of all problems, Human Nature.

CHAPTER IV.

My visions of Ireland, like the former ones of America, remain simply "visions." I was unable to venture the distance for lack of means. My late arrangements with the Phrenologist had entailed upon me such losses that I found myself worse off at our separation than at our connection. However, there was no philosophy in regretting. I sought his co-operation, not he mine, and the experience at least was valuable to me.

Perhaps a month had fled since these occurrences. I was walking in Liverpool, endeavouring to learn the address of an old poet acquaintance, Mr. R., with whom I had spent many happy hours, whilst I carried on the new and second-hand book shop at Birkenhead. At our first meeting Mr. R. was in a lucrative situation, and appeared to have known much of life and little of want. He had written some exquisite tales and poems, and had, with little success, tried his hand at the drama. I knew if I could discover his whereabouts we should have some pleasant conversation about old times. I discovered him after considerable difficulty, but I had no idea of finding him "a wreck of his former self." But so it was. He greeted me warmly, and at my request detailed the story of his sufferings. He had lost the position he held when I first knew him, and had started an "Advertiser," which proved a success. An offer being made to him, he finally sold it for £150. He then began to dream of realising a heavy per centage on his money, and very soon sunk the £150 in a partnership speculation in the printing business, which soon proved the deceptive character of his dreams. The money was sunk never to be restored to him. The climax of his speculations was a terrible one. He was thrown into a helpless state of poverty, and at the time I called upon him, confessed himself to be without a shilling. I aided him all I could, and strongly urged upon him the necessity of

looking up. The thought flashed into my mind that if I could persuade him to join me, we might together establish a monthly "Advertiser" in some large town, which might enable us to do better than either of us had hitherto done. I proposed the plan to him. He readily expressed his willingness, but wished to know where the means of maintaining our families were to come from, whilst we were establishing the "Advertiser." I said if he thought well he could join me, and perhaps together we might make my lectures more profitable. He thought so too. I explained the idea of our journey to my wife. She assented, without expressing herself sanguine; but the prospect of some stationary position was to her the great *desideratum*. At the very time my proposal was made to Mr. R., I knew I had scarcely a sovereign in my possession; yet I was sanguine, and desirous of two things—one, to do him good, the other, to be able to gain some position for myself, where I could rest from my severe migratory labours. Whilst these thoughts were with me, a few streaks of light illumined my path. I gave two lectures, with experiments, to the workmen of Bromboro Pool, and realised by them £8 10s. Mr. R. was delighted as well as myself, and we thought it a good omen for the future. After mature reflection, my wife and children took up their residence with his wife and mother, and we went forth to biologise, until we could find a suitable town for the introduction of our prospective "Advertiser."

At Chester, the first town we came to, our speculations absorbed a portion of my late receipts at Bromboro Pool. Before leaving Chester, we persuaded ourselves that the paucity of the audiences that honoured us was the consequence of our not advertising the lectures to come off at the Corn Exchange. In order to put this properly to the test, I went to the proprietor who readily consented for a third of the proceeds to allow me to use it; but when I delivered the third lecture, finding the proceeds scarcely so good as they had been at the less fashionable hall, the proprietor very justly declined to allow me, on the same terms, to continue. I told him that I did not feel disposed to risk greater losses than I had sustained. He then, in a very sage manner, proffered me a little, what

he called "sound advice," telling me either to abandon Biology, or never to introduce it except where it would succeed; in other words, I was, to use his own remark, "To look to the results" before attempting anything in life. I wondered if he looked "to the results" when he let me the Corn Exchange. If he did, he must have possessed clairvoyant vision and been a most generous fellow, for "the results" were anything but gratifying to a man devoted, as he was, to L. S. D. I have since learned that he has, evidently through failing to look "to the results," become involved in some way, the particulars of which I have not sought to learn; but the fact proves "that he saw through a glass darkly," however much he talked of "looking to results."

Mr. R. and myself passed many pleasant days together, during our wanderings from town to town. He never seemed more happy than when he could talk of his auld days at hame in Scotland. Burns was his stock theme. He often related incidents in the life of the poet, the account of which had passed from sire to son, and was always proud to inform me that his mother, a venerable woman of eighty years, had sat next to Burns at a dinner party. He was deep down in German metaphysics; talked of Fichte, Kant, and Goethe, and often puzzled my bewildered brain with the extent of his knowledge. Scott, Burns, and Carlisle were his kings, and no subject was ever more loyal to king than he was to them. His instincts were Scottish, and however much he praised Shakspeare, Byron, and other English writers, or even his favourite German authors, he betrayed his strong predilection for Scott, Burns, and Carlisle.

We next went to Wrexham and worked our way to Shrewsbury. After mature consideration, Mr. R. went in advance to Birmingham to commence canvassing for advertisements, where we decided if possible to issue our "Advertiser." I placed the most implicit faith in his capabilities and integrity, and determined to work alone in small towns to earn the means to support both our families. Whilst he was with me I was enabled by dint of care and perseverance to do so, but his advance into Birmingham was such an exhaustive process to my means

that I feared the consequences. He had been in Birmingham scarcely a fortnight when he wrote to say I had better hasten there and join him; that he had cleared the way for our "scheme," and it would be a success. I lectured in Oswestry, Llangollen, and Rhosymedre, and proceeded to Birmingham.

I recal my visit to Llangollen with exceeding delight. From the railway station I walked into the little town charmed by the scenery at every point. There ran the shallow Dee winding between margins of hill and wood. I was walking towards Llangollen, spoken of in the song of "Jenny Jones." I had wandered leisurely along listening to the birds, and wondering how I should comprehend the meaning of the long jumble of consonants should I be called upon to converse with any person speaking Welsh, when I was overtaken by a German clockmaker who knew the country for miles around. It was never a difficult matter for me to return a salutation when given, without regard for the exterior of the person saluting. The German clockmaker commenced with a "fine day!" I said "Yea." He wished to know where I was journeying, and, on learning, told me many pleasing incidents connected with the Llangollenites. He seemed to possess a wonderful capacity for Welsh, since he gave me several specimens of his knowledge of that tongue; but I was mostly interested in learning how I was likely to succeed in Llangollen, whether or not I should meet with many people who understood English. The German smiled as he assured me I should find it a difficult task to discover a Llangollenite who had no knowledge of my mother tongue. I felt reassured and reached Llangollen soon after, having left the pedestrian clockmaker half a league behind, making, I supposed, his customary calls.

My first duty was to ascertain where I might lecture—my next duty to get the bills circulated. I called at the British School and was directed to a Welsh Baptist minister, who looked down upon me with a benignant smile. I said I had been delivering lectures on Electro-Biology at the British Schools, Oswestry, and produced one of the Oswestry bills in verification of the statement. It

was sufficient; the minister was not disposed to be less liberal than the Oswestry people of his own persuasion, so the school-room was placed at my disposal. I arranged all my plans so that I could get back to Oswestry and return to Llangollen in due course. There was a good attendance at the British School, Llangollen, on my first night there. I found the people extremely kind, and had to be grateful in an especial degree to the male and female teachers of the school; they never seemed weary in kindness. At the close of my lecture they proposed a walk "to hear the echo." The moon gleamed upon the Dee and the rocks with a saintly beauty. We had not walked more than two hundred yards when "the echo" was heard. I shall never forget the profound feeling of delight it caused me when the teachers, one and all, sent their voices across to a rock just over the Dee and their shoutings were echoed back again. I of course tried the full effect of my voice and was rewarded in echoes. They then commenced one of their sweet hymns, which was sweetly sung and as sweetly repeated in echoes. I felt that I could give up all my experiences of travel for the wondrous realisations of that moment. The male teachers arranged to take me over the mountains on the Saturday, which was a vacation day with them. I fed an anticipation until the day came round, when my young friends gave me their attention. We ascended rugged mountains, partially covered with snow, descended on the opposite sides, crossed fields, wandered by rivulets, watched the huge icicles depending from jagged shelves of rock, came to a crude monument erected years ago to the memory of a Welsh giant—who lived in the Mediæval ages. We visited slate mines, and, before completing our journey, called at an antique hut where I saw an old woman who spoke Welsh, and could no more understand English than I could Welsh. My companions could speak both Welsh and English. They called for some *Bara-caws* and *Bara-ymenyn*—the Welsh for bread and cheese and bread and butter as I soon learned—which we all did justice to. After we had payed for the refreshments we took a different route over rugged mountain land until we ascended Crow Castle, the highest of the Llan-

gollen mountains. The ruins of an old castle and a dry moat on the top of this mountain, which cast its sombre shadow on the Dee musically singing beneath, had for me a more than ordinary attraction. My companions drew me to the verge of the mountain, but I was abruptly forced back by a strong current of wind. The extent of view from where I stood, following the direction of the Dee, the neighbouring hills partially snow-capped, the clusters of skeleton trees, and the plots of houses rising and falling in the distance, all wore freshness and romance. I had little time for reflection before two of my companions insisted on my running down the mountain. I should expect if I had made the attempt not to run but to *fall* down. All my negatives were useless, two of them placed me arm and arm between themselves and away we went at full speed down the awful descent. All I could do was to cling to their arms with desperation. I deemed my death inevitable. Never did my legs move so quickly, but the two companions who took charge of me treated the matter lightly whilst we descended at locomotive speed. What a relief came to my terrified brain as we reached the bottom! The young Welshmen had not the slightest conception of the actual terror I experienced in the descent, or they would scarcely have laughed at me so heartily as they did when we rested at the bottom.

I was introduced to one of the Welsh bards, whose bardic name—Taliesin O’Efen—seemed familiar to many persons whom I met. He was engaged at a gas manufactory in Llangollen, where I saw him and held many interesting conversations with him. I regretted my inability to read his poems, he having the advantage of me in being able to read mine.

Before leaving Llangollen the pupil teachers begged that I would compose a few verses on my visit to leave them as a memento. I could not refuse. The reason for their production here is explained :—

LANGOLLEN.

THOU pride of Nature! Scene of weird romance!
 Thou glorious passage in the tome of God!
 Awed by thy majesty, in charmed trance,
 I mount thy steep and rock-encrusted sod,
 And gaze enchanted, on thy silent vale.
 Thy hoary mountains tow'ring towards the clouds,
 Like sombre monarchs in the moonbeams pale,
 Or kingly corpses wrapped in filmy shrouds,
 Awaken awe. There's a sense of speechless pain
 In musing on the peaceful mountains wild,
 When snow and midnight sentinel the plain,
 And all seems hush'd, like some sweet dreaming child.
 Upon thy crusted, quarried rock I stand,
 And half forget my ties of home and friends.
 Thy vale, Llangollen! glowing fairy-grand,
 In Autumn's closing days—with beauty blends
 The varied grace of native treasures rare!
 Thy laughing, rippling Dee doth echo praise!
 And all thy mountains, with their summits bare,
 Like holy prophets shadow'd by the haze,
 Give audience to the sweet eternal air.

When I saw Mr. R. I learnt from him that our "Advertiser" scheme looked promising. I wanted both of us immediately to canvass the town for advertisements, but he would not consent, saying that I had better confine myself to my own work, and he would attend to the "Advertiser," which he considered his work. I wondered why he sent for me because I had succeeded in obtaining finances in Wales, and the probabilities were unfavourable to the success of my lectures in Birmingham. But I suppose he knew more about the way to get out an "Advertiser" than to make Electro-Biology pay. We had not been long in Birmingham when I thought I would call and see Edward Charles Mogridge, the author of "Tangles and Tales," who had contributed some tales to my magazine,

I had his address in my possession and mentioned my intention to Mr. R., who expressed a desire to accompany me. We found the son of "Old Humphrey" gratified to see us, and dined with him that day, my companion indulging freely in whiskey and talk, which were added upon the dessert. At the first meeting with Mr. Mogridge I was not called upon to enter largely into the conversation, my companion being physically and mentally stronger than myself naturally took his proper position. Our first meeting was a very pleasant one, and was simply the introduction to a chapter of events which linked our fates in a triune which in some way or other seems strangely to exist to this day. Mr. Mogridge often invited us to his house at Harbourne, where we passed many pleasant hours in company with him and his wife.

What a sad calamity has since befallen my friend Mogridge. The "Melanie" of his heart—by the cruel hand of Death—has been snatched from him and her young family. I think often of her, for she was a woman to remember with lingering respect. Gentle and endearing, she was one whose sympathies and intellect act together. I could feel when conversing with her that she had known how to suffer in patience. Apparently in the bloom of health, with smiling beautiful children around her, with a home of comfort, and a husband, whose every wish she seemed solicitous to gratify, she was as far as appearances went very happy. I had occasionally been favoured with an invitation without my coadjutor, when I appreciated to the full her nobility of soul, and felt assured that if a man could feel proud of his wife and home, my friend Mogridge could. She sympathised with me in my difficulties with the "Advertiser," and failed not to inspire me all she could with hope. Had she been my own sister she could not have exhibited more interest in my troubles. My wife and children were uppermost in her thoughts, and her large soul yearned towards them. When I left Birmingham I had taken farewell of the Mogridges, little thinking that my friend's beautiful home would be his no longer; that his "Melanie" and their children would dwell in the wild recesses of North Wales, and that she, whose gentle endur-

ance, womanly trust, and motherly instincts, had made a lasting impression in my memory, would die alone, all in the brief space of a few months; but such was the terrible climax to my friend's domestic felicities.

I cannot revert to those hours without a sigh, for they were to me like an oasis in the desert of my life. We would sit discoursing on the merits of poetry and the modes of fashion, sometimes repeating poems to each other, at others listening to some of the unpublished poetry and prose of "Old Humphrey," which the son read with a tenderness of affection which went to my soul. I had arranged to deliver a lecture in Harbourn. On the night of its delivery Mr. and Mrs. Mogridge, and a friend of theirs, a Mr. H., did me the honour to listen to it; my co-partner doing duty at the doors. When I came to the experiments, I saw that great interest was excited in the face of Mr. H., and that he occasionally made some remark to his friends beside him. At the close of the entertainment, Mrs. Mogridge informed me that Mr. H. had expressed himself satisfied as to the *modus operandi* of the manifestations. We all went out together on our way to the Mogridges. Presently Mr. H. advanced towards me, and poking his fingers in my side said almost in a whisper, as though he were too good-natured to expose me, "I have found it all out?" "Found what out?" "I know the secret, it's all in the boots." My risible faculties were at once aroused, and the silent night was rather awkwardly disturbed. Mr. H. looked at me, wondering what I could see to laugh at. How could I help it? In fact the whole of us laughed, and how could either of us help it? I was favoured, however, with a very emphatic assertion from Mr. H. that he knew "It must all be in the boots, for had I not changed my boots before mounting the platform." I saw the cause of his "discovery," which amounted to a mistake. I had brought a pair of light clean boots with me for the platform, in order that I might not make my appearance in muddy boots, and there being no ante-room to which I could retire, I was necessitated to change the boots in presence of the company. After supper, my imperturbable co-partner was in his element. The conversation grew rich while he indulged in the whiskey and cigars. Time is a

vexing old fellow when he persists in driving contented beings from their idol pleasures. So I imagine my companion thought when he was on the road with me at four o'clock the next morning. He walked in an unsteady manner, either from excess of talk, or whiskey and cigars; but there were three long miles to journey before we could reach our beds. As we went along, I was entertained with a picture of prospective grand successes which were to flow from the "Advertiser," but which were never realised. I was likewise made to recognise my own pigmy genius in comparison with the giant genius beside me; but whilst in the zenith of high flown whiskey-and-smoke inspired greatness, my friend's cigar went out. He halted and looked at the moon; but of course he did not attempt to relight it by that. He reached a lamp post, and although himself a very tall man, was scarcely half as tall as that; but he did attempt the fruitless task of relighting his cigar by the gas-light above; nor did he essay to climb the post for the purpose. He stood, not still (for the whiskey would not let him), holding up his cigar. Perhaps he expected the lamp to come down within his reach. Be that as it may, he strove awkwardly enough for about ten minutes to relight the cigar at the lamp, and at last, in no vexed mood, threw it away.

Our visits to the Mogridges although so pleasant to myself, could not continue however welcome we might be. Every week brought difficulties in our way. Most of my lectures proved failures or next to failures. In the meantime my anxiety about the "Advertiser" grew maddening. I repeatedly urged upon my coadjutor, the utter uselessness of dallying with our scheme, seeing the imminent struggle at hand. He said my impetuosity would ruin the affair, that we should be bankrupt in a month if we undertook the responsibility, without having the means of paying for the first number, declaring that he would not under any circumstances start canvassing until we had the money read for the printer. I said we had lost opportunities in not commencing at once when I entered Birmingham, that had we done so it was my opinion we should have succeeded. But it was arranged, that I should run out to the adjacent

villages, and endeavour to biologise the necessary money for the printer out of the sixpences and shillings charged for admission; but this was a task not destined to be accomplished. I lectured it is true, true likewise I biologised persons and created much fun, and the reward for all this was simply worry and ill health; as for money I obtained so little of it that I lost all hope of the "Advertiser" and began to reason on my position, with a sensible earnestness. My wife and children were at Liverpool; I had sent her nearly all my money, telling her to give what small portion she could, to the wife of my co-partner; then the question as to the immediate future haunted me, at last I decided on pawning my watch and sending for my family, resolving come what might to remain no longer in suspense. When my wife and children arrived, I told my fellow pilgrim that it was an impossibility that I could do more towards the support of him and his wife; that my children had suffered long through my sanguine temperament; and that I was resolved to go round myself, to some of the advertisers and try how far they were disposed to do business with us. I had all along understood from him that the advertisements were safe, that all that was required was the necessary capital, to pay for the production of the first number. When however I went round to some of them, I could not, in a single instance, learn that he had ever called upon them. Yet I fully believe he had done so, but that owing to the time wasted, through his fear of being too much hurried, they had entirely forgotten him and the prospective "Advertiser." About this time when we were much cast down and the adverse cloud thickened before us, Mr. Mogridge, and a friend of his, Fernando Villanueva, Vice-Consul for Spain, arranged that I should give an entertainment to their friends, consisting principally of Spaniards; it came off with great *eclat* and I was enabled to move along a little more hopefully.

There was a patience under trying privations displayed by Mr. R. really philosophical. Nothing appeared to unsettle his imperturbable self-confidence. I studied him, expecting to find him indulging in grief or passion, on the quiet; but no, his philosophic stateliness was not to be

subdued. I often wondered if he were really a human being, or merely a body walking about with the spirit of some submissive Ignatius, so placid, solemn, and slow were his movements. He neither hurried himself nor others, as if his mind were firmly set on some purpose not for others' knowledge; but although he displayed no symptoms of external anguish, or any unphilosophical rapidity of thought or act, I have reason to believe he suffered nevertheless, for soon after I deserted Birmingham, he was for weeks upon a sick bed. Something must be allowed for temperaments. Ours were as opposite as the frigid and torrid zones. His immense patience overcame me. I shared my little with him to the last, and now I forgive him all, if only in remembrance of the majesty of his endurance. Whoever shall learn that man's past, may write a book on human nature. I never met another man who could suffer as he did, and he could sing too. Some of his poems reach the epical status; perhaps it was on account of his greatness and my littleness, as he occasionally, under influence, asserted, that I could never comprehend him; but he was not to be set down with the mean of mankind, even his faults had some plausible excuses for him; and I shall yet aid him if it lies in my power. We had many pleasant days together when the sunshine of prosperity cheered us, and when the black cloud came, I was the first to feel terror. He was always impassive, whilst I was always impatient. He told me of my strong characteristic, and he did it so like himself that I could not do other than wonder at him; but I never thought of telling him of his impassiveness, because of the consciousness of my own littleness.

At the private residence of the Vice-Consul I gave some mesmeric experiments, which won for me the following **TESTIMONIAL** with the consulate seal attached thereto, which has proved serviceable to me on several occasions:—

At the request of Mr. J. H. Powell, I have much gratification in testifying to the pleasure experienced in witnessing with others of my friends at private parties at my residence and elsewhere, his interesting and scientific experiments in Magnetism and Electro-Biology, which appeared to me to be conducted throughout with fairness and without collusion; and I conceive Mr. Powell to be actuated by a desire for the

elucidation of truth in connexion with the sciences in question, and to be worthy of confidence, both as regards his lectures and experiments.

FERNANDO VILLANUEVA,

Vice-Consul for Spain.

Dated in Birmingham, this Thirteenth day of January, 1862.

Having lost all faith in the "Advertiser" scheme, I began to think of separating from the man with whom I had lectured and lived for some three months; but I found my resources so diminutive that I was compelled to write to my father to send me money enough to enable me to take my family out of Birmingham.

Our next place of residence was Leamington. Once more free to act for myself, I gave my whole soul to my profession; but, unfortunately, my finances would not admit of anything like a hazardous speculative project. I lectured in Leamington, but could not have done so had I not succeeded in obtaining the hall on terms, that is, having the use of it for one third of the takings. During the brief interval of a few days which elapsed before my lectures commenced at Leamington, I was sadly puzzled what I should do for money. I was almost penniless, and being a stranger in the town, knew no one to whom I could look for assistance; but an idea served to awake hope in my breast. I walked across the fields to an outlying village, and was told to apply to the clergyman for the use of the National School. I made my way to the school, and walking in, accosted the master. He looked good-natured. I told him my mission. He said he was sorry, but the clergyman was from home, and he should not like to grant me the use of the school on his own responsibility. I said "well, sir, suppose I abandon all idea of giving a public entertainment, and simply give a treat to the children, when the school closes, at a penny each?" That he should not mind, he said, if he did not believe Electro-Biology to be neither more nor less than humbug. And as he spoke he looked uncommonly clever. I did not reply, but looking round the school said, "Come here boy?" A little white pinafores urchin, slate in hand, approached me. I placed my left thumb on the

boy's forehead, and with my right hand closed his eyes. I then took my hands from him, and defied him to open his eyes. The master looked amazed, but still a little suspicious. "Henry, open your eyes, you silly boy!" he exclaimed. Henry dropped his slate, and made a ludicrous effort, but could not. I touched his leg, and he walked round the school with a stiff leg, creating much laughter. I then made him imagine bees were stinging him, and the rapidity of his endeavours to divest himself of them was a crowning *finale*. Turning to the master I said, "Now, sir, you have a proof that Electro-Biology is not humbug; with your consent I will return at four, p.m., and present other phenomena." The fact is, I did not give the master an opportunity to say No. Whilst even the unconquerable word was on his lips, I said, "Perhaps you will allow me to speak a few words to the children;" and I commenced telling them of the wonders of science in general, but more especially of Mesmerism in particular, and promised to return at four o'clock to entertain them. The master assented to my proposal by an effort, and I left him for a few hours, during which I amused myself fumbling in my empty pockets, and thinking on the strange realities of life. At the closing school hour I was there to the minute. The children had brought their pennies, and I was determined they should not go home dissatisfied. I gave them a very short address, and a rather lengthy entertainment in which I was most successful, and sent them home delighted. The collection of pennies amounted to six shillings and twopence. Thus, by an unpremeditated course of action, under difficulties, did I remove immediate want from my path. The lectures at Leamington were sufficiently remunerative to enable us to meet current expenses. I had no pre-arranged plan of action, and I felt it to be unimportant where I lectured. Being informed that Rugby was a likely town for my experiments to excite interest, I went there, and delivered a course of lectures, which were thinly attended. At one of these lectures, a Mr. W., whom I was informed was a lecturer on Natural Philosophy at the school, spoke to me privately, expressing his belief in the fact of Biology; but said that he was not satisfied with the theory of an electrical

agent, and wished me to meet him at his private apartments, and allow him to experiment with the aid of chemical apparatus. I answered, that I was prepared to afford him all the assistance in my power towards a solution of the problem which puzzled him; but at the same time, I told him that a failure was inevitable, giving sundry reasons for the remark. I said, for instance, "When you can test the existence of thought or soul in man, or spirit or God in the universe, by your accredited chemical apparatus, you may possibly test the influence, whatever it may be, which is at work in mesmeric operations." He smiled incredulously, and said he would see me on another occasion when he had completed his plans. Remembering my success at Windsor with the Eton boys, I waited on Dr. Temple, and requested him to grant me liberty to lecture before the school. He treated me very courteously, and said he would allow the boys to come to my hall if that would do as well; but he would not allow me to come to the school. I thanked him, and lost no time in making the necessary arrangements. The next morning the doctor announced to the school my morning's entertainment, which resulted in my being favoured with about 130 of the boys at one shilling each. The difference between the Rugby and Eton boys' demeanour was very marked. At Rugby I had no orange peel and nuts to endure. But I was listened to with attention, and was more successful in point of numbers in the manipulating process, than I was at Eton. The affair came off as well as I could wish. The boys applauded and went back to the school in high glee, and as might be expected, created an intense desire in most of the boys who had not availed themselves of the opportunity of witnessing the entertainment, to do so. Whilst the excitement was heightening, Mr. W. arranged with me that I should visit him at his private rooms, and give him the promised opportunity for testing the magnetic aura. I was in request on all hands. A Mr. C. sent for me to one of the boarding houses, and arranged that I should give a special entertainment before himself and friends, for which I was to receive three or four guineas; and he assured me that if I succeeded to their satisfaction he believed they would want me at the

other boarding houses (there were eight of these boarding houses.) I was further waited upon by several of the boys who had already witnessed my experiments, and urged to ask Dr. Temple to allow me to give a second entertainment for the sake of the boys who had not seen the one given. I did not like this, feeling that it would look selfish; but all my scruples were overcome, and I saw the doctor a second time. He spoke as before very kindly, but declined to allow the pupils a second opportunity of witnessing my experiments; and added that another year, should I be that way, he would have no objection.

I was looking forward with hope to the forthcoming engagements, but the sunshine of success was too dazzling to last. The following letter reached me :—

Dear sir,—It has got to the ears of the medical men here that I, one of the masters in the school, propose to invite you to meet some of the boys. This they declare is injurious, &c., and there is a small disturbance brewing. On my own account I care not two straws for what people say of me; but as master here, I must give way; so I am sorry to say that I must withdraw the invitation I had given. It would be no use to ask you here with no subjects but myself to operate on; and I do not wish any people brought up except my own personal friends, who are mainly connected with the school. I fear this is an act of discourtesy, but I see no other way of getting out of the difficulty into which the gossip of the place has thrown me, and I am compelled to listen to a wish expressed by Dr. Temple.

If this change has caused you any inconvenience in disarranging your plans, I beg you will allow me to bear my share of it.

Believe, me, very truly yours,

J. M. W——.

Rugby, March 1, 1862.

I replied :—

J. M. W——, Esq.,

Dear sir,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your note, and to express my great surprise at its contents. The medical men who pronounce the experiments in Electro-Biology “injurious” had better look at home, and wonder at their own stupidity, when they drug (interestedly) the sick to their injury.

Your position is not a pleasant one, and I confess I cannot see how you could act with wisdom otherwise than by withdrawing your “invitation” to me. I feel most grateful to you for the courtesy displayed in your note.

It is unfortunate for me that affairs have grown so threatening. I had an engagement from Mr. C. to lecture at Mr. Arnold's during the week, and was promised three or four guineas for my services, which engagement has been countermanded, I suppose by the heads of the school.

I am sorry Dr. Temple should offer objections to the continuance of biologic manifestations before the young gentlemen. It appears to me, after exciting interest in the phenomena, those of the pupils who had no opportunity of witnessing them, in common fairness, ought to be privileged to do so, at least, once. But, of course, I am only a poor lecturer on a theme which is unpopular, and which has been excluded more than once from the chambers of medicine, and learning, therefore. I must bear the loss and disappointment occasioned by the puerile and ignorant assertions of "medical men."

I do not, for a moment, believe, but that you have acted in this matter with the strictest regard to honour. You have a public character which is in everybody's keeping. Your private arrangements must be regulated by that character, or you must sacrifice position, or experience discomfort. I submit myself to fate.

It is kind of you to offer to share in my misfortune. It is to me a regret that my position does not make it an easy matter to lose engagements. I should certainly have made other arrangements had I been free from the private ones with yourself and Mr. C.

If the gentlemen interested in my engagements can compensate me for my loss, I shall not suffer altogether; but I leave it entirely to their consideration.

I have undertaken the duties and dangers attendant on my profession, and am prepared for the consequences.

I subscribe myself,

Most respectfully and obediently,

J. H. POWELL.

Rugby, March 1, 1862.

Mr. W., enclosing a sovereign, wrote again:—

Dear Sir,—My delay in replying to your note has been partly caused by my making inquiries as to the medical reasons previously spoken of. I find that a few years ago a Biologist came here and caused a prodigious excitement in the school, which was, in fact, productive of serious consequences in several cases. He also gave instructions in the mode of mesmerising others, and this was carried to an extent by some of the members of the school that would have been consummately ludicrous, if it had not been so injurious to many of them. So that you must not think so hardly of Dr. Temple as you seemed disposed to, on account of his refusal. It is not boys, always prone to superstition and the marvellous, who can treat the questions you bring before us in the manner they deserve; and until the element of the supernatural which lingers about the science, and has such fascination for uneducated and youthful

minds, is completely eliminated, it is perhaps a subject that our boys here had better see, if at all, only at a distance.

You will believe me when I say I am thoroughly sorry on my own account. I had wished to investigate one or two points with the aid of scientific apparatus, at least so far as to answer one or two preliminary questions; and your candour and straightforwardness offered me every facility for doing so.

You will accept the enclosed as some recompense for the disarrangement of your plans.

Believe, me, yours truly,

J. M. W——.

Rugby, March 3, 1862.

The following reply brought the correspondence to a close :—

J. M. W——, Esq.,

Dear Sir,—I acknowledge with thanks the receipt of yours of this morning, with the enclosure. It would have afforded me most satisfaction to have given the private *séance*, and have carried off money as a trophy well and satisfactorily won.

You mistake in supposing I think hardly of Dr. Temple; on the contrary, I feel grateful to him for the courtesy and kindness evinced by him towards me on the two occasions I had the honour of speaking with him. I have too much sad experience of life not to know that others in high places are often necessitated to act from high notions of responsibility.

In reality, there can be no harm in mesmeric operations, providing the Mesmerist understands the simple laws regulating the phenomena. The incidents you mention respecting the "injury" said to have been inflicted from the practice of the boys who were instructed by a Biologist some years ago, argues nothing further than that Mesmerism, in the hands of bad practitioners, will inevitably produce harm. Two blacks don't make one white; or, I might add numberless cases where limbs when broken have by some surgeons been so awkwardly set, that the patients have been crippled for life. But who, save a blockhead, would maintain that skilful surgeons must necessarily fail in properly setting broken limbs?

Your remarks relating to science, are, in my humble opinion, *very good*. There is no necessity to make mystery the more *mysterious*. I have, as far as I have known how, endeavoured to simplify the mode of mesmeric induction, and think that instead of exciting a wild, indefinable interest in the science, care should be taken to make, clear as daylight, that which can be made clear.

I firmly believe that the influence so often exercised by medical men and others to put down truth, by secretly and openly stifling *investigation* in the abused and persecuted science of Mesmerism, is productive of in-

calculably more "injury" to mankind than all the operations of even all the incompetent Mesmerists in all the ages.

I should not have written at this length, only from the conviction that I speak to a scholar and a gentleman. A proper knowledge of the Electro-Pachylogic laws would make it impossible for harm to come from their operations. Trust the battery in the hands of an ignoramus—what will result?

Why should not Mesmerism be taught and entitled to the same fair field which is open to Chemistry and the Fine Arts?

I beg to subscribe myself, &c.,

J. H. POWELL.

Rugby, March 4, 1862.

My Rugby career will be seen to have been profitable to me, in a pecuniary sense, although, had the course of events ran on smoothly, I should doubtless have had a small fortune at my command. My wanderings had never before brought me so near to Fortune, and she had never before so shamelessly jilted me. But the doctors were to blame, and I went away blaming them; believing, as I do to this day, that they were as ignorant of the nature of mesmeric operations as I am of the curative efficacy of drugs.

It is only to repeat, under new circumstances, much that I have already described, to closely follow the migratory course I pursued previous to reaching London. I called at Wolverton once again, and resolved to display my Electro-Biological powers in a new Assembly Room which had been erected there during my absence. Many of the workmen came on the first night, and went away satisfied with the entertainment. The second night, just before ascending the platform, I was informed that one of the subjects whom I had operated upon the previous night, had been through the shops, declaring that he had *acted* his part, and that the whole affair was "a sell." I saw him enter and take his seat beside another of my subjects. I delivered my opening address, and referred to the fact that one of the subjects had made it his business to inform some of the workmen that he was himself a humbug, and then had expected them to take the word of a humbug that I was one likewise. I said, further, that I could answer for no one's integrity but my own; and if it could be proved even that I had been de-

ceived by *one* man, it by no means proved that all who were on my platform had deceived me likewise, or that the science of Electro-Biology was untrue. At this juncture the man who had stated he *acted* his part, came on the platform and said—"It's all humbug. I was not influenced by Mr. Powell in the slightest degree last evening, and I am here now to defy him to produce any experiments upon me. Besides, there is another of Mr. Powell's subjects, whom he said was one of his best—he will tell you it's all humbug." Here the young man alluded to said, "Yes, it is all true what he says; I was not affected in the least by Mr. Powell." I begged them to be seated, and turning to the audience, said—"I am here to give you proofs of the power of Electro-Biology, but I can only do so under *proper conditions*. At present, the excitement of these young men would be fatal to success, so that I must not venture to induct them now. But if you will kindly send on the platform a number of persons who have not been up before, I will proceed to give you evidences which, I hope, will be quite equal to anything which has transpired with these young men, who have evidently been plotting against me." The meeting acted fairly, and a number of strangers came upon the platform. My own mind was considerably disturbed, and therefore in an unfit condition for manipulating; but I endeavoured to regain my usual equanimity, and proceeded. After persevering for about twenty minutes, I was rewarded for my pains with good subjects, and the experiments elicited hearty applause. At every fresh experiment my confidence strengthened, and the audience appreciated my success. Then, taking advantage of my position, I called the two young men, who had said they had only *acted* the previous night, on to the platform, declaring that I would either biologise one or both of them, or drop from sheer exhaustion. They came up with conceit written in their faces. I placed discs in their hands, and observed that some of the audience looked at their watches. I commanded the two young men to keep their eyes fixed upon the discs. There was profound silence. In less than two minutes I closed the eyes of the second one who had declared he had *acted*. He could not open them.

I said, "Why do you not open your eyes?" "I *can't*, sir!" "Nonsense; open them." "I *can't*, sir." "Well, then, how could you say that you *acted* your part last evening? I shall not open your eyes for you until you make the *amende honorable*." He said, "I am very sorry I have said what I have, but I was urged to do so by him," pointing to the other. I forgave him at once, re-opened his eyes, and told him to dismount from the stage. Then turning to the other young man, who had started the *fracas*, I took the disc from him, and bade him quit the platform and feel ashamed of his conduct. He wished me to try my hand on him. I declined, giving, as a reason, that I had worked for the establishment of my integrity, and hoped he would some day establish his. He left the platform and the hall amid hisses.

I next made my appearance at Stony Stratford, where a couple of incidents occurred which may interest the reader. I was in company with a Mr. H., who has a "works," in which he teaches young men, whose friends can afford a liberal yearly fee, the art of engineering. He has a large house, where he boards these rising gentlemen mechanics, and where he performs the character of pastor as well as master. He was delighted to converse with me on Phrenology and Mesmerism, ending a conversation on one occasion by inviting me to give a private lecture, with experiments, before his boarders and apprentices. I looked upon it as an engagement, and was at his house at the appointed hour. But all I received for my services was "Good night." I spoke to him on the subject, and he promised to attend to the matter. It matters little that he promised, since he never performed. He was the deacon of a chapel, and seemed to bear all the outward marks of a Christian. Perhaps he was too orthodox, attending to religious externals, with a view to finance; I know not, but his soft, winning manners saved him, in this instance, the payment of a fee.

At one of my lectures we found a half sovereign had been taken in mistake for a sixpence. I suspected it must have been paid by some poor person, who could ill afford it. The next morning I went to Mr. Forster, the Baptist Minister, whom I well knew and respected, and handed him the half

sovereign, stating that as I was leaving the neighbourhood he had better take charge of it for the owner; but if no owner came forward, he might simply use it for what purpose he thought best. I had scarcely handed the piece of gold to the minister, when a poor labourer's wife came to the Parsonage, in great distress about a lost half sovereign. Mr. Forster was gratified beyond measure that he was enabled to restore the coin to its owner. The woman expressed many thanks to both of us, and went away, I doubt not, with a lighter heart than she came. And I left doubly recompensed in the pleasure the sight of the poor woman's happiness afforded me.

Once again in London, somewhat saddened, but not altogether disheartened, by my experiences in the Provinces, I resolved, for the sake of my family, to make a stand and brave every difficulty. Only those who know life in London can truly appreciate the difficulties in the way of an entertainer, who has no name, winning the patronage of sight-seers. But as I was in London, and had decided to remain there, I undertook many arduous tasks which, under other circumstances, I should doubtless have declined. My first lecture in London was anything but promising. A number of "cabbies," some of them the "worse for liquor," came to hear me, and, I suppose, to insult me; but I afterwards learnt they owed some kind of ill-will to an Electro-Biologist bearing my name, who had, in some way or other, incited their prejudices. I was commanded by one of them to perform certain experiments in *his* way; another shook his burly fist in my face, and threatened a breach of the peace; a third gave me a vituperative speech sufficient to make me shudder. Fortunately I had some friends with me, or I verily believe my face would not have escaped disfigurement.

The idea of establishing an "Advertiser" still lingered with me although the ideal one at Birmingham had so signally failed in embryo. I lectured at various halls in London, but could scarcely maintain my family with the diminutive profits from the whole of them. Had my lectures been sufficiently remunerative to have enabled us to subsist on the simplest diet, I should have gone on hopefully, but the

extra expenditure, in bills and halls, was so disproportionate to the profit, that I felt daily like a man on the verge of an abyss. In a state of mind, too distressing for description, I thought my only hope was in an "Advertiser," which came out under the title of the "Holloway and Islington Monthly Tradesmen's Advertiser." I was now occupied in a double capacity, canvassing for advertisements in the day, and lecturing on Electro-Biology at night. About this time Mr. S. called upon me. He had been buffeted like myself by the waves of misfortune. We mutually sympathised, and often met as we did at Brighton. I shall not stop to describe the various difficulties in the way of the first number of the "Advertiser." I surmounted them all, and by dint of extraordinary perseverance went on canvassing and lecturing, and was able from both sources to keep the wolf from the door. But after five or six numbers of the "Advertiser" had appeared, my health again troubled me. Many of the advertisers withdrew, and others proved defaulters. I was, therefore, reluctantly necessitated to discontinue it.

I went to Woolwich and delivered a course of lectures. Another Biologist at another hall in the town, I was told, had been lecturing there one night a week for many months. Here I found my name curiously denied me. One of my auditors came to me and said, "Can I see Mr. Powell?" "You see him now," was my answer. "No, I don't," he replied, with profound knowledge in his look. "Then pray tell me who you do see?" "Ah, that is a question I cannot answer, since you are a stranger to me; but I know you are not Mr. Powell." I smiled most good-naturedly at the man, for the thought of my experience at my first lecture in London threw some light into my darkened mind. "Has a Mr. Powell been lecturing in Woolwich?" I inquired. "Of course he has, and that is how I made his acquaintance." "Perhaps," I said playfully, "Your Mr. Powell has assumed my name, and not me his." "Indeed he has not, and it will take something to convince me you are him." "Why, so it should, and would me; for, to tell you the truth, my ambition does not lead me to wish to be considered him, whoever he may be." "Perhaps not, perhaps

not," muttered the man in a sceptical manner. "Now my friend, I shall take no pains to prove that your Mr. Powell is not genuine, but will simply prove that I am no counterfeiter." Accordingly I produced my testimonials, and gave him sufficient evidence to convince him that there must be two Richards in the field, although I had not the honour of knowing one of them, whilst he could boast of having seen both. The lecturer who had been weekly delighting the Woolwich people with experiments, must have thought himself alone free to lecture in that town, which an incident, I will now describe, proves. He was lecturing at a hall in the neighbourhood of Islington. I was for the first and only time one of his listeners. After occupying some thirty or forty minutes recounting numerous cures which he claimed to have effected, he said, "There is a man named Powell who is a mere tyro in the science, and I advise you not to entrust yourselves to be biologised by him. He has lately had a female under his influence, and was unable to restore her. The consequence was, a doctor had to be called in, and the case has created considerable excitement." I mounted the platform immediately he commenced manipulating, and calling him on one side, said, "Do you mean to repeat your statement respecting Mr. Powell biologising a female, and being unable to restore her?" He said, "most emphatically." I answered, "My name is Powell, but I believe there is another Biologist of the same name. Are you sure which man you accuse?" He gave me some names of persons I knew nothing of, as his informants; and persisted in saying that I was the man alluded to. I turned to the audience, and charged the lecturer with uttering a deliberate falsehood, declaring that I had only been in London a month, and that I had not, during that time, had a single female subject. However, he still persisted in his statement, and I received considerable hisses from the audience, for my presumption in daring to defend myself against his unjustifiable and cruel, to say nothing of false, attack. In his defence of himself, he told the audience that I had been lecturing at Woolwich in opposition to him. A few months after this incident I was told by the hall keeper at this same hall that the Biologist I am speaking about had mes-

merised a couple of sisters, and not having properly restored them, had been the means of producing terror in the family, to which the young ladies belonged, past description. On looking over one of the Islington papers about the same time, I saw the hall-keeper's statement repeated. I mention this out of no revengeful feeling to the Biologist, but to illustrate the truth so often verified, that "Sin brings its own punishment." I was, of course, struck with the singular coincidence, that the false charge he made against me could now be justly preferred against himself.

Bearing the same name as others, may in particular instances, prove a source of good fortune; but in my case I found great annoyance at times through the fact of another Richard being in the field. It is bad enough to be taken for a counterfeit; but to be threatened with a summons to pay another's debts is rather too much of a joke; yet such was my case. I received a very lawyer-like epistle informing me that unless the sum of fifteen and ninepence, balance due for clocks, was paid within a certain date, a summons would be issued for the same. I was in the office of a respectable publisher at the time I read the note. I handed it to him. He read it, and exclaimed, "What a strange thing! The man who demands this money of you is on my books. He owes me eighteen shillings!" "But," I said, "that is nothing to me; but what impudence the fellow must have to send that note to me! I know nothing of him, and owe no money for clocks either to him or any other person." "Then, said the publisher, I understand it. He mistakes you for the other Powell, whom I have no doubt is the man who owes the money, because he owes me some, and I should like to find him." "Well, what had I better do, think you, in this matter?" "Do," answered the publisher, "I'll soon show you." He at once took a pen and altered the date, substituted eighteen shillings for the fifteen and ninepence, transferred the name at the bottom of the note to the top, and placed his own in its stead; and enclosing it in an envelope, sent back, without explanation, the note which had come to me. I have had no summons as threatened, for the payment for the clocks; neither have I experienced any fresh annoyance from the "other Richard."

So severe became our struggle to make headway in my profession, that the attendant mental anxieties operated injuriously on my health. Fits of melancholy oppressed me, and I often, forgetting duty, prayed for death. In some of these morbid states, whisperings stimulated my thoughts in the direction of suicide ; but they never, thank God, rested there. The temptation was strong, but the will to resist it, stronger. The following was written in one of these melancholy moods :—

SOUL-QUESTIONINGS.

Is it a sin to wish to die,
 When Hope betrays and Courage quails?
 The voices of my soul reply,
 “Only the laggard spirit fails.”

Is it a sin to wish to end
 A lot of Woe, a life of Fear,
 When Age and Penury attend
 The corpse of Gladness on its bier ?

Is it a sin to wish to die
 While Sorrow broods o'er vanish'd dreams,
 And present trouble dims the eye,
 With Feeling's dewy-trickling streams ?
 Ah, me ! the future, like the clouds,
 Preceding Winter's fiercest storms,
 The sad and drooping eye enshrouds ;
 While Doubt to Destiny conforms.

Is it a sin to pray for night ;
 For sleep, the soothing balm of pain,
 While day consumes with waves of light,
 The charmed visions of the brain ?
 Oh, Fate ! oh, Death ! ye chiefs unkind !
 Bid silence reign, shut out the strife ;
 The restless strife that wounds the mind ;
 And saps the crusted tree of life !

Is it a sin to pray for Death,
 When friends forget their sacred trust,
 And lovers vow with Falsehood's breath;
 And high hopes topple down to dust?
 To live and feel your life a burden;
 A tax on Charity or kin;
 To strive in vain for Merit's guerdon,
 Then wish to die. Is this a sin?

Is it a sin to pine for rest,
 Beneath the wild flowers and the stars,
 To fail to fight for Fortune's crest;
 Since Fortune's crown is won with scars?
 Is it a sin to close the eyes
 On squalid Want and bleary-eyed Crime,
 And sigh for Death's immortal prize,
 Beyond the ringing chimes of Time?

Is it a sin to leap the bars
 That circumscribe the world of Sin;
 To cease to homage kingly Mars
 While blood flows fast 'mid Battle's din?
 I ask my soul in Sorrow's name,
 Is life a boon, when wailing Woe
 Wails discord in the ear of Shame,
 And Strife is conqueror below?

When Love by Lust is dragged to earth,
 When Pity weeps as Guile betrays,
 While Virtue's claims have little worth,
 Compared with Gold's imperial bays,
 When Honour bound by withes of Fate
 Doth sue the heedless world without;
 Is it a sin to baffle Hate,
 And snuff Life's waning taper out?

It is a sin to break the lyre
 Whose strings wake music heavenly sweet,
 It is a sin to quench the fire
 That glows with Love's eternal heat?

It is a sin to toy with Being,
 As children sport with painted toys ;
 To soil the work of the All-Seeing,
 And risk the loss of spirit-joys.

When strong limbs fail, 'mid sad'ning tears ;
 While Age comes bowing like a slave,
 And Mind's rare jewels, dull'd by years,
 Are buried in the brain's deep cave ;
 E'en then, the true man hails the doom
 That weaves a shadow o'er his head,
 And holds by Faith through webs of gloom,
 Till Faith his soul to Heaven doth wed.

I have now to record an incident, which to my mind, the more I think of it the more I feel convinced that Providence mysteriously uses spiritual agents to carry forward His designs. I had ascended the platform with an uncommon weight of sadness upon me, and, quite against my usual practice, threw something, of the shadow of my soul into my lecture. However, I mastered my feelings by the time the experiments began.

At the close of the entertainment, a Mrs. C., and her son, spoke to me. The lady wished to know my fee for teaching Biology. I replied, two guineas. She said, would I charge two guineas for her son as well, since they both wished to learn. I replied I would, if she desired, teach herself and son for a single fee. She asked me for my address, and promised to call upon me. I went home that night, slept soundly, and rose in the morning, but scarcely a thought of Mrs. C.'s promise entered my mind. The fact is, I had so often heard people express a desire to learn to bioligise, promising to call upon me for instruction, who never kept their promise, that I did not deem it worth a consideration whether Mrs. C. came or not. But two or three days after this the lady came. She said she had thought deeply on the subject of her son learning to mesmerise, and had decided not to let him do so at present. For herself, she would wait before she consented to my teach-

ing her. She feared her son, who was of an extremely excitable temperament, and in a precarious state of health, might, by being initiated into the mysteries of Mesmerism, either do himself or others harm. I told her her commands should be implicitly obeyed—that on no account would I impart information to her son without her consent. She paid the fee, stating that she would call another day, and I should then give her the necessary instructions, which I did, proving to her entire satisfaction the *bona fide* character of the manifestations.

On one occasion she invited me to her house, and was further convinced of the wonderful effects of Mesmerism. I mesmerised her daughter, a young lady of about twenty-one or twenty-two years of age. She proved to be in a state of sympathy with myself. I tasted wine, salt, vinegar, cake, sugar, water, &c., all of which she said she tasted. I stood behind her, silently magnetising her, and she followed me backwards. On several occasions I have since mesmerised this young lady, who has proved, in a very remarkable manner, without, I believe, the least desire, to be a medium for rapping, tilting, writing, and seeing.

Mrs. C. called upon us often, and betrayed the most lady-like feelings of kindness. She attended most of my lectures, and devoted herself to my interest with an earnestness rarely equalled. At a time I had been making strenuous exertions almost in vain, to earn sufficient for the day,—when my heart was burdened with its anxious weight of distress,—when life seemed involved in doubt and despair, Mrs. C. came to us. She knew nothing of the state either of my mind or finances. But she came, nevertheless, and saying, “The Lord has sent me to you,” placed some gold on the table before me. I was almost petrified for the moment, but recovering my wonted mental condition, I pushed the gold back towards her, and declined to accept it, saying that I had done nothing to deserve it, thinking the lady had taken leave of her senses. She pressed me to accept it, and expressed herself sorry that she could do no more for us. After this she called upon us often, and delighted us with accounts of her travels. She told us she had been many years in India, and had lost her husband

there some twenty-six years ago. I have met many persons whose general bearing has excited my esteem, but I never met one whose countenance betrayed more benevolence and firmness, and whose words were uttered with more elevated conceptions of purity than hers. I have endeavoured to pay her the tribute I feel she deserves in the following :—

TO MRS. M. A. C.

Lady, I turn from common themes of life,
And muse on thee with proud delight ;
For, like an angel moving 'mid the strife
Of earth, didst thou move in my sight.

A woman's soul speaks in thy noble eye,
An angel's smile breaks o'er thy deeds,
Like sunlight breaking o'er a clouded sky,
Or true Religion over creeds.

I saw thee as men see the fair of earth—
A lady, wealthy, proud, and kind :
I found thee more—a heritant of Worth,
A woman rich in heart and mind.

The ways of fortune run not always straight,
And few who tread them know
The lessons that improve the favoured great,
And crown them moral kings below.

The Truth for thee bears lustre rare and pure,
The Right finds thee a loving friend ;
Be mine the voice to bid thy Worth endure,
And pray that God may blessings lend,

To cheer thee till thy valued life shall close,
And teach thee Goodness like the flower,
Exhales perfume, when crowned with freezing snows,
And yields a sweetness to the hour.

Human Nature has its weak as well as strong points, which time has proved to myself and to Mrs. C., who, like an angel of kindness, came to us, as she said, on a mission from the Lord, in the hour of our deep distress. She asked too much of me in exchange for her generous deeds. She hated ostentation, and therefore begged that I would not speak of her acts of kindness. I felt too full of gratitude, and too certain of being able to keep my own counsel, that I readily promised to divulge nothing. But after a few weeks had elapsed, and I was again basking in the radiance of Mr. S.'s smiles—forgetting that *he* should be the last man in whom I ought to confide—I made him the first, and told him all; but I did not give him the lady's address. I had no sooner made a *confidante* of him, than I began to feel that I had proved myself weak, and vowed to be more cautious in future.

One afternoon Mr. S., bringing a gentleman with him, paid me a visit. Whilst we were in conversation, a knock at the door convinced me that Mrs. C. was waiting without. I instantly, and, I fear, abruptly, asked Mr. S. and his friend to pass into the back room. The lady and her daughter immediately entered, and Mr. S. and his friend, scarcely waiting a moment, left the house. When I met Mr. S. again he abused me for my want of attention to him, saying that my friendship was worth little if I had no more respect for him than to turn him into the kitchen, when other persons called upon me. I briefly told him that, in all cases, it would be considered a breach of etiquette for a gentleman not to vacate an apartment in favour of a lady. He satirized this remark, and insinuated more than I dare repeat. It was not long before I began to see the folly I had perpetrated in making him a *confidante*. He did not at first openly ask me for the lady's address; but he set his wife to inquire of some of my subjects, who were in the habit of going to his hall, if they knew it? It happened that neither of them knew; but they told me that Mrs. S. had wished to know "where that lady lived who so often goes to Mr. Powell's lectures?"

Since then Mrs. S., who had struggled against innumerable privations, has gone to the land of spirits, where I

believe she is crowned amongst the chosen, for never did woman bear up with misfortune more patiently and devotedly than she had done during years of consuming sickness.

Time rolled on. I found it necessary to go into the Provinces. When I was about to start, Mrs. C. came and left a trifle with my wife, that I might not feel trouble about her for at least a week or two. Thus I toiled on, now almost forlorn, now full of hope. But the darkness of life was with me more than its sunlight. I regretted the discontinuance of the "Advertiser," because I dreamt, it might, at least, have brought me an income sufficient to allow me to rest occasionally from Biology, which was a constant tax upon my life. But regrettings were simply useless. My mission was before me; there was no other recourse but to work on, even if necessary unto the end. Before dismissing my experiences in the path of Mesmerism, I will describe some incidents which, though not given in the order of their occurrence, will, nevertheless, I imagine, interest the reader.

During my early career as a Biologist, I heard great things of one Z., who called himself a Pole. Go where I would, there I heard Z. had been. Some said he was the most wonderful of all the Biologists that had ever lived. Others said he was the most consummate humbug. Mr. S. had often spoken to me contemptuously of him, declaring that he had met the man, many years back, at Stockport, where he was engaged hawking steel pens, that he had taken compassion on him, and initiated him in the art of Biology; that Z. went forth and was very successful as an operator; but not until his preceptor had placed in his hands a written lecture, for which he *was* to pay a sovereign. This was incident one. Incident two, as related by Mr. S., occurred some years later. Mr. S. was engaged to lecture at Shoreham. On his way there he met Z. without a coat, took compassion on him again, gave him five shillings to get his coat out of pawn, and agreed to give him half the proceeds of his lectures during the Shoreham engagements. Z. expressed, in broken English, his everlasting gratitude, and leaving Mr. S. to deliver his lecture,

went to the Shoreham College, and by a stroke of good fortune, returned with nine sovereigns; but told Mr. S. he had only received two. According to the alleged arrangements, these two worthies had to equally share with each other the proceeds of their visit to Shoreham. Z. gave Mr. S. a sovereign. Mr. S. gave Z. thirty odd shillings. The two separated, and I believe have not again met.

I was at Red Hill, where I had some experiences of an expensive and useful character. When I got out of the train, I was speedily surrounded by some of the porters, who clamoured to be engaged as subjects. I expressed my surprise, and was informed that they only wished to be treated as well as Z. had treated them. "Then Z. has been here," I said. "Yes, he gave us half-a-crown a night." "What for?" I demanded. "For going on his stage, to-besure," remarked one of them." I passed on, saying, "You'll get no half crowns from me, I never bribe." I had announced two nights. The first was a failure, the second ditto; yet my experiments were good on both occasions. The second night I was induced to adjourn to a gentleman's residence, and give the entertainment before himself and family. He expressed himself delighted, and sympathised with me, telling me a whole history about Z., which made me desirous of seeing the Polish prodigy, who had, as I was informed, carried away a little fortune from the resident gentry of Red Hill and its neighbourhood.

My wife and I reached Greenwich the next week, where we saw flaming announcements that Z. would give his interesting experiments in Electro-Biology. We went to the hall and saw the oracle. He wore a white waistcoat and white gloves, and a superfluity of jewelry. His audience was large and noisy, for the Professor was unfortunate in his experiments. This, I was told, was unusual; but he kept his countenance remarkably well, until some one called out "humbug," when Z. rushed from the platform in a very excited manner, and protested, in broken English, many things he never could intend to perform on the aggressor. He got back to the platform and succeeding in giving some experiments, closed the proceedings, with promises of better success the next night. I went to him and introduced my-

self. He said my name was unknown to him, but being a Biologist, I was welcome to call upon him the next morning. In the morning my wife and I entered Z.'s apartment, when I was amused beyond description at his vanity. He assumed considerable vexation of spirit, because, as he said, his black had deserted him. "Your black!" I exclaimed, "Did you keep a black?" "Yes; the blackguard, I bought him a suit of clothes which cost me twenty pounds, and he has run away, and I cannot find another black to fit them." I smiled, and wondered why the black had left the clothes behind him. Z. assured me that he found it a great nuisance to be without the black, and what he should do to get another to fit the clothes, was quite a puzzle to him. It never seemed to enter his mind to have the clothes altered to fit another black. Immediately after detailing his troubles about the loss of the black, and the difficulty about finding another to fit the clothes, he commenced displaying his jewelry. He took from a drawer a huge gold watch, and discarded upon its value in pounds sterling. He then rung the bell, which had the effect of introducing a small page, dressed in page-fashion, who was ordered by his master to fetch him the gold watch from a certain drawer up stairs, but by no means to touch the others in other parts of the room. The page returned with the desired trinket, when Z. displayed it with glistening eyes, as though he had an idea of overpowering me with the weight of his jewelry. The page was leaving the room. Z. called to him, "Tell John to have the carriage ready at two?" I asked him some questions relative to his success in certain parts of England, and intimated that I heard he had been to Shoreham. He said, "Yes. I carried away nine sovereigns from the college." I said, "Did you ever meet a Mr. S.?" "Never. I have heard of him. He is a fellow, isn't he, that does the work at threepence a head?" I replied, "He charges various prices of admission, but the price charged at the doors is no criterion of the entertainer's honesty." Z. did not agree with me. I spoke enthusiastically of Mesmerism, stating my belief that if men would dare to deal justly by it, much good would result. Z. was not so enthusiastic. He said he did not believe in

the so-termed science of Mesmerism. I was staggered at the remark, but Z., in the most indifferent manner possible, said he was sure he produced his manifestations by "bounce," and nothing else. I found it a waste of time to argue with him, and with as good a grace as I could, bade him good morning. My wife and I, after wandering about Greenwich some time, made our way to the station to return by train to London. On our way there we saw Z., not in a carriage, but a decent-looking cab.

I was on one occasion at Leatherhead, having announced two lectures. The first came off, winning me little applause and much abuse. I had delivered my introductory lecture, and was listened to with marked attention, but when I appealed to the audience for subjects, only two small boys and one young man could, by the most pressing solicitations, be induced to place themselves under my influence. I operated with little effect, rigidity of limbs, the simplest of the phenomena, being the extent of my efforts to illustrate the subject of my lecture. Observing a tall gentleman in the front seats watching me with interest, I respectfully requested him to submit himself for induction. He emphatically declined. I was discouraged altogether with the leather-like indifference of the people of Leatherhead to my appeal for fresh subjects; but smothering my feelings as best I could, I expended my energies on the two little boys. But alas! I could only fascinate them in such a manner as to make them follow me across the platform, and I could stiffen their arms and legs. With the young man I could do less. At length I announced the entertainment concluded, and expressed myself dissatisfied with the experiments I had given. Immediately I had finished, the tall gentleman in front rose and offered himself for a subject. I declined to accept him, as I was then too much exhausted. He persisted in asserting his willingness to give me the opportunity of testing my power upon him. I declined, stating, at the same time, my willingness to operate upon him if he would present himself the next night. At this point the audience rose, some walking out of the room, others crying out, "It is all a species of humbug, from beginning to end!" "He has refused the Doctor."

"He has nicely mesmerised us out of our shillings!" and so on. I never felt more miserable. I had honestly presented the phenomena, and could not be held responsible for failures manifestly attributable to the condition, or want of condition, of the subjects. But those who pay to be amused expect amusement, and generally make the honesty of the entertainer a secondary consideration. They have little sympathy for the man who appears before them, valuing truth more than humbug. This is the secret why so many thrive, for a time, by means of charlatanism. They know the insatiable thirst of the sight-seeing public for amusement, and to sate that thirst, they humbug. Had I bribed some young men, and drilled them into service during that day, with a little dexterity of cunning I could have kept the audience in the best of humours. But I could not have done so without feeling morally degraded. I acted as I would now—with a conscience free from blame. What I produced was genuine, and, to the lover of science, worth more than all the doubtful experiments which often produce the most boisterous mirth. But I had very few lovers of science present. When I was fairly able to make inquiries without displaying excitement, I asked the landlady of the hotel where I was staying to tell me the name of the gentleman who had presented himself at the close of the entertainment. "Oh, that's Dr. O." "Does he reside here?" "Yes, he lives close by." "What sort of a gentleman is he? I mean, could I talk to him freely?" "He is a very nice gentleman, indeed; one, I should say, who would be pleased to converse with you."

My mind was made up. I would wait upon Dr. O. the next morning. All that night I turned about awake on my bed, my mind being sadly distressed. I thought of every conceivable plan of bringing conviction to the minds of those who had expressed their belief that I was simply a humbug, but could decide on none. There was the second entertainment to come off, but would the same people attend? My past experiences taught me not to expect them. But one thing troubled me much. I had been unable to obtain a musician the first night, and attributed to the want of music part of the failure in pleasing the audience. The

next morning I arose, determined to have a musician at night. I took train to Epsom in search of one, but my journey was fruitless. On my return to Leatherhead, I presented myself at Dr. O.'s surgery. He came to me.

I said, "Can I say a few words to you, doctor?"

His first words were, "What do you require of me?"

"I wish to say that my experiments were of a poor character last night, but that the fault was not mine, which you will know if you have any knowledge of Biology."

He said, with a smile, "To tell you the truth, Mr. Powell, the people of Leatherhead believe Electro-Biology all humbug, and I cannot help sharing the general belief."

I said, "Well, sir, there is, at least, one person in Leatherhead who does not believe it to be a humbug."

"Who's that pray?" said the doctor.

"Only myself." He smiled. I added, "Last evening you expressed a wish to be biologised by me. I declined to make the effort, because I was weak. To-day I am tolerably strong. I have come, therefore, with your permission, to do it."

He looked at me most incredulously, and exclaimed, "You biologise me?" "Yes, why not?" He looked at his drugs, and I doubt not, felt renewed confidence in himself. I looked at the drugs as well, knowing that Mesmerism had effected cures which they could not. He smiled again, and said, "You are a bold fellow, and you shall try."

He showed me into a small sitting-room, and immediately fetched three ladies, his brother and his assistant. The ladies decided to look on. The three gentlemen took discs, but the assistant commenced laughing, and I made him sit back, away from the others. My star was certainly, this time, in the ascendant. The doctor was in my power. I closed his eyes, and performed several experiments upon him. I then catalepted the limbs of his brother. Presently I laid the doctor on the floor, and made him rigid from head to foot. He was perfectly conscious. One of the ladies said, "Get up John." He said, "I can't." She repeated, "Get up, John." He answered again, "I can't," making the expression by word, doubly emphatic by the expression of his face. He asked me to place him on his legs

again, which I did at once. He then wished me to attract and repel him as I had done the boys on the platform the night previously. I said, "Look at me," and drew him towards me. He reached the centre of the room, and stamping his foot, exclaimed, "I'll not budge an inch further." Almost before the words had escaped his lips, he was drawn close to myself. After I had fairly restored the brothers, the doctor said, "Well, Mr. Powell, you have satisfied me that you possess a marvellous power, and I think it only due to you to offer myself as a subject this evening." I thanked him for his courtesy. He added, "I am going to London almost immediately, and if I can possibly return, you may expect to see me at your lecture." I left him, much gratified at my success. I had not returned to the hotel ten minutes, before Dr. O., on horseback, called to the landlady. She went to him. He said, "Tell all your friends, Mrs. M., that Mr. Powell is an honest man. He has succeeded in Electro-Biologising me, and I intend coming on the platform to-night." I thought the doctor a sterling man, and looked forward to the evening's lecture with eagerness. I walked down to the railway station, and entering the goods shed, began talking to some of the porters upon the subject of Mesmerism. One or two of them expressed themselves willing to allow me to test my power upon them. I commenced at once, and was not long in producing a couple of subjects. It occurred to me that I could not do better than give these men tickets to the lecture, and thus ensure successful experiments, which, together with those I expected to elicit from the doctor, I imagined would turn the tide of feeling in my favour. One of the porters hearing me say I had a difficulty in obtaining music, consented either to bring a friend with a concertina, or come himself with one. I went back to the hotel and relished my tea, with no disturbing fears of a repetition of the previous night's difficulties. Had I not produced a sensation in the town by my success with the doctor, I believe the second audience would have been so meagre, that I should have declined the honour of lecturing; or as I have often done, lectured at a pecuniary sacrifice. As it was, however, I was favoured with an audience large enough

to save me from loss. The first night many came from the surrounding villages. The second night none came from them; nor was it to be expected, considering the impression created abroad. I expected every moment during the lecture and experiments, to see Dr O. enter, but no Dr. O. came. The evening's amusement gave the audience satisfaction; but I was not satisfied. The doctor had not kept his promise, and his absence distressed me. When the audience dispersed, I hastened to the doctor's residence, and learned that he had not returned from London. I walked towards the railway station, and met him with several others. Following some distance behind, I saw him enter his house. In a quarter of an hour afterwards I stood in his study. He looked weary. I said, "I shall leave Leatherhead in the morning, doctor, and thought I would see you before my departure." "I could not come to your lecture, Mr. Powell, as I had promised, having missed the train," he said. I replied, "That was unfortunate, but cannot be helped." "I felt somewhat exhausted, and suppose the affair of the morning has something to do with it, although I have tired myself by my journey to London and back." "I will not detain you, doctor," I said, "seeing that you need rest; I wish simply to ask you to give me a testimonial, as I have, I think, proved to you the truth of Electro-Biology." "He looked suddenly up, and said, "If at any time it lies in my power to serve you, Mr. Powell, by taking the chair for you, I will do it with pleasure, but a testimonial I dare not give you. The fact is, I should be laughed at by the doctors, and I am not unmindful of the opposition which Dr. Elliotson experienced through taking up Mesmerism. To give you a testimonial would injure me more than it could possibly do you good." "Well doctor," I replied, "say no more about it. I would not accept a testimonial from you with the consciousness that, in giving it, you ran the slightest risk. I have, however, to thank you for your courtesy, and wish you good night." He said, "Stay, Mr. Powell. Do you think you could influence me now, were you to try?" "Without a doubt, doctor," I answered. Somewhat doubting, he said, "What could you do with me?" "Oh, I think I could *make* you give me a testi-

monial," I jocularly replied. His countenance changed. But, I added, "You need have no apprehension, I shall not make the attempt, since I would only use a testimonial given freely. I merely assert that I could, by great effort, perform even that feat, to give you an idea of the power one mind has over another." With that I took farewell of Dr. O.

At a lecture I delivered, at a school-room in London, I made the statement that I would willingly go to any private house, and in case of failure in biologising, make no charge. A day or two afterwards I received a note from Mr. L., a solicitor, of Lincoln's-Inn, desiring me to fulfil my promise, stating that he and some friends would be at his chambers on a certain evening at the hour of five. I wrote a reply desiring him simply to exercise no influence in exciting his friends to resistance, but honestly to allow me a fair chance of operating; assuring him that he had a guarantee of my integrity in my acceptance of the engagement, as I should come alone, and must, if I succeeded, produce subjects from his friends. On my way to the lawyer's I was met by the Dissenting minister of Brighton, the ex-farmer. He shook hands and said, "I see you are to lecture to-night at Islington." I replied "Yes." At that instant a 'bus came up to us; he motioned to the conductor, it stopped, and, as the minister was entering, he said, "If I bring the editor of the *Sunday Times* with me to-night can we pass in?" I answered, "My wife will be at the door; she *knows* you; you can come if you like." The 'bus went on, and so did I, reaching Lincoln's-Inn at the appointed time. Eight lawyers, some of them advanced far in life, were assembled to test the reality of my power. However, I only cared to succeed with one of them, a young lawyer about 21 years of age. I shall not easily forget the delight expressed by the others when they saw the ludicrous manner in which his leg was shaken. I need only say that Mr. L. expressed himself satisfied, and the young lawyer came to my lecture at Islington at night. The minister brought two gentlemen with him—passed by my wife and myself—no sign of recognition!—walked up to the front seats, where he and his two friends seated them-

selves. The experiments were good. When I finished, I descended from the platform, and stood near the seats where the minister and his friends sat. He got up, followed by them, passed by me, also by my wife, and, without saying "Good night," "I am pleased" or "displeased," "Thank you for the privilege of attending," or giving any sign by which we could feel that he was grateful or gratified, was gone.

Whilst leaving the hall after an entertainment on another occasion, a young man came to me and proposed that I should teach him how to biologise, calling himself "a teacher of the science of Memory," and offering, in exchange, to initiate me into the mysteries of the science he professed. I told him to call at my house, and we would exchange lessons. He came. I instructed him, so he did me, he said, but owing, I suppose, to my dulness, I was, I must confess, unable to appreciate the science he taught. He set up as a lecturer on Electro-Biology almost immediately, and to make a very successful *debut* in his new character, came to my hall and presented a free order for his lecture to each of my subjects. When I learnt this I naturally felt annoyed, and thought at least he might have asked me if I had any objection for my subjects to leave me for him. He next advertised to "teach gentlemen only" the science; and a week or two afterwards advertised to "Biologists desirous of joining him in a grand Biological entertainment at Exeter Hall." The week previously to his first appearance, I told my audience that I had taught him what he knew of Biology, but I had not given him experience, which can only be gained by practice. That I had no right to control the actions of any one present, yet I felt it my duty to say, if any of them placed themselves under the influence of this man, I would not answer for the consequences which might result from his inexperience. Three days elapsed from the time I made the above statement. I received a letter from my pupil, stating that he was as good an Electro-Biologist as myself, demanding an immediate written apology, and threatening, in case of refusal, legal proceedings. I wrote back, "If you think I have wronged you, pray hasten to my hall to-night, and you

shall have the opportunity of chastising your preceptor at the very Hall where you allege he libelled you. But above all things bear in mind he never can think of apologising to a man who so far violates all principles of honour as yourself."

He came at night to the hall. I read his letter and my reply to the audience, and then called him on the platform to prove "how deeply I had wronged him." He advanced and said, "Before I proceed I must first have a statement from Mr. Powell as to what he really said about me." I said, "What does your letter to me imply, if you don't know what I said?" "I had the statement from a person who was present that you said certain things derogatory of me as a Biologist, and I consider myself quite as good a Biologist as yourself." "As to your abilities as a Biologist," I answered, "I shall be willing to put them to the test presently; but I wish first to say it would have looked more manly on your part if you had first written to ask me what I said about you, than to threaten legal proceedings," &c. At this point a gentleman in the audience rose, and repeated almost the entire words I had said. "Well," said my pupil, "if that's the case, I am very glad, and must admit I was too hasty." "Now, as to your oft-repeated statement that you think yourself as good a Biologist as I am, I think it would be interesting to the audience to put you to the test. They will then see how clever the man is who undertakes 'to teach the science to gentlemen only,' and, because he lacks confidence in himself, advertises for Biologists to assist him 'in a grand Biological entertainment in Exeter Hall.'" It was arranged that a number of persons who had never before been operated upon should come forward. Nine men and two boys presented themselves. I asked each one separately if he had ever been operated on before, and received a negative reply from each. I then called a gentleman from the front row of seats to divide the number between us. He placed six men on my side, and three men and two boys on the other side. My pupil, borrowing my discs, commenced manipulating. I placed my hand on each of my apportioned six, and looking into their eyes, one after the other, succeeded

in producing some unmistakeable effects on all of them. I suppose five minutes had not passed before I was waiting, watching my opponent, who was fairly perspiring; after he had expended his strength for more than a quarter of an hour, he confessed himself incapable of succeeding with a single one of his apportioned five. I took his three men, and one by one, succeeded as well as I had done with my six. I requested the two boys to leave the platform, not caring to exert myself any further. The audience awarded me prolonged cheers. My pupil, as though doomed to fresh trouble, was taunted by a certain Professor, who had taught him his system of Memory, and who stated that after having given him every necessary instruction, he had the ingratitude to take lodgings in his (the Professor's) street, and set up in rivalry to him. The Professor added that he was on another occasion at a lecture on Memory, and on leaving the hall, was surprised to find my pupil busy giving circulars away, offering to teach the "Science of Memory" at one-half the terms which had been announced by the lecturer. After having been fairly taxed with these two discreditable actions, my pupil left the hall very crest-fallen, meeting with a full chorus of hisses as he went out.

At Horsham I gave several entertainments, but owing to a young man named Higgins acting the part of a ninny, I had to put up with small profits. Amongst the young men whom I biologised there was one who wore a round frock, and whose ludicrous freaks caused quite a favourable sensation; but amongst several young men whom I failed to affect was this redoubtable Higgins. The second evening the same subjects were on the platform. Higgins offered himself again for a subject. I failed with him again. Presently, whilst all the subjects were apparently in proper condition for experimenting with, Higgins came forward and declared that the man in the round frock was not under my influence. I went to him and tested him. "Put a chair in his hands," cried Higgins. I did so; but Round Frock threw it down, with a quiet humour in his eye which convinced me something was not as it should be. I placed the chair in his hands again, and defied him to loose it; but Round Frock let it fall again with the air of a

hero. I then tried to cause rigidity of the arm, but Round Frock was triumphant this time. "Now," shouted Higgins again, "go to the man at the other end and he'll serve you the same." I went and tested him, but found him true as steel. Whatever he might have designed, he was completely entrapped. I could, in fact, bend him to my will. I turned back to Round Frock—"Now, sir, please answer me a few questions. Were you shamming your part just now?" "Yes, sir," he said, looking at Higgins, "I was, and all I can say is, it's all humbug." "Stop a minute. You were on my platform last evening? I operated upon you a great deal; do you dare to say that you were not under biological influence then?" "Yes, I was then, but I have not been to-night." Very well; now, please, walk off the platform." He got down. Turning to the audience, I said—"Ladies and Gentlemen,—I am free to confess there is some humbug here." I paused a second or two; they looked as though they expected a confession from me. I looked at Round Frock and said, "But to my certain knowledge you are the only humbug here. You can answer for that yourself—so can I—so can the audience; but he who pronounces these subjects and myself humbugs must at least present proofs." The audience cheered; Round Frock gradually moved towards the door, and in a favourable moment slid out. The remaining entertainments came off, but the audiences diminished considerably. It, however, came to my ears that Higgins had planned a grand *exposé* of the Electro-Biologist. He said he knew I bribed my subjects, and he made a bet that he proved it so. He gave Round Frock five shillings to resist me, and gave a glass of gin to the man at the end, whom he expected to break from my influence as well. On the morning (Saturday) of the day of my farewell entertainment, I resolved to bring Higgins face to face with his own folly. I wrote in legible characters on a piece of paper—

"Oh yes, oh yes, oh yes. This is to give notice in consequence of a young man, named Higgins, a watchmaker, in Horsham, having made a statement that Mr. Powell bribes persons to enact their parts on his stage, he offers a reward of five pounds to any person who can prove a case of bribery

of the kind against him. He further challenges this young man, Higgins, to the proof, and will make him ashamed of himself, if he presents himself at the entertainment this evening, that is if he have shame in him. God save the Queen."

I placed the paper in the hands of the Town Crier, and promised him a double fee to simply do his duty. It might have been an hour, certainly not more than an hour and a half from the time I left the Crier, when a loud knocking at the street door startled me almost out of my propriety. The door was opened, and in walked Higgins, looking like a ghost. He could hardly articulate his words, so much was he overcome with emotion. He stammered—"You never mean to say, Mr. Powell, you intend letting the Crier make that announcement?" "I do mean to say, Mr. Higgins, I intend letting the Crier make that announcement." "By G—, you'll ruin me." "Did you care about ruining me?" was my stoical answer. "But I have lost my sovereign," he urged. "What sovereign?" I inquired, not wishing to let him know how much I knew of his affairs. "Why, I bet a sovereign that you paid those men who were on your platform." "And you have found out that I do not?" "Yes." "Or rather you cannot find out that I do." "Well, Mr. Powell, it is no use holding out. I acknowledge myself in fault, and if you will please to prevent the Crier going round with that paper, I shall be grateful to you, and will do anything in my power to make amends for the injury I have done you." I answered, "Go and tell the Crier he can destroy the paper. You can do little to make amends to me. All I can hope is, that you will not in future try to injure others." Higgins regained his colour, and made his legs do duty with rapidity.

There is no possible plan of undertaking the duties of a public entertainer without having to realise, more or less, the difficulties attendant on that position. The public has its special tastes, and it is a difficult work to introduce anything new without it pleases its palate. A life like mine was constantly subjected to change. Fluctuations came like April showers. Now my enthusiastic temperament was at the zenith of success—now it was below zero. But the

most unsatisfactory part of my career was the certainty that I was everywhere looked upon with suspicion. My very soul for months ached with this thought. To feel my life like a stream, running to waste—to know my motives honest and find no one thought so—this is what gave the drop of bitterness to my cup. But I had entered the gladiatorial ring of Biology (and it was indeed a gladiatorial ring to me) and I must display my powers with what strength I could. It is true I met with some who sympathised with my peculiar mission, but, alas, how few in comparison with the numbers who saw in me simply a man who had discovered the grand secret of “throwing dust in people’s eyes.” This difficulty everywhere met me, and I began to feel it less acutely.

I remember a scene which took place at Epsom, which I will record here, to give the reader an idea of the kind of antagonism scientific questions—I beg pardon, truths that have not yet been presented to the world with the label of science upon them—meet with at the hands of those fast young men who frequent the race-course. I had nearly got through my entertainment under a severe strain upon my whole system, as I had left a bed of sickness to attend to my duties. Some dozen young men marched to the platform, declaring their belief that the whole affair was “a sell.” I tried to reason with them; they jeered in reply, and demanded a proof of my wonderful powers upon themselves. I said that I had violated no programme, that they ought to have presented themselves for induction at the first, and since I felt unable to place a greater physical strain upon my system than I had already done, I hoped they would excuse me. To this they retorted by shouting, “Humbug!” “Come, old fellow!” “You know too much for us!” and so on. I walked off the platform, and endeavoured to leave the hall, amidst their loud derisive shoutings. My wife said, “I would not leave; go back and mesmerise one of them, you know you can.” I went back and said, “If you will give me a proper chance I will, although against my own wish, give you some evidence.” They all talked together, and decided on giving me fair play. A gentleman here came forward and suggested that I should not be called

upon to mesmerise all, but that one in whom they had confidence should be selected. They chose a Mr. Wonham, a miller, a man of dark complexion, and apparently about forty years of age. He was the last man I should have chosen, but they seemed disposed that the trial should be made on no other. I proceeded slowly, gradually finding that I was gaining influence over him. But the tax upon my powers was great in the extreme. However, I persevered and triumphed. But what a triumph! I had no sooner succeeded than my whole strength gave way, and I cried like a child. The paroxysm passed. I felt ill, but was able to leave the hall unaided. Just before I left, the young men collected a number of shillings for me, and expressed themselves delighted with the illustration I had given them. My health not being in a proper condition, I ought not to have appeared that night, but I was anxious to save expense. To meet opposition of the character I had there to encounter I wanted an iron constitution. Such incidents are not altogether rare, although they appear under different forms. My experiences before the public are slight in comparison with those of others, yet they are like in kind if not in degree.

CHAPTER V.

DURING the season of the Exhibition (1862) I was lecturing one night a week at several halls in London. I had just passed through the struggle with the "Advertiser," had fairly seen it die, and was devoting redoubled energies to my profession. But my prospects were in a cloud. Past experiences had taught me to expect only an occasional successful night. Therefore it became a settled conviction in my mind that I should be honoured by only small audiences. Yet, despite this conviction, I could not refuse to dream of success, and indulge the deceptive hope that Fortune would yet bestow her smiles upon me as liberally as the sun bestows his. I was on my way to deliver one of my weekly lectures when, to my surprise and delight, I met my friend

Cooper; he was looking for the number of my house. We went back together, and in a few minutes arranged that I should go with him the next day to the Exhibition. Whilst we were together he asked me some questions about my general prospects. I entered into particulars. He said he thought it possible I might succeed in opening a small photographic business in Eastbourne, telling me there was one for sale, and, if I thought well of it, he would aid me. This gave me a fresh stimulus. I went down to Eastbourne, saw the photographic business, arranged with the proprietor for its purchase, on condition that I could obtain the house, which was the property of a magistrate. I saw the magistrate, he made all necessary inquiries, and consented to let me the house. I went from town to town in Sussex, lecturing, and awaited with anxiety the time for the photographic business to fall into my hands. My family were preparing to remove to Eastbourne; I was there to fulfil an engagement. I met the magistrate; he said, "Mr. Powell, I don't think you will do very well in that business. Have you seen Mr. Ridley?" I said, "No." He walked on hastily, saying, "Mr. Ridley will tell you all about it. Good-day to you!" I went to Mr. Ridley, and learnt that the magistrate had let the house to another person, without considering his promise to me. Thus injustice was done me in a magisterial manner. In this dilemma, not knowing what to do for the best, and not feeling satisfied to abandon Eastbourne, I took a lodging-house, which promised well the first season, but the fever was introduced, and the place became almost stagnant. Whilst I resided at Eastbourne I issued "Clippings from Manuscript," "Powell's Popular Eastbourne Guide," and "Spiritualism, its Facts and Phases," and undertook the editorship of "The Spiritual Times." I cannot here attempt a history of the brief period I was in Eastbourne, it would take too much space, but I may mention that I attended a young lady who had been unable to walk for eighteen years, owing to spinal weakness, and after some four months' application of Mesmerism had the satisfaction of seeing her walk and even run unaided.

The itinerant character of a career like mine necessarily

brought me in contact with strange scenes and natures. Whilst at one time mixing with fashionable and intellectual people, I have almost imagined existence a delusion, from the effect of contrasts. I have at other times confronted the sober, stubborn realities of life, in the presence of poverty and riot. In small villages, where the clergymen refused to allow me the use of their schools, fearing the satanic, or at least, apocryphal character of my profession, I was driven into the assembly rooms of public houses. I had always a thorough repugnance against sitting for any length of time in presence of men, who molest the atmosphere with oaths and smoke, under the influence of intoxication; but necessity overruled, at times, my most determined opposition, and I was simply doomed to the infliction of oaths, obscene conversation and tobacco smoke. It is true, I might have avoided this, by going to bed hours before I wished on bitter cold nights, or walking about in the rain. There was simply Hobson's choice for me—*viz.*, to submit to the necessities of the occasion. I have, however, as I review my acquaintance with the scenes I allude to, the satisfaction of knowing that I never yielded to the authority of drink; in other words, I never allowed my judgment to be dethroned by the most exciting inducements to the indulgence in drink. Amongst the numerous incidents connected with my lectures at public house rooms, I think it may interest the reader to relate the following: I was at a village famous for its historic associations, where I lectured at the principal inn; whilst I was sitting in the little bar-parlour, on the morning succeeding my first lecture which had realised the very satisfactory sum of two shillings, some of the natives of the village came to drink and discuss the sporting news, and especially to canvass opinions on the last prize fight, which came off between Sayers and Heenan. I felt disposed to make my exit, but feeling tired from the over night's exertion, I resolved to close my ears to the rabble about brutality, which was to me sickening in the extreme. The thought occurred to me that I would compose some verses, not a difficult task to me, in the midst of human rancour, since I had accustomed myself to weave most of my early rhymes at the

lathe, amidst the jumbling jar of machinery. I sat there in the little public house parlour, whilst the conversation rose to an elevated pitch on the apparently all-potent subject of the late prize fight, and lost the scene and its actors in a very few minutes, as I gradually composed—

GOD'S PRESENCE.

To Thee, oh God ! we raise our eyes,
And humbly praise Thy name—
For Thou dost fill the earth and skies
With Love's immortal flame.

Where can we turn to 'scape Thy glance,
O'er distant lands and seas ?
Tho' pierced by Sin's swift-pointed lance,
We bow to Thy decrees.

The morning sun—the birds that sing,
The truant zephyrs mild,
Inspired by praise, proclaim Thee King,
With voices undefil'd.

The mountains, forests, rocks, and plains,
Obey Thy regal sway ;
While changing seasons, winds, and rains,
Thy majesty display.

Thy mercies, Lord, are like the dew,
Shower'd upon the flowers ;
Thy goodness comes each day anew,
Like Morn's delicious hours.

Teach us to praise Thee as we ought—
To live our life in Truth—
To know that Thou art found when sought,
Possess'd with heavenly ruth.

Each hour we live, we feel how frail,
 Uncertain, insecure,
 Are works of men—which crumb's—fail,
 While Time and Death endure.

We look around and see Thy smile,
 Like sunlight everywhere—
 We feel Thy presence free from guile,
 And bow in grateful prayer.

When I was satisfied with this production, I found the confusion of tongues on the prize fight theme still deafening. I said, "Now friends, whilst you have been heaving epithets at each other, I have been writing some verses on a theme I venture to add more worthy than yours; would you like me to read them? Assent was given, and I read them aloud in my most impressive manner. They all listened, and I supposed I had made an impression on their rough hearts; and so I had, if the remark of one whom I learnt was a farmer's son, much given to laziness and sport, can be taken in a representative sense. "It's fust-class, and not unlike the song as was in *Bell's Life* last week." I need not say I folded my production up, placed it in my pocket-book, and said no more. There was no laughter from the others at the remark, and I feel sure it was made in no spirit of jest. I present the fact, let others supply comments upon it.

I have described my experiences in conjunction with those of Mr. Cooper, in what are popularly known as "Spirit Manifestations" in my little work; "Spiritualism; its facts and phases." All that seems to me necessary here to state is—that certain very remarkable experiences forced the conviction to my mind, that this mundane world has channels of communication with the spiritual worlds. Mr. Cooper and I investigated, and after satisfying ourselves that we were not deceived, we resolved to spread a knowledge of the facts abroad. Mr. Cooper delivered a course of lectures on one occasion at Brighton. The Rev. ex-farmer opposed him, stating in his speech, that Mr. Powell once had a blind

flute player, in what he called a mesmeric sleep; but when he was requested by Mr. Powell to play a tune, he whispered "the flute's dry." I saw a report of his speech in some of the local papers, and publicly contradicted the statement. The Rev. calumniator wrote a private note, requesting me to give him the name of "the blind flute player." I gave him the name of the young man I had biologised, and told him he was engaged in the Brighton Post-office, and would need good sight to read the directions on letters. I suppose the falsehood was of too ugly a nature, for the minister made no defence of his aspersion, or apology. Some time afterwards, however, he wrote a private note to Mr. Cooper, in which he insinuated something very bad in my conduct, which he said, his Christian forbearance caused him not to take advantage of. It would be a pleasant task enough to write this sketch, without making the slightest allusion to incidents which disparage others; but I could only do so by being unjust to myself.

The Fever at Eastbourne completely shattered our prospects in the lodging-house. We removed back to London, having a career before us similar to the former one. Mr. S. and I met again often, and as often he hinted at my want of friendship for him, in not introducing him to Mrs. C. He had met her son and daughter at one of his lectures, and had taken a bold step by proposing marriage to the daughter. This got to the ears of the mother, and caused her much pain. She told me that I was to blame for not informing her that a meeting had taken place. I replied, that I had no idea of Mr. S. having met her daughter, except on one occasion, at the house of a literary friend, of which fact she had been made acquainted. Soon afterwards, I heard some particulars which threw a little light on the conduct of Mr. S. I wrote a brief statement of them to the lady. She shewed the letter to her daughter, who mentioned the affair to Mr. S. He then wrote a furious letter to me, which annulled all desire on my part of future intercourse with him. I have nothing further to say of this man, whose influence over me at one time was fascinating than this—he has proved himself capable of the most

subtle deception, and has stood at little in the way of scandal to hurt my reputation. With this knowledge, I have not the slightest feeling, other than a desire that he may not call himself either my friend or enemy. I would rather he should remain neutral, and learn to be manly in his intercourse with others with whom he may come in contact. I am unable to believe that he is again to be trusted implicitly, when he has so often with subtlety sought to win some temporary boon at the expense of one whom he used to say, he regarded with the most sincere friendship; and since I cannot give him my whole esteem, I wish not to be longer known to him. But as for any feeling of petty revenge for his attempts to injure me, I should scorn to nurture them. No one knows better than myself the hard, killing conflict he has sustained with poverty, and the bitterness of the cup of distress it has been his misfortune to taste. Had he only proved himself manly amidst all, my heart could never disunite itself from him. Who shall tell the silent, insidious influences which tempt a man, through long years of unsuccessful conflict with privation, to regard the noblenesses of life, as less than fame and fortune? What I have said of Mr. S., I would have entirely withheld, but for its connection with these life-incidents.

Without attempting a full description of the remarkable experiences which have come to me, unsought in most instances by myself, in spiritual phenomena, I will epitomise a few experiences which I am satisfied nothing like trickery or delusion can account for. I have sat in my own house, and in the houses of friends, and have repeatedly witnessed the gyrations of heavy and light tables where there has been no sufficient pressure applied to cause them to move by the persons sitting at them. I have occasionally seen tables, weighing upwards of a hundred pounds, rise from the ground without a hand touching them. Communications have frequently been given in my presence, purporting to come from spirits, by means of automatic and direct writing, trance speaking, the alphabet, and mental questions. I have seen Russian and Chinese characters written through the hand of a

little girl, and what is quite as marvellous, and I venture to add proof of identity, I have seen that same little girl write the autographic signatures of her grandmother, who had been dead upwards of thirty years, and whose handwriting, when in the flesh, the medium had never seen. I have seen her, likewise, repeatedly produce a facsimile of a deceased clergyman's hand writing, and from all I could learn, was forced to believe she had never seen his writing before his death, or since, until the widow of the clergyman sent us a fortnight or so afterwards, a specimen of her late husband's chirography. I have witnessed on more than one occasion in the houses of private individuals, spirit-lights whose wondrous softness and brilliancy far exceeded even the bude or electric light. I have held a guitar tightly between my knees, and after waiting only a few minutes, have felt the strings forcibly thrummed, as though by human fingers, whilst a correct tune has flowed forth from the instrument; and this has been done when the hands of all present were placed upon the table, and I could see the strings vibrating. I have taken a card and held it tightly under the table, and it has been seized from my grasp with a force as strong as a human hand could have applied. I have had my body touched by invisible hands, have had my hand shaken by invisible and apparently tangible fingers. I have heard on several occasions spirit-voices speaking to us with a clearness and intelligibleness, so like human voices, that I have scarcely been able to believe that the parties assembled were not hoaxing us, yet I have not the slightest grounds for a suspicion of the kind. Once I heard, in the presence of six or seven others a spirit-voice in my own house. My wife has, hundreds of times, been entranced, and has been made oftentimes to personate, in an astounding manner, the departed, whom she never saw in the flesh, and her personations have brought tears into the eyes of the relatives of the spirits communicating. Whilst I am writing this, my mind is fresh with the recollection of a curious evidence that invisible powers can secrete things. My wife was showing some photographs to a friend, who requested her to present her with one of myself. She counted before her, three, and gave her

one, remarking there are two left. In an instant, she was puzzled to know what had become of the remaining two photographs of myself, and we all looked everywhere about the room for them, but could not find them. Later in the night, my wife was impressed, for what purpose she knows not, to go into another room and lift up some linen which lay on the dresser, when to her surprise, she found the missing photographs, and was instantly entranced. I present these facts from a sense of duty, knowing the strong prejudice existing in the vast majority of people against "spiritual phenomena." Some of my friends have sincerely advised me to print nothing, either in poetry or prose in this work, that has relation to the experiences I have just enumerated. I have thought earnestly over their advice, and the potent reasons for following it; but I am unable to yield to questions of policy in the matter. The facts I introduce are stamped with the eternal seal of truth, and I should simply yield to a weakness by withholding them, lest some splenetic critic should declaim against the general merit of the book. I am not here philosophizing on "spiritual phenomena," simply relating some few of those I have witnessed or felt. In my little work on Spiritualism, and in the leading articles of the *Spiritual Times*, I have freely put forth my views on the general question. I dismiss the subject by saying that those who may read this, desiring to convince themselves of the truth of my statements, can do so by communicating with me. My only interest being the elimination of truth. In the following, wrtitten in a railway carriage, I have endeavoured to convey some phases of the philosophy of my faith.

PROGRESSIVE LIFE.

ETERNAL Father! all-pervading God!
 My soul struck speechless by Thy chastening rod,
 Subdu'd by sacred sorrow, yearns towards Thee
 In dumb contrition struggles to be free—
 Free from the bondage of perplexing strife—
 Free from the doubts that haunt the walks of life—

Free from the false in every form and creed—
 Free as Thyself from meanness, pride, and greed.
 She struggles with a too impatient will,
 To soar to Thee from all the powers of Ill.

Teach me, Great Father, lessons of Thy love,
 And bid my spirit, like a peaceful dove,
 Wing upward towards the firmament of Being,
 Where Love's celestial orb glows pure—
 And the soul's eye gains power of sense and seeing,
 Where Time and Sin cannot endure.
 But, Father, teach me first to know Thy Will,
 And battle bravely 'gainst the slaves of Ill.

This lower world, and this fair body frail,
 Have uses, Father, for Thy child.
 The rustling corn, when beaten by the flail,
 Starts from its ear in freedom wild—
 And like that corn, my hidden spirit grows,
 And gains its freedom by Life's flail-like blows.

Created by Thy fiat we are here
 To learn to live in Love's immortal sphere.
 Endowed with reason, we are born to feel
 The precious pleasures that Thy works reveal.
 The burning sun—the birds that fill the air
 With liquid songs of praise and prayer—
 The flowers' rich perfume borne upon the breeze—
 The laughing streamlets, and the leafy trees—
 The ocean's epic grandeur—mountains vast—
 The cataract—the comet—havoc's blast—
 The kindly summer's rain—the thunder's crash—
 The moon, its pensive light—the lightning's flash—
 The four-faced Year, and Nature's changeless laws—
 The causes of effects—effects of Cause ;
 All, all proclaim Progressive Life to man—
 A Life that is not compass'd by "a span."

Teach me to feel, O Father kind,
 Whate'er befall me, Thou art near ;
 Then may I bear Life's adverse wind,
 Without a sad complaining tear.

Teach me to know the false from true,
 That I may wholly live to Thee;
 And as I *know*, oh, may I *do*,
 Till my imprison'd soul is free.

Eternal Father, if I err
 Through false instruction, give me light ;
 If I am blind, O God, forbear
 To leave me to my mental night.

I pray Thee, Father, grant me sight
 To see the winding walks of creed ;
 Oh, make me see by living light,
 The Heavenward ways of holy deed.

My soul aspires to God the more she breasts Life's waves,
 Her eager hopes ascend from sorrow's sadden'd graves.
 Father, how wonderful Thy ways ! Thy love, how deep !
 My spirit mounts to Thee—in death there is no sleep.
 This earth is but a passage to the Spirit-Spheres ;
 This body but the shell that lasts some three-score years.

Mr. Cooper, who is quite a devotee at the shrine of Music, often entertained me with pianoforte recitals and executions of his own, when I listened with pleasure to many a production of his, which I feel certain would win for him no ordinary celebrity were they known. At the recollection of pleasant hours spent with him, I composed—

READY RHYMES.

COME, Cooper, let's beguile the hours
 As in the olden days ;

And gather choice poetic flowers
From rare old bardic lays.

Come now, we'll sit and talk and sing,
While worldly cares crouch by,
Unmindful of the winter's sting,
Or Nature's frowning eye.

'Tis pleasant to awaken joys
That long have slumbered deep,
To sport them as the mimic toys
That aged children keep.

Come, let us turn the pages o'er
Of Life's pictorial book,
And realise the scenes of yore,
With eager heart and look.

Our heroes rise in stately form,
The men of giant mould,
Who met the tempest and the storm
With virtuous valour bold.

No sickly, flimsy fops are they,
But men like Cromwell, strong,
Who dared to fight, and loved to pray,
Against the demon Wrong.

Great Shakespeare, Newton, Hampden, Fox,
These are the men we prize;
These are the hero-kings who glow,
Like suns in cloudless skies.

Come now, while we are in the vein,
And play some grand old tune,
Let Music hold imperial reign,
And melodise the noon.

You know that fickle Music deigns
 To wreath upon your brow
 The laurel-crown as free from stains,
 As the fresh virgin snow.

Whilst, like the goddess Fortune frail,
 She spares me niggard smiles ;
 But I'm content with her to fail,
 To see thee win her wiles.

I hear thee say the Poet's fire
 Gleams not within thy breast,
 Whilst I may sing with Nature's choir,
 And wear the Poet's crest.

'Tis like thee, always proud to add
 Rich jewels to my crown ;
 And knowing this I feel most glad
 To sing to thy renown.

These life-incidents I draw to a conclusion by relating one other, which, during the progress of the work, I had no conception of having the exceeding pleasure of relating. After half a score of years, I have revisited my little Marion's grave, in the Independent Chapel burial ground, Chepstow. On the morning of the 28th of August, 1865, I stood beside her grave, and memories of sorrow and sickness radiated by angel smiles, were with me. I can but faintly describe the scene. It is a curious spot for a burial ground, apple trees, and vegetables, and wild weeds, and long grass, spreading over almost the whole surface of the ground. I found the grave of my child through the kindness of a friend; it was sheltered by the branches of a sapling, and was overgrown with long grass, some of which I culled to treasure as a memento. The scene has called forth from my pen :—

MARION'S GRAVE.

In a grave-yard near the Wye,
 Where ripe, ruddy apples grow ;
 While the over-arching sky
 Sun-eyed smiles on all below.

Near an ivied, ancient wall,
 Where a sapling's branches wave,
 And the grasses green and tall,
 Decorate my Marion's grave—

I, her pilgrim parent, stood,
 After half a score of years ;
 And my mind in memory's mood,
 Gave my eyes no ready tears.

All the past, since she was here,
 In her body pure and frail—
 All her gentle graces dear,
 And her features thin and pale—

All my hopes and anxious fears,
 Daily watchings and caressings—
 All her mother's painful tears
 Mixed with Love's pure choicest blessings—

All—like loving spirits came,
 From the sanctum of the years,
 Whisp'ring Marion's hallow'd name,
 And I shed no ready tears—

For I felt her presence blessing—
 And her kisses as of old ;
 While the zephyrs sailed carressing,
 And the grave was touched with gold.

Buried 'neath a tiny mound,
 Where the satin grasses wave,
 And no tablet marks the ground ;—
 There I found my cherub's grave.

And I loved the sacred scene,
 Sanctified by all that's true,
 Decked by Summer's luscious sheen !
 Bathed in Morning's glistening dew !

And I stood beside her grave,
 While the zephyrs toyed with flowers,
 Where the emerald grasses wave,
 And sweet music charms the hours—

Saying—Marion ! angel beauty !
 Thou, my child, who knew no guile !
 Guide me in the ways of Duty,
 Where no shameless sins defile.

Often in Life's weakest season,
 When the lights of Duty waned,
 And my soul was dead to Reason,
 And my love of Truth was feigned,

I have felt thy angel hand
 Stay my footsteps—Guardian Soul !
 And my feet have trod the land
 Leading towards Life's heavenward goal.

In a grave yard near the Wye,
 Where the rocks in pride arise :
 In a grave yard where the eye
 Greet's the verdure with surprise ;

There I stood by Marion's grave,
 Like a pilgrim at a shrine,
 Where the soft green grasses wave,
 With a feeling all divine.

Feeling conscious from my past experiences, that my open avowal, not only of my belief in Mesmerism, but in the facts and philosophy of spiritual manifestations, will cause many who otherwise might look kindly on the productions herewith presented, to "pooh, pooh," not simply my testimony to facts out of the range of conventional credence; but, in consequence, to condemn, not only the portions relating thereto, but the whole work; I feel it necessary to say in good faith, that I had other aims than simply to please or displease either the bigot or critic. At the same time I am not unconscious of falling short, at times, of even my own ideal in the compositions I have chosen to christen "Poetic Pictures." I do not ask the critic to be lenient, but to be just; neither do I anticipate great results from this work in the literary or financial sense. I have aimed at being truthful, and feel more satisfaction in the consciousness of that aim than any ephemeral praise could yield. It would be mock-modesty to pretend I had no feelings of pride in the walk I have chosen to tread, but I must, in justice to my views, say, that I feel as much virtuous pride in testifying to the facts of Spiritualism which have formed the most wonderful portion of these life incidents, as I do in presenting the poems, some of which, I trust, may not be considered unworthy a place in the poetic literature of my country. Let but the facts I have attested be accepted, and I see not how the reader can escape the conclusion they bring me to—*viz.*, that Immortality and God, are not the mere chimeras of priests, but glorious realities that inspire hope and lead to a Christ-like life. The Reformation of Luther stemmed the tide of authority in matters of faith, and recognized the rights of conscience; but in proportion as the Churches have advanced from Catholicism, they have become Materialistic, and instead of a vital Christianity, they have maintained a dead formalism, and a blind hatred of the

spiritual. The re-action from this condition must sooner or later take place, and a second Reformation in which the realities of Religion will supplant those of mere Pagan shams, and I think I see Spiritualism doing humanity service in this direction. The literature of the world, especially the poetic and religious, is imbued with the spiritual. Take away the spiritual from poetry, and it becomes a soulless, dead body. This is recognized by the very men who denounce the modern spiritual manifestations. Did the spiritual cease to manifest, inspiration would end, and art would cease to fascinate and elevate. Every inspired utterance in prose or poetry—every conception sculptured in marble, or made life-like on canvass, betrays the mysterious power of spirit; and yet our nineteenth century wise *litterateurs* write as though it never had an existence. But it has become the fashion to licence allusions in poetry to the tenants in the spirit-life, and to condemn them in prose. I could therefore have expressed my spiritualist thoughts in verse, and, barring the weight of the critical tomahawk on the score of defects in rhythm and imagery, have escaped scot free. But I have dared to be true to my own soul, and to record my testimony in favour of the reality of spirit-manifestations, and beg to ask the objector, if it is a mistake, to assert in plain prose from unmistakeable evidence; that beautiful angels and attendant spirit guardians and inspirers are not the simple creations of poetry.

I have endeavoured to relate the "plain unvarnished" story of my career in as brief and simple a manner as possible. I have likewise purposely avoided giving names where the slightest injury to others might result therefrom, feeling certain that the facts alluded to will have their own legitimate significance for the reader, and that the general statement will bear with it the impress of veracity.

It has not been my intention to carry the reader stage by stage up to the present hour, because I should not be able to abbreviate sufficiently to do justice to the various incidents which would crowd in upon my memory. If I gave a history of the past five or six years, by a simple relation of facts, I should produce a book which might be taken for a

novel. I must rather apologise for the length of this paper. At some future period, I may renew the theme.

The various compositions herewith presented are what I consider the cream of the whole I have published or written. I cannot resist the feeling that some of them deserve recognition, but I am necessarily partial, the reader is the judge to whose decision I must submit. I am not foolish enough to suppose that any amount of sympathy excited by these experiences can give immortal beauty to productions which lack the living grace of beauty, and the active germs of immortality. I present them to the world and ask it to accept them for what they are intrinsically worth. If the world's verdict go against my hopes and these strains fall like sere leaves on the lap of winter, I must be courageous, and bear my disappointment as the earth bears the fallen leaves, without a murmur. I have persevered for years through ill-report and good-report, partial failure and partial success, in the silent chamber of sickness, and amidst the jarring strife of commerce, never utterly despairing, but always aiming towards perfectibility; not that I might simply win a niche in the temple of art, but that I might stimulate to holy thoughts and incite to high endeavours. In the factory I found myself opposed by interests too strong for me, and was beaten outside; but the feelings and springs of thought which inspired me there, were closed out with me, and I still, animated by an irresistible influence, invoked the muse. But ever the hard, killing necessities of social life have persued me, trampling down all Fortune's flowers, and wedding my body to sickness, and my mind to care. But although more subdued, my aspirations are still in the way of the beautiful and the eternally true. My ambition is, that the seed I have sown may have room to grow, and may not be cast simply on sterile ground. The fragmentary facts of my past career (if the poems are considered of value), may serve to stimulate others to the pursuit of art, because they may perceive a fact which may be useful to them—*viz.*, that success in art is not always prohibited by severe social difficulties. If such is the case, I shall not wholly have written in vain.

POETIC PICTURES.

POETIC PICTURES.

HUMPHREY COLLINS.

PART I.

OLD Humphrey Collins won a local fame
In years when Plenty cheer'd his lot ;
Yet Folly, with his later seasons came,
To desecrate his happy cot.

The plodding peasants of his native vale
Look'd up to him as to a peer—
And Collins oft, with many an ancient tale,
Entranc'd each eager list'ner's ear.

In early years a thriving trade he drove,
In sundry ware for household use ;
He served the high and low and plainly throve,
Tho' gaining nought by Trade's misuse.

The little store that Humphrey held for years,
Was quaintly built—three miles from Tring ;
Here Collins prosper'd with no cause for tears ;
As happy as a bird in Spring.
As one that hated Sloth and loved employ,
He sought from Labour, health, from Duty, joy.

His bosom warm'd by Friendship's genial rays,
 And glowed with sympathies divine :
 He worshipp'd Goodness thro' his varying days,
 And shewed the gems of Manhood's mine.

While youth was with him all his power of will
 Wrought solid virtues in his life,
 But in his age allur'd by scenes of Ill—
 He walked the flinty paths of Strife.

Old Humphrey Collins deem'd himself a seer ;
 He gloried to discuss and sing
 Beside his earthen mug of home-brew'd beer,
 While midnight came on rapid wing.

The village alehouse drew him from his home—
 The tippling peasants gave him praise,
 While cheer'd by the teaming tankard's foam
 He told them tales of happy days.

A patient, loving wife, of fragile mould ;
 Three winsome daughters and two boys :
 A hearthstone of affections rarely cold,
 Were Humphrey's prized domestic joys.

The girls, like lilies, bloom'd in bashful beauty,
 As fruitful years rain'd sun and dew ;
 They loved the laws of Virtue and of Duty,
 And with the seasons lovelier grew.

The boys, ere manhood, drained the cup of Woe,
 Yet won their *pass* thro' Fortune's gate ;
 The father taught them lessons that to know,
 Wrought independence in their fate.

The elder daughter Jessie, meek and fond,
 Was richly dower'd with every grace ;
 Her raven ringlets held artistic bond,
 To frame the beauties of her face.

Her forehead, marked by Intellect, shone fair,
 As Virtue crown'd her Nature's queen ;
 Her laugh was ringing, strange to sullen Care,
 She wore her life in modest mien.

The pride of home ! the fairy village flower !
 With eyes of lustre, cheeks of red,
 The loved of all ! with Virtue for a dower ;
 Oh, she was mine to woo and wed !

E'en life itself, to live with her, were bless'd ;
 Her beauty, undisguis'd by Art,
 Adorn'd her brow, with tender thought impress'd,
 And wreath'd the spirit of her heart.

To sit beside her, and in thrilling tones,
 To sound her soul and heed her tongue,
 To guide her mind mid Fancy's radiant zones,
 Gave joy, like beauty, ever young.

Oh ! there were jewels deep in Jessie's breast,
 That wealthy monarchs might desire !
 She loved her parents and her sisters best,
 Of all that maidens most admire.

Her sisters, Ellie—Florence—claimed her thought,
 They loved to feel her magic away ;
 And loving, deemed life's rarest joys as nought,
 If Jessie's smile were chased away.

And then, the mother! none could view her smile
 And fail to glory in its glow :
 Old Humphrey's home resembled Heaven awhile,
 With just a shade of human woe.

The youngest, Ellie, was a round-faced creature,
 Whose guileless life enraptur'd grew.
 Her father's likeness peer'd from every feature,
 And in her breast were sorrows few.

She was a tender, dream-impassion'd girl,
 Her soul aspir'd on Fancy's wings ;
 The world to her, with harsh, unceasing whirl,
 Was like a harp with tuneful strings.

She saw in Nature scenes to yield her bliss :
 The haunts of men retired beyond :
 The birds, the flowers, and sweet affection's kiss,
 She loved with childlike passion fond.

Her parents and her sisters shared Love's feelings,
 That thrill'd her heart with ecstasy—
 Rejoic'd in Ellie's love—her soul-revealings,
 When Sorrow came to mock at Glee.

Old Humphrey loved his girls, but Ellie's voice,
 Was sweeter far than songs of birds ;
 He called her "Pet," and "Dearie," his "Soul's choice,"
 And bless'd her being with his words.

The other daughter, Florence, staid and slender,
 Was graced with graces pure and rare ;
 Her bosom pulsed by feelings true and tender,
 Had longings still, and hidden fears of Care.

She sat and gazed like one with soul asleep,
 Her loose heartstrings by Sorrow finger'd ;
 The joys of Florence, as her woes, were deep,
 And with her patient spirit linger'd.

A quiet, thoughtful girl, with passion seal'd,
 Fair Florence—she could *feel*—*ne'er tell*
 The bliss profound that home-affections yield—
 Her tongue was still'd by Nature's spell.

By times, at eve, the sisters sat and sang,
 Like Eve in Eden's sinless bowers,
 And as their voices to the welkin rang,
 With pleasance rare beguil'd the hours.

Jessie and Ellie gave their feelings vent—
 Grew up together like proud twins,
 Whilst Florence, in her sacred silence pent,
 Gave birth to words as few as sins.

PART II.

OLD Humphrey Collins felt a pleasing pain
 While musing on his youthful years—
 He lived the past in memory o'er again,
 And saw the present thro' his tears :

For his life's book, that destiny held fast,
 Had pages blurr'd with blundering blots ;
 He saw his youth in age and knew it passed,
 With all its mystic golden knots.

The old man's habits clung with limpit-vigour,
 As youth went by his strength subsided ;
 His mind grew wise, yet Wisdom's sturdy rigour
Within his sadden'd brain abided.

With youth he ceased to act from Wisdom's aim,
 And Folly lured him into sin ;
 In age, he thought and suffer'd 'till his shame
 Became familiar as his kin.

An hour of folly cost him all his store ;
 He sat within the alehouse-bar—
 And drinking, sang and vented forth his lore,
 Till Life with Love waged constant war.

As some lost vessel dashed against a rock,
 Gives up its freightage to the wave—
 So, Humphrey's Home wrecked by Misfortune's shock,
 Gave up its largess to the grave.

Alas ! amid the wreck of all his wealth,
 While Life's rude tempest raged around,
 The sad man Humphrey, wreck'd alike in health,
 Still sadder, keener sorrow find.

His early comrades whom he oft befriended,
 In years when Fortune on him smiled
 While his frail spirit towards its future wended,
 Tho' living near, were yet exiled.

His troubled heart surg'd like a sea with grief,
 While all his so-called Friends passed by,
 Without one friendly word to give relief,
 And raise his burden'd soul on high.

These be the things misnam'd "our dear, dear friends,"
 Whose cautious tongues conspire with lies ;
 Whose presence with their subtle treachery ends,
 Whene'er misfortune makes us wise.

True Friendship, set in Life's beclouded sky,
 Is like a star to midnight grand—
 Whose mystic mildness greets the pilgrim's eye,
 And gleams in glory on the land.

'Tis like a stream of cold delicious water
 That sparkles free in torrid climes ;
 Or as some pure and spiritual daughter,
 More chaste than poet's richest rhymes.

PART III.

THE sea-winds wailed athwart the crispéd wold—
 Wailed mournful echoes to the night ;
 The sea-waves, glassed by skies of gleaming gold,
 Toy'd with the day's soft satin light.

The throstle piped its mellow-notes to Spring,
 The bee dron'd music to the flower ;
 The thoughtless moth, with variegated wing,
 Disported thro' its summer hour.

The old man, Humphrey, like a helmless barque,
 On troubled billows, sailed to land—
 With cargo drifted, as a freightless ark,
 His rent sails reef'd upon the sand.

The forms familiar of his early days,—
 The proud pursuits for Fortune's prize—
 The smiles of friends—e'en Love's bewitching ways,
 Were dead as sere'd leaves to his eyes.

A rugged fane, whose walls of heavy stone,
 In antique grandeur, spoke of Time;
 A village near, where peasants dwelt alone
 Beneath the brow of hills sublime.

The rude old church was Humphrey's hope—his stay—
 In bygone days with sober zest,
 In this calm sanctum he would kneel and pray
 With fervent faith and spirit blest.

When great men fall; the nipping frost of Fate
 Congeals the springs of Faith and Hope;
 The small men who aspire, but grow not great,
 Oft strengthen as with Fate they cope.

As eagles, soaring high o'er crag and peak,
 That flap their wings to breezes wild,
 When cag'd, or pinion'd, pine for sea-winds bleak,
 Or weaken as a dying child;

As forest monarchs, preying fierce and free,
 Submit to conquest when they die—
 As mountain whirlwinds kiss the troubled sea,
 Then slacken as they raging fly—

Do souls of greatness in the strife of woe,
 Lose power, and hope, and faith, and all
 That greatness needs to keep it great below;
 As small men rise do great men fall.

Old Humphrey Collins was a man of pride,
 Upon the past he ponder'd often,
 While silent tears he strove in vain to hide,
 His pale and hollow cheeks would soften.

So years on wings of change flew past, and there,
 Untouch'd by change, save in the mind,
 The old man fondled his one killing care,
 With morbid madness seeming kind.

PART IV.

WITHIN a score yards of the village fane,
 Stood Humphrey's cottage tiled and old—
 The broken windows welcom'd wind and rain,
 And looked out sadly to the wold.

Around the cot clung memories sad and sweet,—
 Here childhood frolick'd in child-gee,
 Here Love and Beauty sat at Duty's feet,
 While favouring breezes sallied free.

Here Jessie's infant musings, like soft strains
 Of music struck from harps divine,
 Trembled along her parents' ruddy veins,
 Like zephyrs thro' a clustering vine.

Ah! dear the blessings rare that twin souls feel,
 Whose rapt ears throb with Love's first vows!
 Ah! dearer far! is fond affection's seal,
 When set on childhood's sinless brows—

While child-words flow from child-lips like a stream,
 And child-souls hive such tender sweets,
 That parent souls exult, as in a dream,
 Forgetting Earth's fierce colds and heats!

So Humphrey and his wife in the dear days
 When parent-raptures knit their souls,
 Enrich'd by joy, shed forth Affection's rays
 To hallow Life's mysterious goals!

Behold that home erst cheer'd by Mirth!
 Where are the smiles and pleasing themes
 That wed fond fragile souls unto the earth?
 Changed—gone—the past a vision seems!

Where Gladness laughed and Music softly fell,
 Joys wane and painful feelings sway;
 The night is changed to morn—the solemn knell
 Strikes plaintive echoes to the day.

The spectral king, grim Death, hath set his mark
 Where Life can urge no further plea—
 Two loving lives have gone out in the dark
 To voyage Death's unfathom'd sea.

Old Humphrey Collins and his patient wife
 Together lay in snow-white shrouds—
 Releas'd from all the tempting ills of life,
 Their spirits wafted to the clouds.

PART V.

THE weeds of Sorrow grow like grass apace,
 The clouds of Want are thickly rolled,
 When Weakness looks Misfortune in the face,
 And owns no friend and claims no gold.

The sister orphans, beautiful and chaste
 As lilies rear'd by Art's rare skill,
 Shall blossom fair in Life's unweeded Waste,
 Where Blight and Tempest come to kill.

Weak in their sex, yet strong in love of Truth,
 Tho' hopeless, friendless seems their fate,
 With purpose high, they consecrate their youth
 To virtues that on trials wait.

Ah! Fortune's dames! repose on beds of down!
 Ye wot not how your sisters strive,
 Whose brows are wreath'd by Suffering's thorny crown,
 Who die like bees in Labour's hive!

The shrill-toned cock, with pompous pride, at morn,
 Crow'd to the hazy lakes and leas—
 The glowing sun smiled on the waving corn,
 And mellow music thrilled the breeze.

The sea heav'd surges as the ships rocked past,
 The sailors sighed—for friends and home
 Were many leagues behind the nodding mast,
 And Fortune floated on the foam.

The landmen plied their varied modes of life,
 And seemed to know no thought of pain ;
 The myriad sounds of industry were rife,
 And Day alone held kingly reign.

No sympathising friend, with angel tone,
 Was heard by Jessie. Want and Woe
 Were leagued in spite, and Weakness wailed alone.
 Ellie and Florence may not know

The desolate anguish Jessie seeks to hide.
 Let Kindness live—let Virtue cheer—let Truth
 In holy radiance, light the wise world wide—
 Yet that devoted sister's ruth

Shall wear a charm that no proud gem of Beauty
 Can dull. The sisters, wed to Sorrow,
 Heroic pilgrims at the shrine of Duty,
 Must work and wait in faith the morrow.

PART VI.

A NARROW court within a market town—
 A barn-like dwelling near a stable—
 The orphan sisters here, with hopes cast down,
 Are gather'd round a foodless table.

They speak not while their fingers bleed with plaiting,
 They share each other's every care ;
 Their souls are overfull for idle chatting,
 A rueful shade their features wear.

The last priz'd sixpence has been paid for rent,
 The last loaf has been eaten hours;
 The sisters plait, and plait, in misery pent,
 Oppress'd by Want's despotic powers.

Dear God! what dire despairs each day appear!
 How Virtue smiles in face of Death!
 Surely the harbour Plenty must be near
 When Want is fann'd by Virtue's breath!

Look out! the great sea changes to the wind,
 Dulness to Pleasure must give sway;
 If Fate be cruel now, she'll yet prove kind—
 The moods of night come not with day!

Too proud to beg, too good to live by Wrong,
 The orphan sisters, in Love's name,
 Resolve to bear Misfortune's killing thong,
 To suffer death, but never shame.

Few wants are theirs, and few the joys they own,
 They labour long to win content;
 The world without to them is scarcely known,
 Save where their plait is sold for rent.

PART. VII.

The great world revolves on the wheels of Life,
 With its cargo of Hope and Fear;
 The minions of Commerce shake hands with Strife,
 While Triumph and Terror appear.

'Tis little to Commerce that Virtue dies,
 So that *cotton* and *paper* grow;
 The tears of distress in Affection's eyes
 From an ocean of grief may flow.

'Tis little to Trade the death or despair
 Of the weakest souls in the land;
 Weigh souls in the scale against gold who dare?
 Far better sink souls in the sand.

The great world revolves to motion of gold,
 And the moments are golden grains;
 Few can be spared for the frail and the old,
 While our bodies fetch more than brains.

The wheels of Commerce are never at rest,
 They work by the impulse of steam;
 The sisters may sigh, but sighing at best
 Is a light breeze fanning Life's stream.

The favour'd of Fortune ride by in pride,
 The ladies, in satin and gauze;
 The lords sit smiling at ease by their side,
 It is not the fashion to pause!

The homes of the poor may stand by the way,
 While Pleasure doth marshal her slaves;
 For Fashion's gay group must bow to the day,
 Tho' the poor drop into their graves.

Far better sink lives in the chasm of Death
 Than the pulse of Trade should beat low!
 When thou givest, oh, God! thy poor ones breath,
 Oh! grant them but little to know!

For the thoughts of Want imperil the mind
 When Life's feet are bleeding and bare:
 The sails must be tough that can tempt the wind,
 Or the wind the frail sails will tear.

The orphan sisters bear the lash of Care,
 Till Hope, the saviour, seems to wane.
 A few brief hours, and then these loved ones fair
 Will part to sail Life's social main.

Ah, Beauty! weep! Ah, Trouble! gloat in glee!
 The maidens kiss and part in tears;
 Ah, Want! the sister orphans shall be free,
 Tho' Time and Struggle heap up fears!

They enter service many leagues apart,
 And learn the task of toil full soon;
 They meet with meanness in the human mart,
 And prize plain Justice as a boon.

PART VIII.

How Sorrow flies when Love comes fresh and strong,
 To woo the soul to holy feeling!
 Fair Jessie, losing sadness, heard Love's song,
 And lived in Love's delicious healing.

With patience—perseverance—sinews tough,
 Her partner bless'd by Hope and zeal,
 Doth breast Life's breakers, be they ne'er so rough,
 He lives for Love and Jessie's weal.

The glowing days laugh out from Time's domain,
 And life seems heaven to those whose hearts
 Together, bound with Love's fine silken chain,
 Together move 'mid Labour's marts.

The past, forgotten, leaves no trace of pain
 In Jessie's radiant form and face;
 She loves, and Love is her life's richest gain,
 So Virtue hold her former place.

Florence and Ellie *serve* by Duty sped—
 They learn how Jessie feeds on bliss;
 But not till Jessie to the altar led,
 Doth glow with Love's hymenal kiss.

New beauties seem to deck the face of Life,
 New duties, new delights and cares
 Spring forth, like leaves, to wreath the brow of "Wife,"
 The fairest crown that woman wears.

'Tis those who suffer in the bud that know
 The worth of pleasure in the bloom.
 The flowers that, unobstructed, wildly grow,
 Mature to sweeten their own tomb.

The flowers that force their growth thro' weeds and ill,
 Have longest lease the earth to grace;
 The fawns pant most when bounding up the hill,
 Yet strengthen as they tempt the chase.

So, hearts subdu'd by Poverty and Woe,
 Where Virtue nestles as a dove,
 When Fortune's gilded floods have ceased to flow,
 Will meekly bow to worship Love.

The change of Fortune changeth not the true,
 And Nature's children pride in Truth ;
 'Tis those that swerve from Nature's laws who rue,
 And age before the noon of youth.

PART IX.

He fought, that husband, like a Spartan chief,
 With heartless foes in armour'd guise,
 He fought with zeal that laughs at sickly grief,
 With temper temper'd tame and wise.

He loved his home, his Jessie's gentle voice,
 And sat, at close of each day's toil,
 To bid her loving life in love rejoice,
 And scare all thoughts of Life's turmoil.

No drunken orgies shared his gold and time,
 He never found in drink a foe—
 He lived for Truth, and held no plea with Crime,
 Since Jessie was his *all* below.

And she, the happy bride, can now look up,
 The sky smiles clear and life glows fair.
 Ellie and Florence sip her honied cup,
 And soon forget their bond with Care.

Alas ! that Interest should snap the thread
 That binds the souls affection claims !
 Alas ! that Virtue, in the rush for bread,
 Should block the way to worldly aims !

We gaze on Nature in her vernal dress,
 And view her sylvan charms with pleasure ;
 We linger by her grotto'd streams, and bless
 Creation for her magic treasure.

We cease to wrangle in the school of Strife.
 The moment Nature thrills the soul.
 We gaze on her mysterious worlds of Life,
 And find agreement thro' the whole !

Yet when we meet to deal out Toil and Fame,
 We quarrel, kill, and suffer scorn,
 Because our faith is built on Gold and Shame,
 And not of God or Nature born !

Oh, Love ! weep ; weep ; the fair young bosom wells
 With feelings known to Vice and Wrong !
 Oh, Beauty ! sleep, for Pleasure rings her bells
 To summon wanton Shame along.

The eagle soars o'er cliffs and crags sublime,
 And flaps its pinions 'gainst the breeze ;
 The red-breast robin, in a milder clime,
 Confines his flight to dwarfish trees.

The robin bird flies safely in the wood ;
 But should he tempt the eagle's nest,
 His feeble form would soon be found for food,
 By prey-birds, or by worms in quest.

So, frail, fair females tempting Trouble's ways,
 When youth and Virtue sally wide,
 Are trapp'd in Trouble's melancholy days,
 And swept like corks upon the tide !

PART X.

OH, fickle Fortune! like unto a queen,
 Thou grantest favours to thy mood;
 The most deserving have not ever been
 The sole recipients thou hast woo'd.

Perchance the undeserving, idle knave,
 May sue thee with obsequious speech,
 And thou, proud Fortune! from thy golden cave,
 May'st place vast treasures in his reach.

Mayhap, the aged widow, in her weeds,
 Subdu'd by Sickness, prays thee "*give!*"
 Whilst thou, frail Fortune! heedless of thy deeds,
 Dost *take* till she doth cease to live.

Yet sometimes, as the waves of Life leap wild,
 And Beauty—Virtue—Love sail by—
 Thou Fortune! from the world of pomp exil'd,
 Dost yield a bounteous argosy.

As vessels on the ocean, lost to land,
 May glide upon an island new,
 An Eldorado glittering in the sand,
 Where gold is plentiful as dew:

As travellers in the forest lost by night,
 May find a guide when Death seems near:
 As pilgrims robb'd of purse may fall in sight
 Of friends when Friendship is most dear:

The low, sad workers in the social mart,
 When clouds environ Labour's sky,
 May touch the sybil Fortune to the heart,
 And bring her jewell'd chariot nigh!

QUEEN OF LITTLE GIRLS.

Pretty patient, prudent Nelly!
 Artless, kind and sage—
 Tender, trusting, truthful Nelly!
 Young yet full of age.

How I love thy quaint, quick speeches,
 Golden smiles and curls,
 Cheeks fair-flush'd as mellow peaches,
 Queen of little girls!

Witty, winsome, winning Nelly!
 Roaming by the sea—
 Gleeful, gentle, graceful Nelly!
 Ever fond and free :

Free from fears of coming storms,
 Gladsome as the sun,
 Fair as Summer's fairy forms,
 Wondrous little one!

How I love thy quaint, quick speeches,
 Golden smiles and curls,
 Cheeks fair-flush'd as mellow peaches,
 Queen of little girls!

Merry, musing, modest Nelly!
 Count thy years to me,
 Cheerful cautious, candid Nelly!
 "Seven sir," said she.

Dreamy, dainty, darling creature !
 Priceless pearl of pearls !
 Chastely form'd in soul and feature,
 Queen of little girls !

Faultless, favour'd, faithful Nelly !
 How I love thy ways !
 Blooming, bonny, bashful Nelly !
 Born for love and praise !

Like a moonlit-rippling stream
 Flowing merrily,—
 Or a picture in a dream,
 Glows thy life to me,—

Dreamy, dainty, darling creature !
 Priceless pearl of pearls !
 Chastely form'd in soul and feature,
 Queen of little girls !

Laughing, loving, liltng Nelly !
 Birds and zephyrs sing—
 Hopeful, honest, happy Nelly !
 Mirthful little thing !

Full of joys and sage desires,
 Lost to sordid fears ;
 Sweetest note of Nature's choirs,
 Heard in Music's spheres !

Dreamy, dainty, darling creature !
 Priceless pearl of pearls !
 Chastely form'd in soul and feature,
 Queen of little girls !

LIFE

[A FRAGMENT.]

The channels of our Life
 Are not confin'd to those whose currents flow
 From source prolific of soul-poisoning Crime,
 Where Sin's pollutions breed disease and woe.
 For God, our Gracious Father! hath ordain'd
 That Night, Despair, and Pain, and solemn Death,
 Shall be but contrasts in His Plan divine;
 And so, sweet Day, Hope, Pleasure, sacred Life,
 Are sent by Heaven as tributes of His love.

Behold the laughing joy,
 That like the golden sunbeam on the flower,
 Sits gracefully on Virtue's queenly brow!
 Note the quiet beauty, flush'd by innocence,
 Reposing on the pillow'd lap of Love,
 That weds the opening life-bud of the child!
 How spotless its young heart! serenely sweet
 Its faultless lineaments! Its infant soul
 Doth mirror naught save Truth, and Heaven, and God.

The doting mother looks into the eyes
 Of her dear child, each smile and guileless way,
 In her excites delight. Her thirsty soul
 Of her infant's being drinks; naught of gladness
 Greeted its growing life, but she, fond mother!
 Shares the joy, and the passion-pledge of Love
 Is quickly seal'd upon its sacred lips.
 No piercing pain doth gnaw away its peace
 And flaw the jewel-joys within its breast,
 Unsought by the rude eye of those whose thoughts
 Reflect severer images of Life,

Than bound the fairy life-growth of a child—
 But she, brave mother! watching day and night,
 Doth share each pang, while every agony
 Doth prey acutely on her wounded heart.
 In the first budding of the infant soul,
 The thoughtful mind unwarp'd by Self, or Sin,
 Beholds the semblance of angelic life,
 And reads the fairy poetry of Love,
 Whose placid pathos sanctifies the Truth.

Say not existence is a weary load
 That weighs like lead upon the heart of man
 To press him to the grave.

Behold the world
 Of Life inhabited by youthful hearts,
 Whose fates are mirror'd in each other's eyes!
 To them, the children of an ideal realm,
 This pulsing thing call'd Life, like glowing summer,
 Wears an aspect lovely. What tales they tell,
 To while away the lagging hours, and forge
 The golden links that chain their hearts to Love,
 While their twin souls upclimb the steeps of heaven,
 Tranc'd in a zone of rapture-kindling bliss!

The voice of Love sings in the ear of Hope,
 To dear inspiring strains of happy thoughts—
 The voice of Love doth sweetly woo the life
 That feeds upon its counterpart, and reigns
 Sole monarch of Earth's beautiful domain.
 The voice of Love whose honied lips do press
 The vestal brow of fair ethereal Beauty—
 'Tis that dear voice that soothes the sorrowing soul,
 And yields unto the feeble-drooping form,
 The manna that gives strength to bear and struggle.
 Say not that Life's a void while Love's dear voice
 Still cheers and speaks of Hope and Heaven to man!

If, in thy life-abusing heart, no pulse,
In throbbing, eager freedom beats, attun'd
By childhood's mystic wand, or the soft lay,
That breaks the thrall of doubt and wildly leaps
Where Virtue sings and pure emotion dwells,
Thy life must be a breathing tomb, where flowers
Of human form do fade for lack of sun,
And rank and noisome weeds upon its waste
And rocky heights do run to seed.

THE SLEEPING CHILD.

SLEEP ! cherub-beauty, sleep !
While ebon shadows creep
Around thy curtain'd bed.
Still, as the silent dead,
Unheeding friends or foes,
I watch thy sweet repose,
Thy deep and placid sleep !

In thy bosom who can tell
What divine conceptions dwell ?
Who, among the sons of men,
Can pourtray by voice or pen,
The enchanting scenes that rise
Before thy slumber-seal'd eyes ?
Oh, could'st thy own speechless lips,
As the sun through an eclipse
Breaks the clouds that shroud it wholly,
Break the dream-clouds fine and holy,
That obstruct my mundane sight,
From the mysteries of thy night !

Sleep ! wondrous beauty, sleep !
The house-dog's in the keep.
The caged bird does not sing,
Its head is in its wing.
I hear the clock's heart beat ;
And wand'ers in the street ;
As I behold thee sleep !

Of the mystic forms and fairies ;
Of the innocent vagaries ;
Of the myriad angel-girls
Rob'd in precious gems and pearls,

Waving garlands, made of flowers
 Cull'd from Dreamland's spirit bowers;
 Of the pictures sketch'd on coral;
 And the magic music oral;
 Of the festive fountains playing;
 And the frolic loves a-maying;
 That to thee are things all real;
 I can but guess and call ideal.

Sleep! dreaming angel, sleep!
 While stars their watches keep,
 Unconscious of the woes
 That earthly-worship knows.
 No sound disturbs thy slumber,
 While Night its footsteps number,
 And I behold thee sleep!

Is thy gentle spirit flown,
 Mid the spirit circles, known
 To childhood? Or is it there
 In its fleshy temple fair,
 Guarded by the angels bright?
 Oh! if I could gain a sight
 Of the realms that round thee glow—
 And could feel thy Feeling's flow
 Of bliss, what delight were mine!
 Naught methinks is so divine.
 But my soul is all too troubled,
 By the sins that Time hath doubled.

Sleep! sinless cherub, sleep!
 May angels ever keep
 Guardian care o'er thee.
 And when from slumber free,
 May no perplexing sorrow,
 From thy gentle nature borrow
 The Peace that guards thy sleep!

THE RAINBOW ON THE SEA.

I stood and watch'd the sea-waves break upon the shore,
 And heard their mournful music moaning evermore—
 I saw the rushing billows surge and plash and foam,
 And rocking, white-reef'd vessels, sailing far from home.
 The waves in trios came and went like sea kings free,
 And breezy, weeping clouds swept darkly o'er the sea—
 And as I watch'd; the waves came rolling to the shore,
 I heard their mournful music moaning evermore—
 And evermore their moaning, like a mournful strain,
 Echo'd on the dying breeze with a wild refrain!

And soon I saw emerge from thin transparent shrouds,
 A brilliant color'd bow whose rich hues fleck'd the clouds.
 From sea to sky—from sky to sea, it arch'd and glow'd,
 While breezes wailed and Ocean's billow'd waters flow'd.
 I gazed upon the bow as children greet the sea,
 And mystic wonder wove its magic spell o'er me.
 And as I gazed; the waves came rolling to the shore,
 I heard their mournful music moaning evermore—
 And evermore their moaning, like a mournful strain,
 Echo'd on the dying breeze with a wild refrain!

I look'd upon the rainbow glowing fair and bright,
 And, lo! a second bow was imag'd to my sight—
 But ere I could exclaim in words of sudden praise,
 The rainbows both dissolv'd like sunbeams in the haze!
 I saw the sky, the leaden clouds, the falling rain,
 And buoyant ships upon the dull, dark, gleaming main—
 And sigh'd to see the bow of promise re-appear,
 And paint anew its form upon the azure sphere—
 And as I sigh'd; the waves came rolling to the shore,
 I heard their mournful music moaning evermore—

And evermore their moaning, like a mournful strain,
Echo'd on the dying breeze with a wild refrain!

I thought of youth; of beauty's smile; all transient things;
Of dreams that glisten bright on Slumber's airy wings;
I thought how Fancy's whispers charm the eager ear;
How Hope illumines the soul as Trust doth banish Fear;
I thought of childhood's days—of Summer's golden reign—
All Nature's varied music heard on hill and plain—
How like all these, the glorious, gorgeous rainbow seem'd,
Whose perfect beauties almost vanish'd as they beam'd—
And as I thought; the waves came rolling to the shore,
I heard their mournful music moaning evermore—
And evermore their moaning, like a mournful strain,
Echo'd on the dying breeze with a wild refrain.

I mus'd in solemn thought upon the world below,
And felt my bosom heave with earthly care and woe;
But thinking of the bow that gleam'd above the sea,
I felt the power of Love, eternal, pure, and free!
The rain had ceased; the full-orb'd Sun from Heaven look'd
down
With kindly, kingly smile, in Beauty's radiant crown.
How like the golden orb the rainbow glow'd and wan'd,
While God, and Heaven, Truth, and Love, and Life, re-
main'd!
And as I mus'd; the waves came rolling to the shore,
I heard their mournful music moaning evermore—
And evermore their moaning, like a mournful strain,
Echo'd on the dying breeze with a wild refrain.

THE DEW DROP AND THE FLOWER.

A dew-drop glisten'd in the Sun,
 Upon a fading flower ;
 The crystal globule in the Sun,
 Collaps'd within an hour.

It seem'd to kiss the dying stem,
 As if it knew its fate ;
 No queen ere wore a richer gem,
 In all the pomp of state.

The dew drop glisten'd in the Sun ;
 A mystic orb so bright !
 The sands that down Time's hourglass run,
 Bath'd in the Morn's pure light.

The dew drop glisten'd in the Sun,
 In Life's develop'd bloom ;
 But ere the Morn its course had run,
 It found a waiting tomb.

The dew drop and the faded flower
 No more adorn the earth ;
 Yet Nature with her wondrous power,
 Gives others hourly birth.

TINTORETTO.

THE Artist saw his daughter smile and heard her speak,
 He loved the native rose-tints on her cheek,
 He heard the soft full echoes as she sang,
 And Passion's music like sweet church-bells rang.
 He thought of Beauty when the child came near—
 He thought of Love, the Love that fears not Fear,
 The Beauty—Love— of her his dead wife dear.

The Artist, in his dressing-gown and tassel-cap,
 His daughter-child upon his welcome lap,
 With silent Sorrow eating up his life—
 Endears his daughter, and invokes his wife.
 He paints the moments into days and nights,
 And leads his darling through his dreaming flights,
 While Fame looks down from Fortune's towering heights.

The bud, unfolding as the changing seasons fall,
 Doth bloom to blush upon the garden wall;
 As Virtue, Beauty, Love and Honour glow,
 The flowers of genius sweeten as they grow.
 The wifeless Artist painting, stern and old—
 A pilgrim paleing to the snowy wold—
 Beheld his daughter, like a statue, cold!

She budded, blossom'd, blush'd, in tender maiden beauty;
 Her woman's heart the instrument of Duty.
 But ah! in virgin prime the stem is down,
 The flower is leafless and its petals blown!
 Poor slave of Art! thy dream's a barren joy;
 In unwrought gold there's dross—in Life alloy;
 And peers of Mind may mourn a shatter'd toy!

What after all is man ? he rules his weaker kind ;
 Mounts the proud peaks of Fame on Fortune's wind ;
 He dresses, dines, and dances in his glee :
 He tills the land and ploughs the savage sea.
 But when thro' weary, dreary years of Woe,
 He meets with Triumph ; as her trumpets blow,
 He falls, like wintry leaves that lie in snow.

With leaves all scatter'd by the winter wind
 And stricken stem that's blighted in its rind,
 Proud Tintoretto, like an oak left bare and hale,
 All desolate stands while wintry breezes wail.
 'Tis midnight ! solemn shadows sail the air—
 He sets his dead child in her own soft chair,
 And sadly smoothes her locks of raven hair.

Ah, swift ! the moments rob the dead of rosy hues !
 The brush and pallet seize ere Death imbues
 Her features with a strange and awful cast—
 Or thy fam'd skill must reproduce the Past.
 The painter holds the flickering light in view,
 And on the canvass glows, in colours true,
 The portrait of the maid now damp with dew !

'Tis morn ! a rugged coffin holds the shrouded clay ;
 Sad Tintoretto throws his paints away !
 His strong life weakens as the waves of Care
 Break wild, to dash him 'gainst the rock, Despair.
 The Artist kneeling thro' the lingering day—
 Like some lorn traveller mated by Dismay—
 To his own pictur'd child doth weep and pray !

SOFT WING THE ZEPHYRS ALONG.

Soft wing the zephyrs along,
 Kissing the leaf-laden trees :
 Soft falls the incense among
 The heather that nods in the breeze.

Mavis and laverock soar free,
 Piping the Summer day long,
 Joyful as joyful can be,
 Give Nature a praise-breathing song.

Gleesome the face of the Morn,
 Bearing the Sun on her breast,
 Over the gold-waving corn,
 To the wondrous world of the West.

Rosy and wooing the Day,
 Woeful to none but the slave,
 Nature in garniture gay,
 Gives joy to the good and the brave.

THE ARTIST OF TREFOIL.

He came, a laughing, bright-hair'd boy ;
 A creature born for Love and Joy ;
 His bird-like heart beat light with bliss ;
 His reddened lips seem'd made to kiss.
 The goddess Beauty gave her gems,
 Her inartistic diadems,
 To deck his brow. The boy grew fair,
 And Nature nestled in his air,
 As Love felt proud to name him—"Sir."

His temper, tam'd by Wisdom's art ;
 His virtue jewell'd in his heart ;
 He went his way to brave the strife ;
 To taste the sweet and gall of life ;
 To love in Want and live in Fear ;
 To feel, when Sorrow lingers near,
 That Life hath change, and Bliss is dear.

His, was a soul inspir'd by thought ;
 His, was a life with tempest fraught ;
 His, was a zeal that Love kept warm ;
 His, was a faith that nought might harm.
 He saw the havoc of the strong ;
 He knew the tyranny of Wrong ;
 And felt the lash of Custom's throng.

The wand of Art was in his hand ;
 He waved it with a patience grand.
 He fought with Want—his great soul flush'd
 With hope—the while, his spirit crush'd
 Beneath the load of Care, still smil'd—
 And strong endurance, unrevil'd,
 Was with him—nor was Love exil'd.

A garret, in a crowded lane ;
A wife, whose smile, like sun in rain,
Brought happiness ; a fate of toil
Were his—the Artist of Trefoil.
He painted thro' the live-long day—
He painted through the night, they say ;
And through the day and night did pray.

He strove for Fame, since Fame wins bread ;
But Fame, as yet, was far a-head.
His wife, with heart heroic, true ;
Gave out her strength, and lived to rue.
The Artist groan'd, as one forsook ;
He told his sorrow in his look ;
Yet life was still an open book.

A CRADLE SONG.

Hush! sweet baby,
 Mother's darling, sleep!
 Hush! dear cherub,
 Sleep, and do not weep!

Hush! fair baby,
 Nestled warmly here!
 Hush! sweet dearie,
 Fairies hover near!—

Fairies come from dream-land,
 To gladden mother's boy—
 Come to people child-land,
 And give her cherub joy.

Hush! dream-land fairies hasten;
 Coronell'd and free.
 They come to bless and chasten
 Bless and chasten thee.

Hush! bless'd beauty, hush!
 Mother watches thee!
 The evening's mellow flush
 Gleams upon the sea.

Sleep! pet angel, sleep!
 Like bird in downy nest,
 While night's dull shadows creep
 Athwart the golden West.

Dream-land fairies hover
 Round thy cradle bed ;
 Shadows veil the clover,
 For the day is dead !

Hush, baby ! dream-land fairies,
 Only seen in sleep :
 Hush, baby ! dream-land fairies,
 The keys of Slumber keep.

Sleep, loved infant, sleep !
 The caged goldfinch sings.
 Sleep, sweet cherub—sleep !
 Slumber's bower-bell rings.

Sleep, Hope's idol, sleep !
 Dream's bright seraphs say.
 Sleep, life's idol, sleep !
 Slumber's harpers play.

Dreamy wonders linger,
 Fraught with wizard powers,
 Vision's hidden finger
 Mystifies the hours !

Sleep, baby ! dream-land fairies
 Melodise the air.
 Sleep, darling ! dream-land fairies
 Mystic symbols bear.

THE ANGELS ARE ABOUT US.

THE angels are about us, when we think not they are near,
And those of angel-natures are to angels wedded here.

As we walk with bleeding feet, over Life's uneven way,
May we know that angels guard us with a love that lives
for aye.

If we aspire to goodness, with Christ before our eyes,
The angels will attend us, when we sleep and when we rise.

The just delight in justice, and the juster man appears,
The more he draws down angels from the pure and perfect
spheres.

May we heed angelic whispers, amid the strife of Woe ;
When all its force of passion lays our feeble virtues low ;

When Hope is shrouded like a sun, and Life seems leas'd to
Care,
And all the chambers of the soul are haunted by Despair ;

Let us listen to the whispers of the angels hovering near,
And ghosts of Grief, like shadows, from the soul shall dis-
appear.

If we *would* have faith and virtue—the creed that Jesus
taught ;
His maxims in our lives must glow like jewels in a court.

Our lips may sound the name of Christ, and yet our hearts
may own
The world's material idols, gold, iron, wood, and stone.

Oh! may we draw down angels from the spirit-spheres
 bliss,
 To sanctify our faith, as we live for God in this :

May we know that faith and goodness, like dew upon the
 flowers,
 Shine brightly in the angels' eyes, whose joys increase with
 ours.

The angels are about us, when we think not they are near
 And those of angel-natures are to angels wedded here.



THE GHOSTS WE CANNOT LAY.

THE sea is clear and calm, and the hills are haz'd in gold,
 The sky with sapphire hue is over the sea and wold ;
 Yet thou and I this day, wife, nurse griefs of yesterday,
 That haunt our fretted lives like the ghosts we cannot lay.

The sea-gulls skim the wave, and the larks sing in the air ;
 All nature throbs with joy, while we are depress'd by Care ;
 The lambs skip on the downs, and children with laughing
 eyes,
 Gambol on velvet lawns, in an earthly Paradise ;—

Yet thou and I feel sad, while the world gives out its
 gladness,
 And all the bliss around but mocketh us into madness.
 If we're not mail'd in craft, we wear not the world's
 disguise,
 That shields, on Fortune's road, the life that liveth on lies.

For years we've dream'd and toiled, and ever the Croesian
 prize,
 Like *ignis fatuus* gleams, recedeth before our eyes.
 Our pilgrim-feet aspire to reach the promis'd land,
 And bleed on the flinty path, led on by devotion grand.

We know 'tis sinful to sigh for jewels we cannot win,
 Yet, in a sorrowful mood, we dare to indulge the sin.
 Our hopes, like bladders blown by the children in their
 play,
 As bubbles of Beauty rare, have burst in the light of day.

THE BLIND GIRL TO HER MOTHER.

Oh, tell me, dearest mother ! when I am to rise—
 I hear the joyant strains of minstrel melodies ;
 They fall upon my ear like music from above,
 And vibrate all my being with their songs of love !
 I weary, mother, of the couch, and long to go
 Where zephyrs' chorus birds, in Summer's golden glow.
 Oh ! take me where the flowers diffuse rare odours sweet,
 And silken, daisied paths, invite the rambler's feet.
 I fear I ask too much, but you so full of kindness,
 Can make me oft forget to mourn my stony blindness.

I never saw the Day's pure, silent, silver light,
 Nor one bright star of all that glisten on the night.
 The sun that lends his magic rays to paint the flowers,
 And smiles thro' frowning skies and fleet descending
 showers—

The tranquil moon, whose pallid beams steal softly down
 To lend a wierd-like lustre to the slumbering town—
 The boundless ocean with its waves and pearly cells,
 And all that Art can claim were proud Improvement dwells,
 Are images that Fancy moulds within my mind,
 To make me for a space forget that I am blind !

Come, mother, re-peruse those tales you read of yore,
 The breast is freed from Sorrow by a touch of lore ;
 I love to muse upon the scenes where Virtue reigns,
 And noble self-respect ennobles peasant veins.
 I'll seat myself beside you and open wide my ears,
 And while I hear your voice, mayhap I'll shed some tears :
 But yet I shall be joyous, while the thrilling *plot*
 Doth glow with Virtue's gems that grace both hall and cot,
 And give heroic pride to men of lowly kind,
 And, for a transcient space, I'll cease to think I'm blind !

Sitting in my chair, when all things seem asleep,
 I sometimes think of you, and while I think I weep :
 I wonder oft, if you were not, where I should be,
 And wonder at your strength to bear so much for me ;
 And wonder more how one like I can e'er repay,
 Your tender, zealous kindness, growing day by day ;
 I mind me how you sink your own delights in mine,
 And seem to bear a patience angel-like—divine.
 May heaven reward you, mother, for your holy kindness ;
 You sometimes share, or make me cease to feel my blindness !

The other day we wander'd forth thro' valleys wild,
 But only I was pleased,—you went to please your child,
 And culled for her the modest flowers that sweetly grew,
 To gem the fragrant hedge and scent the winds that blew.
 I felt the fresh, dear breezes, wafting incense free,
 And heard the songs of birds that flutter'd o'er the lea—
 And then I prayed to Him who made the birds to sing,
 To grant me sense of sight to see them on the wing—
 But thinking of your tender care and touching kindness,
 I prayed no more for sense of sight, tho' doom'd to blindness.

FLAXEN CURLS.

Oh fair was the maiden with long, flaxen curls,
So chastely adorn'd in a necklace of pearls;
She sat by the stream as it rippled along,
And played with her curls in time to her song.
Oh, fair was the maiden in necklace of pearls,
Her fingers entwin'd in her long flaxen curls,
Oh, sweetly she sang, the glad darling of girls!

The sere, chesnut blossoms, lay strewn on the grass;
The lithe willow tree had the stream for a glass;
The half-clouded sun laugh'd down thro' the trees,
While piping birds pip'd to the lyrical leas.
Oh, fair was the maiden in necklace of pearls—
Her fingers entwin'd in her long flaxen curls,
Oh, sweetly she sang, the glad darling of girls!

The sun sinking fast in an ocean of gold,
Was lost to the beauty of wavelet and wold—
The willow tree's image waned out in the stream,
For the sun had declin'd like a radiant dream.
Oh fair was the maiden in necklace of pearls,
Her fingers entwin'd in her long flaxen curls,
Oh, sweetly she sang, the glad darling of girls!

THE VOICE OF THE WAVES.

THE day hath disappear'd in a halo of crimson light,
And the hills, and fields, and sea, repose on the breast of
Night.

I sit on the shingle-beach and list to the troubled waves,
Wailing their sad griefs o'er like an army of wailing
slaves.

The stars and the moon look down thro' the drap'ry of the sky,
Like sentinels guarding the ships that rock on the billows
high.

I gaze on the wondrous scene, and wonder the more I gaze,
But wonder as much as I may, my thoughts are lost in the
haze.

The waves reflect the moon and stars and roll towards the
shore;

I wonder if they sigh for rest with their wild despondent
roar!

I sit on the shingle-beach while phantoms of Night appear,
Like spirits that tenant the brain in Slumber's mystic
sphere;

And wonder if Heaven be near or far in the ether space—
And I bid the angels appear and let me see their face.]

I call, but they answer not—the waves alone reply,
With their deep, bass, voices loud—You will see them
when you die.

The ghostly phantoms arise like spirits from the sea,
And they vanish when I speak as if they had fear of me.

I sit on the shingle-beach and dream of the future time,
When Christ shall be king o'er earth and men shall
abandon Crime—

When the blood-thirsty spirits of War, like those of the sea,
Shall vanish for aye from earth, and none shall be glad but
the free.

I dream of the future time while the phantoms of Night
glide past,
And I bid them say how long the wrongs of the world
shall last:
But only the surging waves, with their mocking voices
speak—
The world shall be full of wrong while the strong oppress
the weak.

A WOODLAND STAVE.

COME to the woods ; heigho !
 When trees bear fallen snow,
 And the nipping, crisping Cold,
 Is king of the whiten'd wold.
 Come to the woods ; heigho !

Come to the woods ; heigho !
 Where tangling wild flowers grow,
 And the worried, agile hare,
 Darts forth from its ferny lair.
 Come to the woods ; heigho !

Come to the woods ; heigho !
 When Summer glories glow,
 And the laughing, loving sun
 Smiles down thro' the shadows dun
 Come to the woods ; heigho

Come to the woods ; heigho !
 Come from the haunts of Woe,
 Where the cheering, tuneful song,
 Of the throstle, tells no wrong.
 Come to the woods ; heigho !

Come to the woods ; heigho !
 Here Freedom fears no foe ;
 And the Woodman fells the oak,
 And sings to the axe's stroke.
 Come to the woods ; heigho !

Come to the woods ; heigho !
 With health your cheek shall glow ;
 Come from the sorrowful town,
 And Luxury's beds of down.
 Come to the woods ; heigho.

WHISPERS OF WISDOM.

I SAT in the glory of Summer,
 Shadow'd by trees,
 And voices of Wisdom, in whispers,
 Came on the breeze.

They came as the heralds of Heaven,
 Whispering low :
 And even the birds that were singing
 Seeméd to know.

And my spirit on wings of Beauty
 Sallied away,
 Reckon'd by dreamers and sages
 Of olden day.

And earth, with its heaving Sorrow
 Was left behind,
 And the heaven of Wisdom, orb-like,
 Shone on my mind.

LULLABY.

Flowing, flowing, softly flowing,
 Joyous cadence—Lullaby !
 Emblem of the soul's bestowing,
 Mother's sacred melody !
 Glowing, glowing, gently glowing,
 To the babe's affection growing,
 Ever, ever, ever nigh,
 Sweetest music—Lullaby !

Welling, welling, deeply welling,
 Type divine of Woman's love !
 Cherub's little troubles quelling,
 While the angels sing above.
 Baby's balm in every trial :
 Mother's song of self denial !
 Ever, ever, ever nigh,
 Sweetest music—Lullaby !

Lending, lending, kindly lending,
 Music mellow, music meet,
 Wending, wending, skywards wending,
 Spirit-incense ever sweet.
 Mother's tune in hours of leisure !
 Who its magic powers can measure ?
 Ever, ever, ever nigh,
 Sweetest music—Lullaby !

Since Science, Art, and Love embrace,
 And Wisdom smiles serene :
 As Commerce wears upon her face
 The aspect of a queen.

GAILY THE SUMMER BEES FLY.

GAILY the summer bees fly !
 Gaily the soaring larks sing !
 Gaily the sun in the sky
 Laughs at everything !
 And gossamer webs float free in the air,
 While Beauty and Love are everywhere !

Lovely the flowers that bloom !
 Lovely the crystalline stream !
 Lovely the grass on the tomb,
 That gleams in the summer beam !
 And lovely the hills in the vesture of Morn,
 And the haze that parts at the Huntsman's horn !

Joyous the innocent child !
 Joyous the maiden in love !
 Joyous the bosom beguil'd,
 By peace of the peaceful dove !
 And joyous the land illumin'd by light,
 Whose follies recede like shadows of night !

Whose poems, jewel-like, are set
 In caskets wrought by Fame ;
 Whose God-form'd genius shall yet
 E'en savage Slander tame !

They honour Burns—and win the cheers
 Of millions scatter'd wide ;
 Who read his strains with mirth and tears,
 And honest-hearted pride.

They honour Burns—yet honour worth,
 In rustic raiment shown,
 Diffusing Wisdom o'er the earth,
 And making Virtue known.

They honour Burns—yet honour all
 The poet-kings who gave
 Their magic themes, at Freedom's call.
 To elevate the brave.

Let rival Vices hide in gloom,
 Their hideous aims from men,
 The world, by stern command of Doom,
 Must bow beneath the Pen.

The age of Merit dawns at last,
 To sway its potent rod,
 And veil the misdeeds of the past ;
 Uplifting souls to God.

No longer need the tyrant's tool
 Usurp the throne of Right ;
 Teaching mankind, in Folly's school,
 The old, fierce rules of Fight.

THE CHRISTMAS GUESTS.

[A RHYME FOR CHILDREN.]

'Twas Christmas Eve ! the merry bells
 Were peal'd from every fane ;
 Their music reach'd the far-off dells,
 And echo'd a refrain.

The snow lay frozen on the wold,
 The biting Winter breeze,
 Wail'd by a vagrant, poor and cold,
 And shook the leafless trees.

An ancient castle white with snow,
 Rose in the moonlight clear.
 The wand'rer, poor, march'd to and fro,
 And quak'd with cold and fear.

The castle's lord Sir Henry Knight,
 Bade Mirth and Music flow.
 The faces of his guests shone bright,
 Within the yule log's glow.

Fair ladies and proud lords were there,
 Within that castle strong.
 Without, roam'd one that once was fair,
 Made course by cruel Wrong.

The wind beat wildly 'gainst the panes,
 The feathery snow fell fast.
 Sir Henry's guests with wine cheer'd-veins,
 Forgot the wintry blast.

“’Twas Time,” they cried, “for mirth and wine,
 ’Twas Time to drown all woe,
 In music, song, and dance divine,
 And yule log’s ruddy glow.”

The walls were strong the gates were lock’d
 The crackling yule log blaz’d—
 Sir Henry’s guests by Pleasure mock’d,
 Forgot the poor and craz’d.

The snow came down—a lonely star
 Shot through the azure sky ;
 ’Twas Christmas ! Why should mortal mar
 The mirth that riches buy !

Within the castle Pleasure bow’d to Wrong,
 Without, a female wept ;
 Within the castle rose the revel song,
 Without, an infant slept.

Its mother faint and thinly clad,
 Sought sympathy and aid :
 The mirth within but made her sad,
 She knock’d, and felt afraid.

A pause to Christmas mirth—a pause,
 While Revelry reigns free ;
 What mendicant doth come to cause
 A sudden death to glee ?

A long lost sister of the host :
 She comes to crave a meal ;
 All rob’d with snow, like some pale ghost,
 She makes the rich guests reel.

But, ah ! the fancied ghost doth speak ;
 Her words like daggers dart,
 Although her woman's voice is weak,
 Into Sir Henry's heart.

She throws the mantle from her boy,
 And holds him up to view.
 The infant wakes—the mother's joy
 Returns as morning dew.

“ He lives ! my cherub lives ! I bear
 My weary weight of woe :
 I wept him dead, in vain despair,
 While he but *slept* in snow.”

The tears, shone in the mother's eyes ;
 The rich guests darkly frown'd :
 “ 'Tis Christmas-eve ! no time for sighs ;
 The woman's wit's unsound ! ”

She met them with a glance of scorn,
 And to her brother said,
 “ The hour, when this dear babe was born,
 His father's spirit sped.

“ I pray'd to learn of thou, my brother,
 Ere weary months had fled ;
 And now in memory of our mother,
 I crave both bed and bread.

The guests all frown'd—Sir Henry's eye,
 Flash'd with indignant ire—
 “ I will not, sister, bid thee hie,
 Come closer to the fire.”

The rich guests turn'd and spoke together ;
 " 'Tis Christmas-eve," they said ;
 " Sir Knight, though killing be the weather,
 We sleep not on thy bed.

" Yon creature sitting by the fire
 Would mar our Christmas leisure ;
 We came, at thy express desire,
 And go at our own pleasure."

" My sister, warm thee and thy child :
 The night without is bleak ;"
 Sir Henry said. The guests all wild,
 Their hasty exit seek.

" My heartless guests may do their will,
 'Tis mine to shield my kin :
 If they had felt the winter's chill,
 Like thee, they'd sit within."

The gates flew open for each guest ;
 They pass'd into the night.
 The snow-storm drifted towards the west,
 The hills and trees were white.

" Let's find an inn, we'll freeze to death !"
 Their feet sank deep in snow.
 " Who guides us off this dreary heath,
 On him we'll gold bestow."

The merry bells had ceas'd their pealing ;
 No human form came near :
 The proud ones lost to Christly feeling
 Grew pale in sudden fear.

“Return we to the Hall ; the light
Descends with ruddy glow !
Lest we do perish in its sight,
In the deep, freezing snow.”

They reach'd with laden feet, the gate,
And knock'd, but knock'd in vain :
The light waned out ; they were too late,
And felt like branded Cain.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

'Tis Christmas morn ! the sun dissolves the snow ;
 The birds are on the wing ;
 The little children, marching to and fro,
 Sweet Christmas carols sing.

The bare trees stand like crownless kings,
 And seem to hear the strain ;
 The church bells' welcome music rings,
 And dies upon the plain.

'Tis Christmas morn !—yet hearts are crush'd by Woe,
 While Sorrow wears her weeds ;
 And men and women, shivering thro' the snow,
 Ask for Life's common needs.

The Christmas hymn, like incense rare,
 Flows from the Christian's lips ;
 While Sorrow dries the fount of prayer,
 And doubts in Faith eclipse.

'Tis Christmas morn ! the birth-morn of the Son ;
 The Christ of Bethlehem.
 The sacred, sweet church-service hath begun :
 Peace, peace shall rest with them,

Who praise His name with lips of love,
 And do His holy will ;
 For He looks smiling from above
 On those who banish ill.

'Tis Christmas morn ! the festival of Time !
 Young maidens, rob'd in white,
 Old men, with silver hair and souls sublime,
 Sing carols with delight.

The passing hours, like wizard hopes,
 Dance free in Love's pure beam ;
 While Life looks down, from Time's high slopes,
 In Pleasure's circling stream.

'Tis Christmas morn ! the Holly's emerald leaves
 And berries red are seen,
 Hung up in cot and hall, in clustering sheaves,
 Like laurel in a screen.

The fair-fac'd youth, the maiden mild,
 With bosoms touch'd by bliss,
 And souls, like Virtue undefil'd,
 Greet Christmas with a kiss.

'Tis Christmas morn ! the morn of all the morns !
 The jubilee of Song !
 Even the slaves, tho' lash'd by thongéd scorns,
 Forget the pains of Wrong.

The air is calm, though biting cold ;
 The Christmas carols rise,
 And reach the Shepherd's heavenly fold,
 Beyond the crimson skies.

A ROYAL MARRIAGE ODE;

Addressed to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, on his Wedding-Day,
March 10th, 1863.

THIS day our Prince at Hymen's shrine,
Kneels with a princely grace;
May she, his royal bride, divine
Her mission and her place:
So that our future king may know,
That Virtue holds the charm
That takes the poison-sting from Woe,
And shields the breast from harm.

The hope of her, our model Queen;
The son of Albert, true;
We pray that he on God may lean,
And act few deeds to rue.
We pray that he may find his bride
More true as years appear;
That ever, by his honour'd side,
She'll hold her wifehood dear.

This day, with loyal hearts, we sing,
While native banners wave,
Preserve, O God! our future king!
May he be true and brave.
May he be, like his noble sire,
Endow'd with Wisdom's wealth:
May he in Virtue's ways aspire,
And grow in peace and health.

May he, our Prince, his Mother cheer,
And learn her teachings, pure;
And, holding Alexandra dear,
Victoria's love secure.

Oh ! son of crownéd virtues born !
 Oh ! heir to England's crown !
 Be true, and, like thy Father, scorn
 For Truth, all false renown.

We'd have thee man as well as King,
 If kingship be thy lot !
 And may thy bride fresh virtues bring,
 With duties unforget,
 Remember, noble deeds outshine
 The hollow forms of Fashion ;
 While deeds of heroes glow divine,
 Outliving fitful passion.

Thank God, the throne illum'd by Worth,
 Is hallow'd by a Queen,
 Whose radiant virtues shine on earth,
 Pure as a moon-lit scene !
 We'd have our future king as pure :
 That England's throne may glow,
 While England's name shall aye endure,
 Chaste as the virgin snow.

Be happy, Prince, and love thy bride,
 This is our loyal greeting ;
 E'en while we call thee " England's pride,"
 Our hearts with joy are beating.
 Thy sire, tho' dead, doth seem to say :
 I taught your King to rule ;
 But taught him first he must obey,
 And learn in Wisdom's school."

THE NEW YEAR'S NIGHT AT SEA.

"SHE rides the waves, a merry thing!
 The wind is fair ; spread sail ;"
 The Captain of the "Eagle King,"
 Exclaim'd—while fell the hail.

The crew were old and danger-tried,
 No sickly dwarfs were they ;
 But giant men, who braved the tide,
 As brave men brave a fray.

'Twas New year's Eve. The crew were gay.
 The Captain gave a shout :
 " We'll feast, and turn the night to-day,
 Spread the best viands out."

The "Eagle King" rock'd on the wave :
 Old Neptune hoarsely laugh'd ;
 The feast was spread ; the sailors brave,
 The generous liquor quaff'd.

The sea-breeze fill'd the spreading sail ;
 The stout ship danc'd along ;
 While skies discharg'd their freight of hail,
 And joy evolv'd in song.

They quaff'd the liquor ; laugh'd at Fear,
 And bade the hail descend.
 " Our lives are Neptune's ! one more cheer
 For Neptune our true friend."

The crew stood up and shouted high,
 With capless heads, the toast ;
 Then talk'd of dangerous scenes gone by,
 And each began to boast.

The Captain, struck his hand with force,
 And cried, with voice of might,
 "I've pass'd more dangers in my course,
 Than ye could count to-night !

An old man, who had said the least,
 Spoke like an honest friend,
 "Let us be merry at our feast
 And idle boasting end ;

The storm is rising ; see, the wind
 Is shifting further north !"
 The Captain, with a voice unkind,
 Bade the old man come forth.

With sadden'd heart he took his stand,
 Close by the Captain's side ;
 The monster fell'd him with his hand,
 The old man groan'd and died.

The "Eagle King" rock'd on the main.
 The clouds wept pearly tears.
 The Captain glanc'd upon the slain,
 And quail'd with sudden fears.

"Good God ! See what I've done ! he's dead !
 My reason was asleep.
 My men ! lift up the corpse," he said,
 "And pitch it in the deep !"

The sturdy sailors look'd like ghosts,
 Their faces were so pale ;
 They stood erect like stubborn posts,
 And faster fell the hail.

“ Take up the corpse, obey my will ! ”
 The angry Captain said.
 “ Let him who had the nerve to kill
 Give to the waves the dead . ”

The Captain paced the slippery deck,
 And felt like stricken Cain.
 The sailors ceased to heed his beck,
 For Mutiny held reign.

The “ Eagle King ” rock'd to the blast.
 The moon look'd sadly down.
 The sailors bound the Captain fast,
 And laugh'd to see him frown.

They placed him by the old man slain,
 And bade him calmly sleep.
 The coward crouch'd, and raved amain ;
 And then began to weep.

The wizard hours, like spirits, came
 To haunt him through the night.
 He tried to hide in sleep his shame ;
 The dead was still in sight.

He ope'd his eyes and looked awry ;
 The dead man met his gaze ;
 He cast his vision towards the sky ;
 The corpse was in the haze.

He groan'd with agony intense,
 And turn'd his glance away;
 But still, despite the power of Sense;
 The ghastly corpse there lay.

Oh, fatal deed ! to bind him there
 In company with Death !
 Oh, fell design ! to leave him bare
 To Night's corroding breath !

That night pass'd silently away ;
 With tears came forth the morn ;
 Great stormy Neptune, plashed his spray,
 And shook his head in scorn.

The sea-gusts bore upon the sails ;
 The "Engle King" rock'd high,
 And splinter'd near the coast of Wales,
 Yet still the corpse was nigh !

With whisper'd words, and faces pale,
 The sailors, to and fro,
 All march'd at mercy of the gale,
 While Neptune mock'd their woe.

The Captain cried, with piteous words ;
 Still haunted by the dead :—
 " My men, unloose these galling cords,
 And make the sea my bed !"

He ceas'd ; the dead appear'd to sneer ;
 The shudd'ring Captain shriek'd.
 The men unbound him with a jeer ;
 Meanwhile the vessel leak'd.

“ Help! help! the waters fill the ship! ”
Exclaim'd those sailors brave;
Old Neptune mock'd with freezing lip,
And gave them all a grave.

The Captain stemm'd the waves with strength;
A body floated near,
And reach'd his weaken'd arms at length;
He cast it forth with fear.

It was the corpse of him he slew,
Sent there his soul to scare.
The Captain joined the drown'd crew,
Without a single prayer.

THE DEW.

The Dew descends from Morning's wing
And hangs upon the drooping flowers,
It glistens in the eye of Spring,
Like crystal tears in joyous hours.

The silver beads of Morn creep down
From lilac stems, and rose leaves red,
'Till Day doth wear her sunny crown,
And wreathes new jewels round her head.

The Dew dissolves at Dawn's retreat,
And birds forget their matin strain;
The Sun sheds forth his golden heat,
To cheer the earth and germ the grain.

Like Hope, the Dew oft finds a tomb,
When like a star it mostly gleams.
And Woe comes oft from Time's full womb,
When joy is crown'd in Life's gay dreams.

LETTY.

A child of delight was Letty,
 In the pride of early days ;
 Artless, and sportive, and pretty,
 A girl to admire and praise.

Fed on the bosom of Plenty,
 She grew with little of Care,
 'Till her years had number'd twenty ;
 And Cupid on wings of air

Appear'd with his wooing whispers,
 To sweep the chords of her breast,
 Inspiring the music-lispers
 That sing the spirit to rest.

The man of her proud selection,
 Was nobly dower'd with Truth,
 And woo'd her ardent affection,
 With the passion-pride of youth.

And Letty, with woman-feelings,
 Unheeding the harsh world's power,
 Won by her lover's revealings,
 Accepted his fate as a dower.

United, with hopes of blessing,
 As one, in the field of strife,
 They struggled thro' ills distressing,
 To husband the means of life.

The bridegroom, unborn to riches,
 Was gifted with talents rare,
 But Gold's the charm that bewitches
 The heart of the world from Care.

For years, with his vigour failing,
 He toil'd like a Spartan Chief,
 Ne'er wasting Life's morn with wailing,
 That only can surfeit Grief.

And Letty, his wife, a mother,
 Now loved by her children, three,
 In vain she essays to smother
 Her bosom's deep agony!

It was in the dreary winter,
 She stood by a narrow bed,
 When Death, with his fatal splinter,
 Had stricken her husband dead!

And wild, with the sequent anguish,
 She shriek'd and destroy'd her hair;
 Like one whose fine senses languish
 In the arms of mad Despair.

Her children in Virtue growing,
 May find in the social mart,
 Where Gold is ever bestowing
 The bliss and sorrow of Art:

May find the means of employment;
 And learn the *lesson* of Life;
 To seek its proper enjoyment,
 And brave its impending strife.

And now, on the eve of dying,
 In sadness weary and lorn,
 Like a leaf in the wild copse lying,
 Is Letty, of reason shorn.

A LOVE LAY.

Smiles and frowns, in rival state,
 Sentinel the posts of Fate;
 Weary hours and wizard forms
 Flit like sunbeams out of storms.

Life is pleasure to the lover,
 Dreaming sages say;
 Love is treasure to the lover,
 Culling Love's sweet May.

Beauty lives and smiles alway,
 Flushing Nature's changing face;
 Beauty bows to Love for aye,
 With a coy and maiden grace.

Love is heaven to the lover,
 Olden poets say;
 Love is given to the lover,
 Sunshine to the day.

IN MEMORIAM.

The gifted and the good alike to Death bow down.
The peasant leaves his crook, the king his golden crown.
The new-born babe, unconscious of the noisy strife,
That like a raging ocean beats the shores of Life;
The hopeful pilgrim, white with Age and bow'd by Care,
Whose voice in trembling whispers dies away in prayer;
Depart along the way where Death's dim valley lies,
While still the world lives on beneath the changing skies.

We mourn the loss of her laid low, whose liberal hand,
Familiar with good deeds, was bless'd thro' all the land.
For others' weal she lived, and graced her sacred name
With loving, Christian deeds, that win immortal fame.
The sick, the maim'd, the poor, besought and won her aid.
The common ills of Life, in common garb array'd,
Were known to her, whose yielding hand, in Virtue's cause,
Bestow'd a golden balm, while Conscience gave applause!

But now, alas! that patriot soul from earth hath fled:
No tears can bring her back, tho' oceans may be shed.
Her deeds shall live, and o'er her grave like flowers diffuse
An odour sweet as morn with rare and radiant hues!
She pass'd from earth in Life's calm eve, to join the band
Of pure and loving natures in the spirit-land;
And, from the mystic portals of her home above,
Her spirit may descend, drawn down by living Love.

EFFORT.

Tho' sickness cramp the feeble frame,
And sad thoughts rack the fever'd brain,
There's "balm in Gilead" for the lame,
And solace for the sharpest pain.

Let Hope and Patience wait on Will:
The striving ant alone can rise
To summit of the tiniest hill;
Or soaring eagle to the skies.

Look up! and strive to pierce the veil,
The crimson curtain of the day.
Only the strong ship braves the gale
That bids the savage billows play.

Tho' failing efforts dull the days,
Renew them, hoping, hour by hour;
Remember, Life, with all its ways,
Expands on Effort like a flower.

As tiny grains of sea-sand form
A mountain, while the ages roll:
So, feeble efforts, *will'd*, may storm
The stronghold of the mightiest soul.

A single moment is but small,
But moments added make up years;
From acorns spring the oak-trees tall;
And floods flow free from Nature's tears.

Faint not, nor trust the voice of Sloth,
 Bid Effort rule and Hope prevail ;
 The moments fly, unheeding both,
 Unfaith alone can bid you fail.

— —

THE SHATTERED FLOWER.

A FULL blown flower was in my hand,
 A wild flower from the dell ;
 And soon upon the glistening sand
 Its crimson petals fell.

Its leaves upon the wanton wind,
 Were borne upon the sea :
 The naked stem remain'd behind,
 As if to mourn with me.

That fragrant flower begemm'd with dew,
 Perfum'd the ambient air ;
 And while the Summer moments flew
 Its beauty grew more fair.

But soon, alas ! its leaves were borne
 Like waifs upon the sea,
 Of all their gorgeous beauty shorn,
 And sorrow came to me.

I cull'd the flower in thoughtless haste,
And praised its form and hues,
And deemed its ruddy petals chaste
As Nature's virgin dews.

I loved it with a love unkind,
And pluck'd it in my glee ;
But borne upon the wayward wind,
Its blossoms kiss'd the sea.

'Tis vain to mourn o'er jewels worn,
Or sigh for buried years !
We steal the rose and feel the thorn,
And smile thro' frowns and tears.

Bereft of Virtue's precious bloom,
Like the fair frail of earth,
The shatter'd flower hath found a tomb,
And I have less of mirth.

AN INVOCATION TO THE SUN.

THE breakers wash the shore ;
 The billows roar ;
 The rain comes whistling down ;
 The lazy Town
 Looks grave. The tradesmen feel a dearth,
 In profit and in mirth.
 Come Sun ! and cheer the day
 With merry ray !
 The Rain brings Dulness. Dulness brings Dismay ;
 Come Sun ! and chase the weeping clouds away !

Come Sun ! and grace the earth ;
 Give Gladness birth ;
 Come peep into the Town,
 Its heart is down.
 The *till* is still and Woe grows proud
 As *Interest* grumbles loud.
 Come Sun ! and cheer the day
 With merry ray !
 The Rain brings Dulness. Dulness brings Dismay ;
 Come Sun ! and chase the weeping clouds away !

The gutter'd streets look bare ;
 Pleasure's children share
 A secret pain. My lady feels
 What Want reveals.
 My lord is sad ;
 And sad's my lad ;
 They sigh, " the weather keeps so bad !"

 Come Sun ! and cheer the day
 With merry ray !
 The Rain brings Dulness. Dulness brings Dismay ;
 Come Sun ! and chase the weeping clouds away !

The little guileless child,
 Is growing wild,
 With sighing for the air,
 And bearing Care.
 Its mother chides, for Patience hides
 Where drowsy Dulness bides.
 Come Sun! and cheer the day
 With merry ray!
 The Rain brings Dulness. Dulness brings Dismay;
 Come Sun! and chase the weeping clouds away!

Come Sun! the Summer time
 Hath lived its prime.
 Thy dazzling presence yield
 The town and field,
 Ere Winter snows on earth repose,
 And Nature throbs with woes.
 Come Sun! and cheer the day
 With merry ray!
 The Rain brings Dulness. Dulness brings Dismay;
 Come Sun! and chase the Weeping clouds away!

THE DYING SEAMSTRESS.

I long to roam o'er meadows mild, where soft, gay daisies
grow ;
To breathe the free, pure zephyrs, in the Sunshine's ruddy
glow ;

To feel my feeble pulses beat, in sudden raptures wild,
And view again the pleasing scenes that lured me when a
child.

The other night beneath the lamps, while stars were looking
down,
My dear, devoted Willie said, he'd take me out of town.

He drew a picture of the sea, its beach and rocky glens,
And one of London's gilded palaces and dismal dens ;

I almost deem'd the streets transform'd to meadows, hills
and sea,
As if some proud magician's wand had chang'd my destiny.

Must ever Labour round my head, but wreath a crown of
sadness,
With thorns that pierce my heart and brain and exile
thoughts of gladness ?

All day I sit, and hem, and sew, and for repose I weep,
But scarcely dare complain, or sigh, or give myself to
sleep.

The air within my room doth make my appetite grow weak,
But still, I hem, and sew, like some machine that cannot
speak.

The ladies' dresses come in fast, and mistress thinks me
slow
But God knows how I suffer for the sake of Fashion's
show !

I long to roam o'er meadows mild, where soft, gay daisies
 grow,
 To breathe the free, pure zephyrs, in the Sunshine's ruddy
 glow.

* * * * *

Upon her couch of pain she beckon'd friends to her most
 dear,
 Her thin pale hands were clasp'd in prayer, and angels
 hover'd near ;—

Dear mother, sister, Willie true ; I'm dying ; kiss me all ; '
 Some other hands than mine must make the dress for Mon-
 day's ball.

I long'd to live for Willie's sake, and now 'tis sweet to
 die.
 I hear the angels calling me, dear, loving hearts ! good-bye !

What tears ! I part from sorrow, sickness, anxious hopes
 and hours,
 And freely yield the cares of earth for Heaven's eternal
 flowers.

Oh, let me die, dear mother, and fear not for your child,
 In Heaven I shall not hem and sew, until my brain turns
 wild.

LILLY AND THE DAISES.

ARTLESS Lilly was fair to view,
 Nature's model of Beauty, rare ;
Fair as a daffodil she grew ;
 But oft the rude, rough hand of **Care**,
 Press'd on her heart with cold Disdain,
 Chang'd peace to strife and joy to pain.

Lilly's mother was sick and poor,
 Her cot was near the heather moor.
 At the foot of the road-side hill,
 Close to the whirring water-mill,
 Lilly ran by her mother's side,
 And her dark curls shook in the Sun,
 While she sang to the shadows dune.

The mother cross'd the moorland wide,
 While Misery shrouded her life,
 And felt the mother's holy pride
 Far stronger than that of the wife.

Artless Lilly remember'd well,
 The churchyard grave where daises grew.
 Ah ! mournful the magical spell,
 Her sweet impulsive nature knew,
 As she thought of her father there,
 And she silently wept in prayer,
 While the daises wore jewels of dew !
 He died ere the music of Spring,
 Floated upon the zephyr's wing.

Loving Lilly was loved by all,
 Her life was pure as Sunlight's fall.
 She never grew taller tho' Age,
 Impress'd with Experience sage.
 She never was courted by Youth,
 Tho' her soul was dower'd with Truth.

On the moor, like a sybil wild,
 When the daisied grave was closed once more,
 Guileless Lilly the hours beguil'd,
 Wandering forth with a spirit sore.
 Poor orphan Lilly! Friends and foes
 Alike to her, bring tears and throes.

Over the moor the artless maid
 Roams and sings to the key of Woe,
 Till one by one her visions fade,
 And Reason's rubies cease to glow.

Over the moor to regal halls,
 Far, where the doleful cuckoo calls,
 The absent Lilly sings and weeps,
 She sings, and sighs, and sighing, reaps
 Tares from Sorrow and weeds from Woe,
 Feelings of Fear and thoughts of Wrong.
 Poor homeless Lilly! few may know
 The deep, deep pathos of her song!

The daisies grace the churchyard grave,
 And Lilly loves them as a child,
 Their delicate leaves to zephyrs wave,
 And smile in beauty to the wild.

Across the moor ; away to the hills ;
 Down by the emerald verge of rills,
 Afar in the glens of Nature free,
 The maiden wails forth her agony.

Artless Lilly wanders and fears,
 Culls the daisies that deck the tomb,
 She sings and laughs, and sheds her tears
 Over the daisies' dainty bloom.

ANGEL WHISPERS.

BROTHERS hearken, angels whisper, thro' the isles of Time ;
 Statues—idols made of metal, have no soul sublime.
 Then why worship moulded features—images of clay ?
 What avail the form of Beauty if the soul's away ?
 Art is great, but Soul is greater. Body like a shell,
 Must in Nature's course decay, but Spirit needs no knell.
 Brothers hearken, angels whisper ; worship of the True,
 Born of Spirit, gives to Spirit Heaven's refreshing dew.
 As the magnet draws the needle, Spirit, Spirit draws ;
 Evil is repuls'd by Good, by divinest laws.
 Goodness drawn to Goodness ever, by celestial cords,
 Pure angelic inspiration to the soul affords.
 All Material gods are Pagan—soulless—unsublime,
 Like the stubborn walls of Babel they must bow to Time.

GIVE WOMAN FREEDOM.

GIVE Woman freedom ; break the thrall
 That Custom weaves about her ;
 Give Woman freedom ; raze the wall
 That Avarice rears around her.
 Oh give her freedom ; Life's high boon,
 And give her power of Knowledge soon ;
 For Woman moulds the mind and heart,
 And nerves the mighty arm of Art ;
 And nations grow to stature great,
 As she, in freedom, works for Fate !

Give Woman freedom ; ye who press,
 For laws to shield affection ;
 'Tis her's the task, the home to bless,
 Oh, save her from dejection !
 Give Woman freedom, patriots all ;
 Dash from her lips the cup of gall ;
 And let her taste Life's honied drink,
 And live to LEARN, and learn to THINK ;
 That children, train'd in Virtue's ways,
 May rise to Truth, and merit praise.

Give Woman freedom ; guard from Wrong,
 Your sister, wife, and mother.
 'Tis thine, O man ! with sinews strong,
 As father, husband, brother ;
 To build the house, and till the land,
 And toil with Titan-courage grand ;
 That Woman, in her sphere may rule,
 No longer made the easy tool
 And slave of man, but, thinking, free,
 An equal with proud man may be.

Give Woman freedom ; rise to worth,
 Ye wasteful, wicked toilers,
 Who press your wives into the earth,
 And deem them senseless moilers.
 Give Woman freedom ; in her sphere,
 The sacred spot to memory dear.
 Give Woman freedom ; scorn to grow
 In Wealth and Pride by murder slow,
 Of female slaves whom Wrong enchains,
 'Till Joy and Life forsake their veins.

Give Woman freedom ; give her Right ;
 Ye men of earth unfeeling,
 Who place her foremost in Life's fight,
 While ye are wrongly dealing.
 Oh give her freedom, knowledge, love,
 And elevate her thoughts above
 The turgid strife of grasping Gain ;
 That she, a queen o'er home, may reign ;
 And thus, give Virtue, Beauty, sway,
 To shame the demon Guilt away.

Give Woman freedom ; statesmen true,
 And make the nation stronger.
 Give Woman freedom ; live to rue,
 Her slavery no longer.
 'Tis her's, the voice to cheer the brave,
 'Tis her's, the power to free the slave,
 'Tis her's, the skill to fire the soul,
 To deeds that blaze on history's scroll :
 Oh give Her freedom ; Woman's power,
 Would crush Oppression as a flower.

LIFE GROWS LOVELY WHILE YOU GIVE

Let the strife of Passion cease,
Live to love, and love in peace.
Trust in God, and work for kind,
Purify the heart and mind.
Trust, and Faith, and Reason, all
Give to Life more sweet than gall.
Live to love, and loving live,
Life grows lovely while you give.

Sober Sense on work looks brave ;
Faith and Trust inspire the grave.
Brave men bear Life's heavy burden ;
Cowards win no worthy guerdon ;
Where'er Life's pure songs resound,
Heroes tread the world's rough ground.
Live to love, and loving live,
Life grows lovely while you give.

BIRTH-DAY ADDRESS,

[TO M. E. C.]

THIS day, to thee, is redolent with joy ;
May future days like this bear no alloy.
May all thy coming years, as Music bring
Sweet concord, like the harbingers of Spring.

Like children gazing o'er the green and swelling sea,
We look for viewless things, in years to be.
Our good God gave us finite minds and eyes,
And veil'd the world beneath the sapphire skies ;
To teach us all humility and love,
And draw our souls eternally above!

Be thou attentive to the voice of Truth,
And crown with gladness thy aspiring youth,
So, that the hours, like larks, may sing thy praise,
And angel-guardians hallow all thy days.

LIBERTY.

Thy form, oh, Liberty ! enshrin'd in love,
 Is crown'd in glory, queen of Destiny.
 'Tis thine to claim the homage of the true,
 The grateful prayers of the emancipated.
 Men gaze upon thy calm seraphic features,
 And wonder at thy proud ethereal beauty.
 They see thee in thy godly attitude,
 In the strife of battle, bleeding in wounds,
 Yet victor-crown'd and strong. They look amid
 The Cimmerian shades of priestly prejudice,
 And view thee tearing off the veil of pomp,
 And holding priestly craft before mankind.
 They gaze on thee in palaces of kings,
 And view ambition stript of pageantry,
 Their royal minions quailing in defeat,
 And vengeance-chasten'd, limited in power. '

How art thou worshipp'd ! The soul
 Of Nature throbs in unison with thine ;
 The birds and breezes roundelay thy praise ;
 The planets gaze in glory on thy form,
 And whisper musical encouragement.
 For thee the snow-ribb'd mountains soar towards heaven.

THE CHILD BY THE SEA.

A CHILD sat musing by the sea,
The ebbing billows to and fro,
Leaping, laughing, plashing slow,
Glistening in the Sun's rich glow ;
Sang a mirthful melody,
To the child beside the sea,
Musing lone and dreamily.

The rocking ships upon the sea,
Their shadows cast within the tide,
Sailing, rolling, drifting wide,
Reef'd and strong, and tempest-tried ;
Seem'd like toys for childish glee,
To the child beside the sea,
Wond'ring still and dreamily.

The curdling spray upon the sea,
In foaming eddies 'neath the sky,
Skimming, frisking, bubbling nigh,
Lending beauty to the eye ;
Seem'd to float so merrily,
To the child beside the sea,
Charm'd and loving dreamily.

The Sun disported on the sea,
The moon went past, the waves rose high,
Leaping, laving, surging nigh,
Gleaming darkly to the eye,

Wildly singing, flowing free,
 On the child beside the sea,
 Sitting pleas'd and dreamily.

* * * * *

The child is saved ! the reckless sea
 Grows boisterous with the night,
 Heaving, roaring, raging quite,
 Bath'd in Cynthia's pallid light.
 Vessels tossing fearfully,
 Strike with awe, upon the sea,
 But the child sleeps calm and free.

THE RUSTIC RHYMER

In winter-time, the Rustic Rhymer came,
 To grow anon to man's proud altitude.
 His sire, a valued craftsman, who could claim
 A knowledge far above the toiling brood,
 Whose hours in Toil's surcease and Folly's mood,
 Are fritter'd, with their scanty coin, in *shame* ;
 Within the parlour of his rustic cot.
 A case of treasur'd volumes "known to fame,"
 Had stor'd by years of thrift, and steadfastness of aim.

To watch that sire, when poring o'er his books,
 To mark his soul's intense and greedy zest,
 To view his care in handling, and his looks
 Of thoughtful pride, the Rhymer deem'd the best,
 Of all the joys with which his home was blest.
 The vacant hours that gave relief from Toil,
 To his lov'd parent, closed from native brooks,
 Gave science, fiction, a rare and brilliant spoil
 Of mental wealth that few possess who daily toil.

A tile-roof'd cottage, in a narrow lane,
 Attach'd to others of a kindred kind,
 Low-built and time-worn as the village fane.
 A little garden rail'd in front. Behind
 A narrow yard with stye and pig. A blind
 Of colour'd pattern, grac'd the parlour frame,
 And gave a pleasing neatness to the mind.
 The cot was such to which the Rhymer came,
 In boyhood's early prime, ere he was known to shame.

A half-score years had scarce perform'd their round ;
 And set their impress in the young boy's face ;
 When novel scenes in school-pursuits were found,
 And Learning's votaries gave his spirit chase.
 His fellows champion for the envied space
 The tutor yields to those who quickly learn.
 A life-long pilgrimage may not efface
 The thought of blushes, Honour could not spurn,
 While Merit gave to others each desired turn.

Severe his efforts to command success ;
 With book in hand, within his cottage home,
 He sat for hours and studied to excess
 The simple elements of Learning's tome.
 The precious time he could not spare to roam
 With thoughtless boys, who wildly shout, and press
 For boyish trophies in the woods and glens ;
 To him a slow advance was bitterness.
 He revell'd in his books and loved his pens,
 And gazed along the line of Thought thro' Wisdom's lens.

At length he steps upon the envied ground,
 His former masters falling in the rear ;
 With pride and confidence his tones resound ;
 He wins at once respect and Envy's sneer :
 The Rhymer's name is sounded in each ear,
 With wonder-bated breath. The school boys vie,
 With dauntless will, his merit-post to clear.
 'Tis vain, while wealthy months roll swiftly by,
 The pupil holds his place with pleasure in his eye.

But soon a quarrel, ending in a fight,
 Brings down upon his head the master's cane ;
 Some peevish boys, against all sense of Right,
 For many weeks had taunted him to pain,
 And dubb'd him "coward," "sneak" and "muddle-brain."

He struggled hard, with bursting breast, to hide
 The rage they fired, that vented forth amain,
 As Ocean's rolling and tempestuous tide ;
 He fought with hero-strength spurr'd on by wounded pride.

Some bleeding noses, blacken'd eyes, and tears ;
 A wordy conflict passes in the school ;
 And then a plaintive tirade greets the master's ears,
 And then the Rhymer's placed upon a stool,
 Disgrace'd and beaten, and pronounc'd "a fool."
 He hears the whisper'd joke at his distress,
 And feels indignant at the tyrant rule,
 That lashes weakness with relentlessness,
 While none may intercede or seek a just redress.

His hopes seem crush'd ; his soul convuls'd by grief ;
 His books lie by ; he waits in sullen mien
 The lingering hour that comes to give relief.
 Next morn his post is clear, while he is seen,
 With slate and books to cross a distant green :
 He gains a school just rising on the view,
 And enters with a sudden pleasure keen ;
 And tasking all his powers in bold review,
 He wins a Teacher's berth with tact possess'd by few.

Dispos'd to please when Kindness lends her charm,
 But stubborn-will'd when Arrogance presumes
 To push him on. He holds secure from harm,
 His head erect, while Hope his soul illumines,
 And like sweet wayside flowers his path perfumes.
 Such common studies as the poor may claim,
 Who strive for Knowledge where Misfortune looms,
 Were own'd by him, who with a dauntless aim,
 Exchang'd the school for work with heart set free from blame.

The village dominie, with kindly smile
 And sage advice, shakes his proud pupil's hand ;
 Bids him " God speed," and parts with him the while.
 The other pupils all in conclave stand,
 And gaze upon him with expression grand.
 Thus school-days close. He muses on his way,
 Till Fancy's wings o'er ideal realms expand,
 And on his brain in undisturb'd array,
 Do flap such visions as dissolve in sober Reason's ray.

A novel epoch breaks upon his life ;
 Something of sorrow, anxiousness, and care ;
 Anon, vexation, springing out of strife ;
 A weary faintness shadow'd by despair ;
 All these, and more, his luckless lot to bear.
 Yet still, with strong resolves, his bosom beats.
 'Tis his, at times, with grateful heart, to share,
 Afar from jarring jolts of Custom's feats,
 The quietude of Nature's ever rich retreats.

Full many a treasure Wealth can never yield ;
 Full many a beauty Art can ne'er create,
 Repose in native pride, in wood and field,
 To lend the pilgrim, buffeted by Fate,
 A taste of happiness, whate'er his state.
 In solitude, when Toil had fled with day ;
 Well pleas'd he roam'd, with soul unrack'd by hate,
 To glory 'mid the sun's departing ray,
 And gaze on Nature's vast and wonderful display.

The mellow music of the blackbird's lay,
 The twittering voices of the lower ton'd
 Of birds, the bee's full buzz among the flowers gay,
 The murmurs of the breeze and brake are own'd
 By him, as precious crowns by kings. While zon'd

In waves of splendour, each fair warbler seems,
 With wings free flutt'ring, and with song undron'd.
 With wealth of Harmony creation teems,
 All laden with divine, and Love-inspiring themes !

Afar from discord of the thousand wheels,
 That grate upon his ear the live-long day ;
 His feet tread lightly, where the sward reveals
 The scented thyme, the daisy, and the hay
 Fresh mown, and skirted by a rifted bay.
 The summer eve in peaceful beauty wears
 Her gorgeous coronal, and holds her sway
 With God-like majesty. Each zephyr bears
 A balm for failing health, a solace kind for cares.

And thus, enchanted by the wond'rous scene,
 He, musing, sits upon a grassy seat,
 His heart surcharg'd with Summer's purple sheen,
 While buttercups and sorrel hide his feet ;
 He seeks, with hope and mental pain, to weet
 Of Nature, all that thought may ever reach ;
 Till contemplation hallows the retreat.
 Absorb'd, he sits, with Nature's self to teach,
 Whose lessons he doth learn to humbly aim to preach.

The Rustic Rhymer rises in the morn,
 At Labour's call, and seeks the distant mill,
 With no forebodings dire, or thoughts of scorn ;
 Whate'er may press, he toils with right good will.
 And oft his young and hopeful brain doth fill
 With radiant visions to his bosom dear,
 That cheat the mind and Hope's gay blossoms kill ;
 A moment; they dissolve ; re-active Fear,
 Retain'd by Reason, sentinels his charm'd ear.

The Actual stares with Argus-fixed eyes,
 While his soul's energies round Fact entwine:
 The mill is lofty, light, the glorious skies,
 With crimson painted, over-arch and shine,
 And glimmer in the loft with joy divine.
 The bustling foreman, with a keen delight,
 Doth pace the room to scan the work, or *fine*,
 Perchance, some negligent and boyish wight,
 Whose duty bids him move at work with motion light.

The meal hours, heralded by clanking bell,
 Find welcome from each mill-dependent slave.
 The food devour'd in haste; oh! who may tell
 The value of the time they fondly save;
 The old for chat, the young, with spirits brave,
 To leap o'er backs or race in reckless glee,
 Ere the same loud-tongu'd bell, that freedom gave,
 Recalls them to their posts; and bids them be
 Obedient to Labour's needful, oft-times stern, decree!

Yet some proud few exist, who move along
 The path of Life, with less of care than most,
 Who waste in idleness their sinews strong,
 And make their idleness a theme for boast;
 While, locust-like, they batten on the host
 Of those, who pining slave, and rarely know
 One day, thro' years, that finds them from their post.
 Ah! wherefore pine the poor, while rich ones grow
 In Arrogance and Pomp to surfeit Wrong with Woe!

There is no wrong in Toil. 'Tis in the way
 The many plod and suffer, where the wrong,
 In overtasked powers and stinted pay;
 Is shown. Toil blesses earth and feeds the throng
 Of human kind. 'Tis Avarice wields the thong

That lashes those who drag the cumbrous car
 Of Labour thro' their life-time, short or long,
 As Fate allows. Each man should work, ne'er mar
 The concord sweet of human Toil with selfish jar.

How rich the man, who owns a soul of pride,
 Whose horny hands produce the precious gold
 With which his measur'd wants are satisfied ;
 Who moves within his sphere with spirit bold,
 And knows himself a man, despite the cold
 Contempt of gilded drones, whose sickly sight
 Is dazzled by the show where souls are sold!
 How rich is he who loves Life's mental light,
 And earns whate'er he spends with conscience free from blight!

Diverse the tasks the mill-hands, young and old,
 Are destin'd to perform. Station'd by relays,
 At huge machines whose parts are thousand-fold;
 Some watch and regulate their wondrous ways
 In paper-making ; some with steam-rolls glaze,
 As others paste, and dry, and part the cards.
 'Tis subdivided Toil that mostly pays,
 In yielding rapid increase of the yards
 Of cloth or paper made ; whilst he who hires, regards

The hired, of value less than senseless blocks
 Of metal, that are urged, by might of steam,
 To almost constant motion. The workman's locks
 Get grey, ere Nature's term, with Care ; Life's gleam
 Dissolves in dark Despair. Yet rich ones seem
 To view the sudden break or gradual wear
 Of common tools with pain ; and hourly dream
 Of Wealth, as tho' they knew no other care.
 Alas ! that Toil should *make* and never justly *share* !

Within the mill the Rhymer urged his strength ;
 And dreaming, hoping, pray'd for death or change.
 Meanwhile, the drying loft, of dreary length,
 A dimly lighted room where steam pipes range
 And give out heat, was doom'd by orders strange,
 For him and some half dozen of the rest,
 To hang up cards, and feel their health derange.
 Thus months were spent, and youthful lives distress,
 'Till heated hands soil'd cards and caused a stern behest.

And now dismiss'd abruptly from the mill ;
 With health and heart depress'd and features wan,
 He stood like one in dreamland long and still,
 Ere Reason found him pining 'neath the ban
 Of despot-rule that early thus began
 To strike upon his soul with iron power,
 And crush its images, to change the plan
 Of youthful hope and aim ; come Justice ! if you can,
 To arm the boy to brave the dictum of the man !

The world before him, penniless, yet proud,
 Still soul'd with courage, whatsoe'er betide ;
 The hapless Rhymer mingles in the crowd
 Of human life in London. By his side,
 Rich shops display the luxury of Pride,
 And fascinate his all too-eager eye ;
 He marches on while loitering knaves deride,
 With honest breast disturb'd by many a sigh,
 And holds his head erect beneath the boundless sky.

Both worn and weary, at the close of eve,
 He gains an uncle's home and seeks repose.
 Alas 'tis his, in silent thought to grieve
 In dearth of kindness. Kindred friends turn foes ;
 They blame, then worry 'bout commercial throes,

And quickly bid the pilgrim boy begone.
 Next morn before the Sun in pride arose,
 The friendless pilgrim, with a spirit torn,
 Doth glide into the street unpitied and forlorn.

Where can he go? A wilderness of bricks,
 Like spectres rise amid the curling smoke.
 In body strong, unfearing Mammon's tricks,
 May he not gather wealth with steady stroke,
 And live in humble way like working-folk?
 His heart beats high, his legs obey his will,
 That seems unbending as a knotted oak.
 He begs for work till constant failures fill
 His struggling breast with pain, and his press'd virtues drill.

He strolls in musing sorrow, feeling life
 A weight of scathing woes too great to bear
 The City's bustle, recklessness and strife,
 Fall on his soul with dire increase of care;
 He moves amid the mass a *solitaire*,
 Scarce sensible of aught save Want and Wrong.
 Yet one kind friend doth save him from Despair;
 An old acquaintance meets him in the throng;
 Bids him take heart, and kindly hurries him along:

Halting within a court, of compass small,
 He leads the wand'rer up some thirty stairs;
 Opens a garret-door, a sudden squall
 From infant lips is heard. The pilgrim fares
 Anon, full well, and soon forgets his cares.
 The garret room doth show but scanty stock,
 A table made of deal; two painted chairs;
 A stool; a common antiquated clock;
 And turn'd-up bedstead with its simple bed of flock.

But then the wearied one is made to feel
 At home, his long-forgotten, generous friend,
 Betrays a sympathy well timed and real;
 Full well he knows how Poverty doth send
 Like stout old ships, the strong their strength to spend,
 Where mostly tempests rage and breakers roll.
 He cheers his guest to bed and seeks to lend
 A fraction of his means. The young lad's soul
 Is rich in thanks. He sleeps and dreams of Freedom's goal.

The morrow breaks upon the wheel of Time
 Possess'd with weighty schemes and common dooms,
 That track the steps of Destiny sublime;
 It brings the pilgrim Hope, whose smile illumines
 His bosom, and whose magic flower blooms
 Like a red rose blushing in the prime of Spring,
 Exaling o'er his pathway rare perfumes,
 And bids him walk for work, and walking, sing,
 While fears of failure fly away on sudden wing.

With Hope and energy he journeys forth,
 To meet disaster and endure Distress;
 From dock to dock he tramps, and thinks henceforth
 He may be saved when unjust knaves oppress.
 To voyage out to sea, and daily press
 His unus'd service in the sailor-line,
 Is now his ardent wish. The naval dress,
 And well mann'd ships, look novel, and combine
 To lure his zealous will to tempt the billowy brine.

All efforts now are drill'd to serve his bent,
 He wanders over many a weary mile,
 To beg a berth at sea. With discontent
 He seeks his friend at night, to sleep awhile.
 Undaunted yet, he makes a further trial,

His one ambitious aim to gratify.

Ah ! no ; Success deserts the boy, to guile
Scarce known ; fatigu'd, he struggling, prays to die ;
Such disappointments with his hopeful nature vie.

And thus in boyhood's prime the pilgrim knows
Some few of Life's uncouth realities ;
They fall at first with unsuspected blows ;
As time wears on they fail so much to tease.
His heart gets rougher and his vision sees
A wider margin of Life's mystic book ;
Yet still, he bears his share of pain and ease.
The stern decrees of Fate impress his look,
And oft he mourns in solitude as one forsook.

He ponders long and deeply on his fate,
And wonders much he cannot win success ;
And feels despondent, leaning 'gainst a gate.
To him the city seems a wilderness,
With few pursuits save those that track Distress.
He thinks of home with all its pleasant wiles,
And yearns to feel again its blessedness ;
Resolves at length, while pleasing Hope beguiles ;
To journey back its winding road of twenty miles.

He starts at once, his sea-girt visions fled,
To gain the garret of his ancient friend ;
To rest once more upon the flock-made bed,
And thank him for the boon. The morn doth lend
A glorious sun ; in Nature's beauties blend
The radiance of the peaceful Summer morn,
So sweetly fair. The darkening night doth end
The pilgrim's route. Both footsore and hunger-worn,
He drops into a chair and finds a welcome bourne.

Ah ! sweet the homely cheer, and sweet the gaze
 Of fondling parents, happy to impart
 Forgiveness for the past mistaken ways,
 Who loving, know the plain and genial art
 Of healing wounds deep-scarr'd in boyhood's heart !
 And sweet the old-familiar forms and faces
 That on our eyes like beauty-relics start,
 To leave the semblance of their magic graces,
 And charm the wayward soul and tenant Memory's places !

And so, to the tired, disappointed one,
 The common things of home seem'd doubly sweet.
 He sought, in gladness, ere another sun
 Had set, the busy mill; to humbly treat
 With him ; who erst discharg'd and bade him eat
 Of Sorrow's crust. Success doth crown his will,
 Again with pride he seeks his fond retreat,
 The wiser for the hard commercial drill
 That drove him far about to meet with pain and ill.

With burning bosom oft he strives to learn,
 Something of Art's divine creative skill ;
 His thoughts towards Raphael's pictures turn,
 That captivate his soul, and spur his will
 To give the hours that free him from the mill,
 To Art's elysium. Such the dreamer's zest,
 Ere months have fled he mounts the highest hill
 To sketch the landscape scene ; as in the west
 The Sun declines, and evening dons her hazy crest.

He holds his trophies, with his soul aglow,
 And feels possess'd of earth's imperial treasure ;
 He roams the fieldpath to the lane below ;
 Most happy he to sketch each tree at leisure,
 And feel a rapture deep beyond all measure.

His pence are hoarded with a miser-care,
 To purchase paints and pencils for his pleasure.
 Pursuing Genius with devotion rare,
 He woos her charms, and learns full soon her pains to share.

With dear delight while loitering by the stream,
 That winds its way, his home and mill between,
 Absorb'd in musing on the Painter's theme ;
 He scarce, at times, perceives the waters green,
 That glide and ripple with a joy serene.
 Ambition rules his breast, and o'er his thought,
 Suspends her richly-work'd and dazzling screen.
 Such forms divine, by Fancy's fingers wrought ;
 Impress his bosom with a wild delirium fraught.

Full proud he passes oft where Folly lures,
 And waves his sceptre to the craven crew
 Of peasant slaves, whose serfdom aye endures,
 Made drunk with ale that red-nosed landlords brew.
 He notes the uncouth manners of the few ;
 The brainless ribaldry and witless sneer,
 The peasants oft display, when in his view
 They loudly cry for fresh supplies of beer,
 To drink and quarrel, sing and fight, in order queer.

He gazes on each reckless, swaggering wight,
 Deeming their wild pursuits the work of madness ;
 And wonders how the swains can feel delight
 In senseless follies that engender badness,
 And rarely fail to change their mirth to sadness.
 And, looking out upon the verdant plain,
 With eyes that speak the soul's untarnish'd gladness,
 He feels the magic power of Nature's reign ;
 Forgetful of the strife in many a drunkard's brain.

Unburthen'd by the mass of careless sin,
 That load the souls unvers'd in Virtue's creed,
 'Tis his, the student child of Art, to win,
 By constant hope and energy of deed,
 The prizes that from mental toils proceed.
 Betimes each morn he wakes, thro' every Season,
 His thoughts unvex'd by Mammon's grating greed,
 And heart puls'd strong against all moral Treason,
 He thinks on Human Life, its Passion and its Reason.

His soul aglow with Art's consumeless fire,
 And thought impress'd with Wisdom's regal seal,
 He glides thro' years; impell'd by proud Desire,
 To win the Artist's tempting wreath, and feel
 The thrilling joys that Wisdom's powers reveal.
 But soon doth end the mill-boy's leisure schemes,
 And all his efforts merge into the Real;
 For problem'd Change appears, with social themes,
 'Tis his to solve, apart from beyhood's hopes and dreams.

His glowing bosom throbs with joy intense;
 His hopes expand in Action's fact-filled sphere,
 Where Fortune waits on Energy and Sense.
 Forsaken are the plans so long held dear,
 'Till years of fruitful toil shall disappear.
 Come, goddess Fortune! lend thy generous aid,
 The young boy's yet unsordid soul to cheer;
 While, clann'd with toiling men of lowly grade,
 He treads the rough hill-path that leads him to a trade.

New feelings freshen in his ardent breast;
 He toils and struggles, ever wont to please
 The world of Commerce, always in unrest,
 With mighty schemes is fraught. To ease
 The labour of the day, when tired limbs tease,

On many a thrilling theme, made sweet by rhyme,
 He fondly dwells at Poesy's behest,
 And treads the crooked labyrinths of Time,
 With soaring soul set free, in spirit-realms sublime.

The Rustic Rhymer into manhood moves,
 And brooks the jeers and blows of brutal mates,
 Whose savage natures soothe no genial loves ;
 Whose highest heaven is found in drunken fêtes.
 Yet still, 'mid all Life's changing fears and hates,
 He bears his 'lotted burden in its fray,
 And sings to music, Poesy relates
 To Nature's scenes, all redolent with May ;
 And charms with heavenly strains all Care-born grief away.

The wonder-forms of Labour greet his eye,
 As pyramids on Egypt's burning soil,
 Nor half their import can he yet descry.
 The world doth owe to Titan hand of Toil,
 Its meanest works and wealthiest hoarded spoil.
 The rough and smooth alike engage his skill,
 He labours with a will that naught may foil ;
 And in Life's Book he reads a novel page
 He may remember should he live to reach old age.

With joyant heart, in sense of useful growth,
 He feels as proud as kings made great in Strife,
 Who shame not in the pamper'd arms of Sloth,
 But nobler prove thro' length of War and Life ;
 Not noble is it to employ the knife,
 But noble to defend, at any cost
 The liberties in Virtue's palace rife ;
 For when a nation's liberties are lost,
 The ship of State on dangerous seas is ever toss'd.

The Minstrel, feeling proud to toil and earn
 The means of sustenance and trifling store,
 To save him from distress, is slow to learn
 The croaking plaint of laggards, who deplore
 Their dearth of gold, too idle to explore
 The mines of wealth that Commerce yields to man,
 Unveiling paths unknown to him before.
 For Labour, wed to Art, the world doth span,
 To raise mankind to altitude of Godly plan !

The dull, cold sneers that braggart Envy deals,
 Bear lightly on his thought ; since Cupid's power
 Within his soul new realms of Life reveals,
 That yield a rare soul-sanctifying dower,
 Of joys and hopes. A village cultur'd flower,
 Fair Jessie, fated to no scion's ease,
 In stately hall or grand patrician bower ;
 Her simple life, like Beauty, born to please,
 Was doom'd to bloom 'mid scenes no child of Fortune sees.

For Jessie's sake would he both do and dare,
 He felt such strength, and such high hope he knew ;
 For who with his soul's idol could compare ?
 At font of Love his stream of song he drew ;
 And fed by Rapture, bless'd by Passion, grew
 As one enchanted in a realm of bliss.
 Ah ! swiftly by the hallow'd evenings flew,
 When Jessie's voice and Jessie's honied kiss
 Would wake emotions strong that Care might ne'er dismiss.

Oh ! Love hath pure delights ! rare feelings glow
 In youth, when Virtue reigneth as a queen,
 And Joy irradiates all things below !
 What fairy wonders wake in Love's demesne,
 All robed in brilliants bright as Summer sheen !

To Love the universe bows down and pays
 Its votive prayers. Wherever Truth is seen,
 Wherever music flows and childhood plays,
 There Love! magician Love! his magic wealth displays.

Who ne'er hath loved, while youth's impetuous fire
 Burn'd bright, to cheer Life's dull and crooked ways,
 And crown Affection with a proud desire,
 Hath ne'er been touch'd by Heaven's undying blaze,
 But fought unsolac'd thro' his battle-days!
 For Love doth minister a holy balm,
 And woos the angels to immortal praise,
 And fans the heated soul with breathings calm.
 And holds the world spell-bound by talismanic palm.

Ah! sweet the evenings pass'd in loving talk,
 When Jessie, to her wooer, blushing, vow'd
 Her meek heart's truth! Ah! sweet the lonely walk
 Beneath the shade of trees with branches bow'd,
 Oppress'd by foliage! What dear emotions crowd
 Upon the brain, when Memory opes her book,
 That speaks of scenes the future may not shroud;
 The lovers' vows, by many a shady nook,
 With Virtue in their breast and rapture in their look!

For them the music, voiced by Nature's choir,
 Hath charms divine. They seek the sylvan glades,
 Where feather'd minstrels harp upon the lyre;
 And loitering there till lingering daylight fades;
 They half forget e'en Fortune's diverse grades.
 While Beauty, Music, Love, as angels, wear
 Impressive glory, touch'd by no Art-aids,
 The cheering birds sing wildly sweet, and bear
 The youthful lovers bliss that chases dull Despair.

Can Fancy picture in her wildest mood
 The joy that lovers own, whose lives aspire
 In Wisdom's boundless realms? The worldling brood,
 Whose slavish souls, in Mammon's mart expire,
 Exult in baseness—ne'er can know the higher
 Aims and ends of life; and such dear delights
 As grandly glow in Love's celestial fire;
 When growing Thought takes Wisdom-speeded flights,
 And Rapture, like a bird, on Passion's stem alights!

The winter time when chill winds blustering blew,
 When darkness threw her mantle o'er the earth,
 When piercing frost held sway, and snow-flakes flew
 Like vestal feathers sailing forth in mirth,
 Was time for courtship, and the tale of worth,
 That Jessie with a pleasant pride would read;
 While lofty thoughts for him her love had birth;
 And then the song she softly sang did feed
 His ears, and thrill his soul to love of virtuous deed.

Oh! There's a magic influence in Song,
 To throb the soul with ecstasy divine,
 And bid her soar on pinions flutt'ring strong,
 Where Freedom's congregated orb-lights shine,
 And Truth maintains her unpolluted shrine.
 In Song, the patriot's deeds sublime are told,
 Round Song the nation's weal and woe entwine,
 And millions of Earth's sons, both young and old,
 To Song, old England's pride, owe more than to her gold.

Where is the breast that's strange to Music's power?
 Where is the cot or hall in Albion's land,
 Within whose walls on some auspicious hour,
 The voice of Song hath ne'er been heard in grand
 And spiritual fullness? Can empires stand

Unaided by the melodies that flow
 From poet-seers, whose prophet souls expand
 O'er the far distant future, that shall grow
 Upon the world, bearing its weight of joy and woe ?

Affections ripen as the orchard fruit,
 When sunn'd by holy melody of Song ;
 And the young tree of Love takes deeper root,
 When Music wends from Beauty's lips along,
 To aid its growth. To those belong
 The bliss of Heaven, who feel the true Love-glow,
 When strains of grandeur, touch'd by Passion strong,
 Combine with native minstrel's magic flow,
 Creating Love supreme and Song divine below.

Let Memory aid the Rhymer's truthful lay,
 Recall the scenes within the sacred fane,
 Where the fond lovers sat on Sabbath Day,
 To hear the preacher with impressive strain,
 Discourse upon the awful life of Cain ;
 Or, with impassion'd voice devoutly sage,
 Depicting Christ, bearing his martyr-pain,
 With lamb-like meekness, 'mid unholy rage
 Of heathen mobs, in reckless Sin's most sinful age.

The organ's swelling tones, the choir's deep chant,
 The low responsive echoes of the prayer
 Sent up to God, from souls akin to Want,
 And Fortune's children meekly gather'd there,
 Forgetful for the time of Fashion's glare ;
 Were pregnant to the Rhymer's puzzled thought,
 Of import grand. He strove his heart to bare,
 And deem'd affected penitence as naught
 In sight of Him by whom the universe was wrought.

And oft within the church-bells' welcome sound,
 Would he with his dear loving Jessie stroll ;
 And lost to all the beauties reigning round,
 While pleasant converse claim'd attention whole,
 Reciprocate the joys that bless the soul.
 'Twas Jessie's pride to cull, from Bloomfield's muse,
 The gems of Truth, in his rapt ear to roll,
 In tasteful style, such portions as amuse,
 And show the mind the path that Virtue's children choose.

Oh, blissful time ! Oh, rapture-waking hours !
 What gentle graces start from Memory's wand,
 Attir'd in freshness of delicious flowers ;
 While the young lovers, led by Virtue's hand,
 Inspire each other with ambition grand,
 And make the hours euphonious with speech,
 On books and men that greatness yield the land,
 By leading Thought within the boundless reach
 Of Wisdom, who to men doth ever grandly preach !

Ah ! short the stay of Life's entrancing sweets !
 The dearest hopes oft feel the quicker blow
 Misfortune deals ; while scowling Trouble greets
 The heart that joys, to touch its chords with Woe,
 And dull the aspect of its fate below.
 The Rustic Rhymer, weeping, stands beside
 A dying mother's couch, full soon to know
 The piercing pangs that tyrant Death in pride
 Bequeathes. On her by whose adoréd side

He stands, he gazes till his senses swim,
 And speechless Sorrow broods upon his heart.
 The past, with all its changing joys, for him
 Now wears a sting. Can Reason e'er impart
 The solace that defies Affection's art ?

His mother lies in Death's cold arms. He speaks
 Her name, as though unconscious. Then, with start
 As sudden as a night-mare's close, he shrieks,
 Lamenting wild the dire distress the scene bespeaks.

The world, with all its passion, pride, and blessing,
 Seem'd as a wilderness with weeds o'ergrown,
 Since she was gone whose motherly caressing
 Was felt in childhood. As the seed that's sown
 Doth spring to beauty, her pure love alone
 Grew forth in fresher sweetness, in Life's drear
 Heart-drooping hours, to charm from Fortune's frown;
 With hallow'd influence to gently cheer,
 And bid full many a scathing ill to disappear.

'Twas sad to view his bosom's sacred anguish,
 As many a tender act his mother's love
 Had caused, grew on his troubled brain; to languish
 Only when the touch of Sorrow fails to move.
 The eyes to tears; and Fancy, like a dove,
 Roams out in quest of novel charms and places,
 Where the heart's trusty messengers can rove,
 To sport with Life's mysterious forms and graces,
 And move along with speed of Fashion's restless paces.

In lone despondency he greets each morning
 For weary months, remembering each tender,
 Anxious, motherly regard; each warning
 To beware of Vice, and never to surrender
 The love of Truth, whose potent voice doth render
 Magic eloquence to Virtue's votive train;
 Whose God-seal'd mission gives them power to tender
 All that's good for man; awakening his brain
 To sense of glory, undisturb'd by greed of Gain.

Beneath the mounded turf, unmark'd by rail,
 In Langley's ancient church-yard, rest the bones
 Of that dear mother ; while adverse winds assail
 The son, whose weary heart in sadness owns
 Full-freighted cares and tearful sighs and groans.
 With none to aid, he tramps from town to town,
 And begs for work in Misery's doleful tones,
 To meet instead, some upstart's cruel frown,
 That wounds the deeper, as the heart sinks deeper down.

Such grievous ills as crush the Toiler's soul,
 Thrown idle on the world ; may ne'er distress
 The sons of affluence, who, placed 'bove Want's control,
 By Christian rule, should aim through life to bless,
 Nor waste their time in pamper'd Pride's caress !
 Ah ! sad the pilgrim's heart the while he tramps,
 And trials renew'd upon his bosom press !
 Scorn'd by the Fashion-proud like common scamps !
 His path unlit by one of Fortune's dazzling lamps !

He wanders on his way, depress'd and lonely,
 And halts at evening's dark and tranquil close,
 At lowly way-side inn, whose inmates only
 A groat demand of pilgrims who repose
 Their weary limbs, wrapp'd o'er by scant bed-clothes,
 Beneath their rustic-roof. Yet sweet the sleep !
 More sweet, perchance, than plotting Plenty knows,
 To the tired wand'rer who doth proudly keep
 A conscience bless'd by Truth, and therefore slumbers deep !

He wends afar from childhood's home and friends ;
 Enduring pains of penury and scorn ;
 Whilst pleasing Hope remains and kindly lends
 His crush'd soul strength, to wander forth forlorn :
 To breast Fate's ills in early manhood's morn.

The young man buffets with the social waves
 Like dauntless one to victor-trophies born ;
 Who, failing strives, and striving, nobly braves,
 Till foemen vanquish'd fall to rot in dastard graves.

In hole-worn shoes and garments torn, at length,
 He enters Manchester and labour finds.
 With woeful plight and overtaxéd strength,
 He toils right bravely where Oppression grinds
 The human heart for gold ; and thoughtful minds,
 From thoughtless ones incite fierce Envy's ire ;
 But he, with soul set firm 'gainst adverse winds,
 Toils on from day to day with brain afire,
 While brooding o'er the brutal wrongs of Greed's desire.

A mark for savage ignorance or fraud,
 He tasks his lagging powers, alas ! in-vain.
 His sullen shop-mates wield Oppression's sword ;
 And gash his spirit to intensest pain,
 Enforcing rules that wound the Toiler's brain,
 Whom Wisdom teaches and whom Justice claims.
The footing, is their cry, the workman's bane,
 The Rhymer pays not, while his bosom flames
 To passion-heat at sight of all their brutal games.

Oppose ye Custom's will, and ye shall learn
 The weary strife that likens earth to hell,
 The demon-passions that for ever burn
 Like raging fire that tears may never quell,
 Or gifted tongues in faithful colours tell.
 To stand alone and battle phalanx'd Wrong,
 With non anear, affording restive spell,
 May stamp the hero. But the banded strong
 Can scarcely quail beneath a single warrior thong.

Dost wonder why so many with the tide,
 Sail placidly upon Life's troubled sea,
 When Woe, Defeat, and Penury, abide
 With martyr souls whose eyes too plainly see
 The vices that enthrall in Misery
 The sturdy workers born for holiest task,
 To claim the heritage of Liberty,
 And like the toiling bees in plenty bask,
 While none may dare a tyrant's unjust boon to ask ?

As whisper'd voicings 'mid the Battle's din,
 Die out unheard, e'en so the hero's cry,
 Lamenting sore the rage of Custom's sin ;
 Is deaden'd 'mid the strife that pains the eye
 In Toil's domain. The Patriot's tear and sigh ;
 Rewards that Custom pays to human worth ;
 Bespeak the griefs that in his bosom lie,
 Who daring Wrong's foul fiends, doth journey forth
 In cause of Right, made victim to despotic wrath.

Observant of the customs of his class,
 He marks their thoughtless actions day by day ;
 Bemoans the shameful misrule of the glass,
 Whose victims waste in recklessness away,
 And harvest Fate with Misery and Dismay.
 Ah ! sadder still ! beholds the 'prentice boy
 Acquire the vices that grown men display.
 Thus pliant youth, in innocence and joy,
 Imbibe the habits vile that dazzle to destroy.

The foul-tongu'd oath and poison-breathing pipe,
 Create in ruddy youth a morbid taste.
 Ere youth's sunn'd noon doth blush forth rich and ripe.
 It's morn is blighted ; and in awful haste
 Its glowing glories run like seed to waste.

Oh Woe! oh Death! that Labour's sons should rise,
 'Mid scenes for which all good men feel distaste!
 May struggling Toil all habit-sins despise,
 And Titan-strong in Truth, grow stronger and more wise!

Nor yet escape his eye the virtuous deeds,
 That leave their impress in the lives of those
 Whose toil brings food and other human needs.
 The Labour-ranks in varied ways disclose,
 True sympathy for kind when Wrong doth close
 The door of Plenty; and doth bar the road,
 Where Health, in blooming freshness as a rose,
 Leaps freely, wildly forth, untrammel'd by the load
 That foolish Fashion bears in Fortune's charm'd abode.

The hand that honest Toil makes hard and rough,
 Is used to service of the holiest kind;
 For some, whose lives have aged, and ne'er enough
 Of Fortune's favours known, have lived to find
 Such aid in Fate's dread hour, as serv'd to bind
 Their hearts in gratitude to hardy men,
 Well taught in acts of sympathy; with mind
 Untrain'd in Learning's school; yet generous when
 Their fellows weaken'd in the strife beneath their ken.

By Sorrow nurtur'd, fated to endure
 The ills of Life, some thousands fortuneless,
 Bear up to age with wounds that naught may cure,
 Who fail the power their miseries to express.
 The gorgeous Sun, sweet Nature's scenes may dress
 In glistening glory. The skilful Painter's brush
 May deck the canvass. Poets may impress
 With words of fire. But yet there's naught may hush
 The griefs that hidden dwell to grow in strength to crush.

To look with eyes of tenderness on all,
 Who striving, fail, and weaken hour by hour,
 To list obedient to Duty's righteous call,
 And render service, when 'neath foot of Power,
 The shatter'd victims of Injustice cower,
 Make souls heroic, give to Toil high worth ;
 And such I ween doth Virtue aye empower,
 To scatter blessings o'er the trampled earth,
 Where Brotherhood and Peace are merg'd in veriest dearth.

With joyous pride at Freedom's cheerful bidding,
 The Rhymer roam'd at evening's pleasant time,
 He roam'd, himself of city-habits ridding,
 And rambled Peel park's walks. The halting rhyme
 In vain essays the raptures felt to chime.
 May blessings shower'd by Heaven on those descend
 Who give the people parks to lessen crime ;
 And health and pleasure to their spirits lend
 Who slave in poison'd rooms till Death's bone-fingers rend

Their stunted lives ! The ceaseless strife of Gain
 May not, for aye, man's noblest feelings chain.
 The longing voice of Nature speaks, tho' pain
 Hath long benumb'd its powers. The tortur'd brain
 And weighted frame of Toil, require the rein
 Of Power to slacken, that Death and gaunt Disease
 May cease unnatural havoc ; while the plain,
 With emerald path, and bird, and whizzing breeze,
 Shall throb the Toiler's breast with glowing ecstasies.

Come forth ! ye city denizens, who sadden
 Amid perpetual strife ; come forth ! and view
 Kind Nature's picture-scenes, that smile to gladden.
 Give time to woo her pleasant charms, in lieu
 Of vulgar pastimes, that degrade the crew

Who feel delight amid the tap-room's revel.
 Come forth! forsake the wiles of Drink! review
 The Maker's works! aspire to Wisdom's level!
 And thus escape the vices that enthrone the devil!

Alas! that thousands, bred in Want and Sin,
 Should harden, suffer, sicken in Despair,
 And strive with eager energies to win
 Enough of Fortune to suspend from Care
 Their shatter'd forms, that ne'er may know repair!
 Alas! that children, emblems sweet of Truth,
 Should victims prove to Gold, condemn'd to bear
 The pains of Toil from infancy to youth,
 Then die diseas'd, unsolac'd, e'en by loving ruth!

Lo! Justice slumbers while Oppression reigns!
 Eternal Power! may Weakness woo Thy aid,
 Ere Crime, in madness, wantonly sustains
 The infant forms that 'mid pollution wade,
 And like trodden flowers prematurely fade.
 Heavens! what rankling miseries plague-like crowd
 Where ill-requited slaves by Mammon made,
 Get lean in Want with forms by Custom bow'd,
 While Justice slumbers deep in Wrong's accursed shroud!

Impervious Fate! shall pining Weakness ever
 Within the grasp of Avarice groan, and pray
 That Death in haste may come, to kindly sever
 The soul immortal from its house of clay?
 Dear God! Wilt Thou Thy tender mercies stay,
 While Commerce feeds on infant toils and woes,
 As home-affections one by one decay,
 And parents and their children meet as foes,
 In Mammon's 'peting Mart where Life swoons out in throes?

Need dazzling Wealth from demon Wrong upgrow,
 To crown the Nation great in Art-production?
 Hath not the country men enough to sow
 The seed of Labour; that in wise instruction
 Her boys may strengthen, and from foul seduction
 Her girls may thrive in Virtue, and may claim
 The sphere of Beauty, so that sweet Affection
 May ripen aye, to bless the world and tame
 The wild desires of men that bring the world to shame?

Ye Patriots! who in noble deeds delight,
 Glance with Compassion's eye on those who slave
 In tender years, and wage unequal fight
 With stronger natures. If ye can, oh! save
 And teach them right. Far better that the grave
 Close o'er them, than the dreary fate be theirs
 In sunless mine and factory-cell to brave
 The legion fiends of Wrong, while Misery's tares
 Are scatter'd o'er their path beset by vicious snares.

A few brief months of toil and hope;
 A few brief months of care and joy;
 Now cheer'd by Fortune; destin'd now, to cope
 With fresh disasters, that alas! destroy
 The pilgrim's brightening prospects, and decoy
 His heart from God: he wanders back
 To London, houseless and penniless, to mope
 And sicken in the beggar's social rack,
 As one to whom his life is but a cumbrous pack.

With scarce a sympathizing friend to aid,
 He plods along till Fortune smiles once more;
 And then the precious earnings from his trade
 He shares with her, the Jessie dear of yore.
 In wedded bliss, with little wealth in store,

They live together happier far than many
 Who move amid the proud of Fashion's grade.
 The Rhymer and his Jessie, fearless of any,
 By Love alone were wed, and not the golden penny.

And Fame's bright temple rises on his view
 As genius ripens in his radiant soul;
 With pulsing raptures; spirit, loving, true:
 He scales the blistering steeps that reach its goal,
 With faith that fears no venal scribbler's dole;
 And proudly sings he, in the key of Truth:
 And gains the meed, that Conscience pays to few.
 Tho' poor, he wails not in the ear of ruth.
 But gives to God and Fame his ever valiant youth.

Tho' oft depress'd, when stung by secret Guile,
 Tho' oft made sad, by sorrows bred by scorn;
 Mayhap to disappointment doom'd the while.
 He weaves his lyric lays, a songster born,
 And trusts the future for a brighter morn.
 Inspir'd by Truth the Rustic Rhymer sings,
 And dreams of Beauty, Fame's caricature smile,
 And eats the crust that honest Labour brings.
 More gifted, blest, than glittering hosts of conquering kings.





